

## **Eminem % Redman**

### **"Breaker 1, Breaker 2"**

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\*album was censored so this is censored version\*

INTRO/HOOK

A breaker 1,a breaker 2

REPEAT x 7

(ERICK SERMON)

I be the Don up in this motherf----- (Ha ha)

I puts it down,I rock 'scapes

I roll bounce to the ounce (DIE-!!)

I bring dat physical front (Aha)

Believe it I function the paraplegic

So teach it like if he was playin backgammon

A new sheriff in town and not Reggie Hammond

I pack a cannon .38 snuff nose

Not for shootin use it for executin

Lames out there callin my name

For fame,change ya plan punk refrain

This tune leaves ya whole crew stuck or stupid

Dumb and Dumber all this summer

A newcomer,yeah I take em to check out the Avenue

Me and my crew went through

Wooh!Ah-ah!Word is born!Word is born!

(REDMAN)

I said "Come on!" (Come on!), "Come on!" (Come on!)

We's the posse pair so some niggas can get done on

I'm not the one to funnel,I'm lyrically inclined

Seriously devine,whatever we G is crime

Ha! I take it down,make it clear and in your bare lair

Leaving critical as sang elsewhere

You wanna get jig-dafied-what it all means

For such,I tote Glocks in Akarl jeans

For all means necer-ssary,my blood vessels

Turns to .38 specials and cause wind pressures

I be blowin like I'm Mr.Cool,the invincible

Keepin my court trials municipal

The principal my next class will teach you how to roll  
blunts

Pick up (Aah!),buda and Mex tags

Fifty the less,mo' vex,the Soviets

Another co-nnect on my Rolodex  
I met my smokin vex,I keep my lyrics smack-daddo  
Cash in your chips then proceed to blast metal  
Next up I believe that's Keith  
Why don't ya get on the mic and rock the symphony

(KEITH MURRAY)

Well it's the 16-bar slaughterer,telepathical brain  
murderer  
Comin with the sh-t you never heard  
Ask yourself the very same question  
Which crew is f-----g with this Squad in this profession  
Your mic's in my possession,I crush you with  
aggression  
An' I ain't talkin for niggas that learn a lesson  
So why should I sit around and let this fake --- pass my  
eye  
Fake niggas f-----g up my eye  
Filthy with nasty it's the slog for the job  
Forget any clan said "Who Squad the Mob?"  
Tired of beat-down,shot up and robbed  
Niggas askin why,it's my motherf----n job  
How many ways can I say "I just don't give a f---!"  
Runnin niggas over in every truck  
But my motto is "F---!Get the bottle!Pass the bottle!"  
Bad luck had ya stuck,uh  
I crash ya brain and smash ya spine  
Yeah another hard one to find

HOOK

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