

## Breez Evahflowin

### "Super - Breez"

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\*Beat sampled from 'Spider Man and His Amazing Super Friends' cartoon\*

[INTRO]

Super Breez: Detonator Records, in conjunction with Plan C Productions presents to you another Breez Evahflowin' adventure!!!

Citizen: Hey, that guys in trouble... somebody's got to help him... look, up in the sky!!!

Super Breez: Looks like trouble. Don't worry, I'll, save, you..

Guy: HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!!!

[Verse One]

A technological genius since the age of 8  
There wasnt much I couldnt make  
But we was piss poor kids, makin swings out of gates  
Take trips to scrapes bricks with what momma could  
bake with  
To make this brief  
My I.I.T. scholarship was sweet  
Till I hit the street  
If the feet as a bitch I'd have poked out her ovaries  
Bullshit gigs, bum niggaz promoted over me  
Its over this, I packed the miniature tool kits  
Pentium jewel chips and discs of my music  
Facin cruel shit in the  
Heart of winter  
In the hat factory that was owned by that lotto winner  
See I done went up the walls, till I developed the hand  
claws  
Flipped on some technical grip shit. (HUNH!!!)  
Five, thousand, booming watts  
Now I'm building me a state of the art suit with rocket  
boots

[Chorus]

Super Breez: Time for extreme measures..

Guy: HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!!!

[Verse Two]

Now I've got an exoskeleton  
My touch turns men into gelatin  
Ladies and gentlemen. Check it  
I erected this, machine man mesh  
The fiends can't stress what the fiends can't test  
Up the ante, metal mask vigilante  
Point blank bust, I return like "It Cant Be!!!"  
Yes it can, Lui Kang meets Mega Man  
Microfine tessellated titanium shell  
I'm in the event of trouble  
My force shield bubble burst  
Fillings get dispersed, to the ends of the earth  
Universe been defended since birth, my first misson  
Save a thristed kitten with reverse burst hittin  
I bumped it out so hard I killed the pigeon  
Tears raining, years training, casualties remaining  
In minimal amounts, standing on a mount, making  
criminals bounce  
From subliminal doubt  
I GET PAID!!!  
Raid the impound grade A, greed for another type of  
green to trade  
In the people I  
I say fight to legalize  
My partners peace pipe makes the least people die  
It's my enemy the Evil Eye  
I said "DIE!!!"  
Call me Stuy like Bed (Bedford Stuyvestant, Brooklyn)  
Let fly, the acid red dye, (What!!!)  
Burned and his head fry, (HUNH!!!)  
You try, clutchin crab  
I'm 'bout to get as country as  
Stringin niggaz up and, using 'em for punchin bags  
This ain't a game feind, this is multiple concussion tag  
We stop to have discussion as, custom is the type  
Of a hero and a villain, at the peak of a fight  
He speaks of a pipe, adjacent to the gass main in  
moms basement  
His heart stop, start detonation  
I said "It's On!!!"  
Bit the end of the movie Spawn  
Grabbed him by the palms, wrapped his arms around  
an Atom Bomb!!!

What!!!

Suck on that one there, Muthafucka!!!

The Adventures of Plan C, with Breez Evahflowin'!!!

\*echoes\*

(Guy: HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!!!)

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