

54th Platoon F/ Lil' Jon, The Eastside Boyz

"Breathe In, Breathe Out"

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[Ali]

Yo, yo, yo, yo

[Chorus]

Breathe in (breathe in) breathe out (breathe out)
Do the chickenhead go on let it out
Breathe out (breathe out) Breathe in (breathe in)
Put ya back in and let ya knees bend
Breathe in (breathe in) breathe out (breathe out)
Do the monastery go on let it out
Breathe out (breathe out) Breathe in (breathe in)
Put ya back out and let ya knees bend

[Verse: Ali]

Somebody move, nobody get hurt
This is official, man, only dance flo' experts
And party animals and me being a rhyme cannibal
Flamable Hannibal while it's bangin' it's
understandable
Now back to somebody movin' nobody get hurt
My intentions on this one is the party wet his shirt
Now go to work and do the chicken (buh kah)
Do the chicken, and once you do it's stickin'
Believe me dirty it's kickin' through the door
Throwback Vokal velour
Matchin' Diadonas, fresh off tour, head to the floor
Take it round, round, chickenhead breakin' it down
Created by my town the monastery is found
Or the Casino like Reno, I'm that nigga can see low
Crowd movin' all black, white, la-latino
There will be no extra space to waste
Pick up the pace, see your heart rate
And if you start to hyperventilate

[Chorus]

[Verse: Ali]

Right now, I hope you wit me
I'm a Wizard like Chris Whitney
When doin' it law breakin' the people gon' come get me
First, ladies put ya drink by ya purse

Fellas tuck in ya shirt and put in belt buckle words
Sayin', ladies get ya dip right and ya hip right
Fellas ya betta find that and get behind that
Third, you can do it, shaken or stirred
Show up per word and flap like a bird
Fo, do it some mo', five, make sure it's live
Six, ladies and fellas here we go now, SWING!
Seven, laid back like you lookin' for heaven
Let ya body preach like we in church and need a
reverend
Eight, if you made it this far, dirty you straight
If not, you better practice and get it fo' it's too late
Nine, is this the time to prepare for the dime?
Ten - start all over again!

[Chorus]

[Verse: Nelly]

Yo, who got that, that fire?
That fire, I can't lie-uh
I need that, that fire
Cause' nothin' else will do (ooh ooh)
Pass me that, that fire
That fire, I can't lie-uh
I'm gon' off, that fire
Cause' nothin' else will do (ooh ooh)

[Ali]

It's got that party feel, 'Cris and Bakardi appeal
Fo' real nobody killin', I would, like a naughty will
Like 'Pac say, I got mine, gotta get yours
Take it lower than ya did before, control the floor
You can be county or city, ugly or pretty
No chest the tig ol' bitties, all ages five to fifty
Now breathe in, breathe out
If ya got it goin' then show me what you about

[Chorus]

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