

**DMX F/ Drag-On, Swizz Beatz****"Break North '97"**

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[Kool Keith]

Yeah..

Black mon, come get him served

Black mon, come get him served

Black mon, come get him served

Yeah! Live from, the St. Nickalaus arena in Detroit,

Michigan

We gon' get busy with fifty-five million thousand people  
out there

Let the crowd go WILD!

One, two, three, four..

[Kool Keith]

I got a radio, small and yet portable

Comfortable, with the sound in audio

Kickin, high hats just tickin

Spicy lyrics, and words finger lickin.. good

But you know I could

Beat on steel, break tons of wood.. down

with a funky sound

Square mixer, the record is round

and turning, for the million I'm earning

Shock the rhythm, and just keep learning

this, that is supposed to

Grab your ear, and have it move close

to the speakers, so you hear me clearly

I'm out yes, to damage severely

You're very far, and not yet nearly

expressing them, but you're messing them up

Your bummy rhymes, I'm dressing them up

for the battle win, like a snake I'm rattlin

The red ball with the wooden piece paddlin

MC's stop perpetrating

Break North (Break North)

Break North (Break North)

Break North (Break North)

Break North (Break North)

Break North (Break North)

Break North (Break North)

[Ced Gee]

I'm a merchandise, a customized item  
Computer rapper for suckers who wanna bite em  
Stand back, watch the man recite em  
It took a second a minute for me to write em  
and type em and hype em and psych em, up  
Change my rhythm, before I get stuck  
in an altitude, beyond my own level  
I smack rappers, and send em to the devil  
on a bus, return em to dust  
I start infections, reduce em to pus  
I'm on the scanner, with brains I blow out  
Your old bones, and skulls I throw out  
to the backyard, and yes the wackyard  
You need a pipe, there's the old crackyard  
Your last stop, it has to be the graveyard  
Peakin, Ced Gee I'm speakin  
I smell smoke, my tonsils are leakin  
words, in the right direction  
I had the beats, for lyrics perfection  
Stompin, the bass and highs

Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)

[Kool Keith]

Well I'm locked, like a chain to a link  
I wear black while suckers wear pink  
Now think, about my capital law  
I break domes, and speak in the raw  
I'm iller, a South Bronx killer  
I chop rappers, and throw em in the river  
Tasting, as I swallow your liver  
Here's your brain for your girl I can give her  
messages, clues from a murderer  
And if she's ugly, I never even heard of her  
telling, bugging detectives  
I wear a bag, four contraceptives  
and aluminum, wrapped in all foil  
I play a game, slick to be oil  
for the other roaches, MC's I boil  
and roast, mega degrees  
I swarm around with a thousand of bees  
Absorb earth and the honey from trees  
I'm the King Bee, my girl's the Queen Bee  
And when you're stung, you never even seen me

vanish, Kool Keith here to damage, Break North

Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
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Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)  
Break North (Break North)

[Ced Gee]  
Another N-House, Ced Gee product'

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