

**Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill****"Brakes"**

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There's a lot of people out here  
Who just don't know  
What plays a factor  
In movin' heads and toes  
It be them hits  
Hangin' out of them stereo kits  
Whether cassette radio or cd bits  
Mix tapes from the best  
Going on and on  
Throughout the city grounds  
To suburban lawns  
Man, we don't play  
Even where we stay  
Videos shows the visuals  
Of jams today  
Coinciding with the rhythm  
Of the heart and neck  
The brakes got you  
In your proper context  
You let your lex or your  
Sixty-four suspension  
Bounce away all your tension  
En route to the club  
Where girls need the quenchin'  
Diamonds on your wrist  
Sunroof top  
But niggas out front  
Makin' guns go pop  
So the spot gets shut  
But on to the next  
'Cause your ears get vexed  
When they don't get the fix cause

[These are the brakes]  
It be your listenin pleasure  
While you're doin your chores  
[These are the brakes]  
No matter where you from  
It's for you and yours  
[These are the brakes]  
Bringing it back to the brakes

Like the 'yes yes y'all'  
[These are the brakes]  
So let it be your anthem  
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me  
To think that I  
Would never get a chance to see  
A piece of this pie  
I sat dead in front of speakers  
Thinkin' that could be me  
Anticipatin' open microphones  
So I could emcee  
Had a catalogue of raps  
Impressin' all the 'round-the-ways  
Before I went to bed  
Included rhymes into my prayers  
But that rhyme is all on paper  
I want my song on vinyl plates  
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows  
Makin my niggas spines shake  
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit  
Of radio play  
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's  
By the best djs, hey  
Time was kinda tight  
But still i dotted on the line  
And some expected me  
To start buhlooning in the mind  
Seein' spaces and places  
That i couldn't pronounce  
But still i had the pulleys  
To make all the bullies bounce  
With the blessings of the great  
We took it from state to state  
'Cause we landed on the good foot  
And got our biggest brake cause  
[These are the brakes]  
A mother gets mugged  
By her crackhead son  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
You're in the wrong part of town  
So the shots make you run  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
Your best comrades put six tabs  
In your o.e.  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"  
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV  
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"

Now what's gonna happen

When the sun don't shine  
I'm buyin tickets aboard  
The caravan of love  
Hey fellas  
See, money don't make shots repel  
I break woes and compose  
Some rhymes to tell  
So when the party's live  
It shouldn't be beef  
Or playin' indian roles  
I guess you thought you was chief  
Seems all broke up  
And now you woke up surprised  
Situation's gettin sticky  
Dead in front of your eyes

We play the wall  
Similar to tacks  
Until the dj plays  
The necessary track  
In fact as the jam plays on  
Out comes all your bread  
To pay for drinks  
For them girls you want to spread  
Don't be mislead  
When the brakes inside your head  
And have you reminiscing  
On them kids who got you fed  
Until reality reveals a miss  
Who wants to know  
If you can play her real close  
Out on the dance floor 'cause

[These are the brakes]  
It be your listenin pleasure  
While you're doin your chores  
[These are the brakes]  
No matter where you from  
It's for you and yours  
[These are the brakes]  
Ringin it back to the brakes  
Like the 'yes yes y'all'  
[These are the brakes]  
So let it be your anthem  
When you're havin, a ball

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