

Böser Abdul

"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: HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!!!

[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: HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLLP!!!

[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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