

## **Doug E. Fresh** **"Breath Of Fresh Air"**

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f/ Illaquooin, K-Superior, Mansone Batez,

\* please submit corrections for Vigilante's patois chatta

[Doug E. Fresh]

Breath of fresh air, for the nine-pound, c'mon

(YEAHHH!)

[Vigilante]

Lawd have mercy, just gotta say

When me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird

Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words

Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse

I hit it like y'all tie ya shoes

[Illaquooin]

Check it, search, and destroy the first phony boy to  
annoy

The new man convoy

You can't represent with the tec the way I represent

with the technique I keep a presidential suite

in every convent, you can't speak or comment

When I bone the freak-ass nuns, your real mind went

(?) Illaquooin, shinin like a diamond

Rhymen.. like I'm runnin out of time and

the next nigga to move, the next nigga to lose

I leave 'em seein backwards like that nigga Tom Cruise

Dyslexic, cross your eyes, you get the X it

ain't hard to tell I eat that ass and that's perceptive

I don't need no token to turn-styles

I'm rockwild, lady find your seat and get the fuck out  
the aisle!

[K-Superior]

Raise 'em up from the dead, raise 'em up and I'll

kill 'em again if you're not my friend you feel my hot  
mac-10

Not my nine or my eight, five six seven

But my mac-11, will have you "All the Way to Heaven"

Keepin it real with the man, who made "La Di Da Di"

Like Chaka Khan, nigga it's on, huh

Cause ain't nobody.. gonna crush you bet-ter

Get naked for the record!

The name K-Superior easin in without the ointment

Your style couldn't see me if it had a damn  
appointment

Rags to riches, snitches get stitches

Call Mr. Planters cause I'm nuts about beaitches

I'm a rapper baby, so don't trap with me a cabbage

Now I'm outta here, like a husband in a bad marriage

[Mansone Batez]

Aiyyo (?), Branson, last name Mansone

Bullshit nigs on your style I be dancin

Ever told the glory, days of fat hit

Nigs drop one single but really ain't shit  
Bronx, (?) Boogie Down stay pumped  
Heads'll get together some real shit from the Bronx  
Ninety-four years before you see (?) Brown  
Maintain, take the 6 train (?) lockdown  
Next on your strap, Todd Black be the style  
A straight dummy, comin out the barrel of a pound  
Men-tal meltdown to any contender  
Not to be hard, but watch your brain I'ma injure  
[Vigilante]  
Murr-dahhh!  
When me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird  
Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words  
Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse  
I hit it like y'all tie ya ..  
The dirt out da work (?) get it squashed like a cherry  
Blood brain to run just like a strawberry  
Tear up in a baka me ready fi kill Satan  
Who got tec-9 give me de mac-11  
De bigger ya come, is for y'all die ya stumble  
Gone and nome y'all me not a no fun crumble  
Pop a shot and take ya from ya head to ya ankle  
It's like reading Genesis, straight out a chronicle  
Turn me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird  
Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words

Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse

I hit it like y'all tie ya shoes

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yeah, move it up, pump it up

[The Diggly Dime]

Yeah, check it out, ayyo

Bust how, the way that I be flowin is a omen

cause I leave shit glowin, as if I was the golden

And I'm smokin, boots like a loose Newport

I rip, mics and stages twelve gauges for the sport

And I'm powered, by herb from Uptown, I emerge

Pack more action than the mentally disturbed

[Doug E. Fresh]

Yo! Yo! Ayyo!

Here ye here ye, class is in session

For those in this profession, it's time to choose your  
weapons

Pick up a mic, pick up a pen, pick up a tape

You can't escape the last action hero in Timbs but no  
cape, uhh!

Faster than a speeding bullet, nigga pull it

And one single bound for the nine-nine-pound

Just like a train it's comin strictly underground

Peace to my brother Tupac and all my niggaz locked  
down..

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