

GZA f/ Inspectah Deck, Masta Killa

"Breaker, Breaker"

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[GZA] Pump and get sumped, you want none Y'all niggas wanna bring, get done Flashback, eighty-eight, rag type Volvo One court solo, slash for logo Two-hundred hyenas roam the arena Schemin on a truck Chevy, quit the rush every criminal mental, satanic penpal Wild style on your wax for ten thou' Most notable, hiphop quotable See many went, only one got us over do Floor soakin wet with the drinks and dance sweat Tell me which click got the deadliest handset I make the mic pump, force make your feet stomp Murderous beats move like rope for you to jump And the two-inch, tighten with the wool-wrench None qualifyin ass-niggas, the Jon Bentz Spend it real, 'nuff festivals on the grill Got a deal, no return with the Brook Shield Yo [Chorus 2x: GZA] Breaker, Breaker 1-9, can't rhyme Y'all niggas wanna shine, get off blind [Inspectah Deck] Yo, I use and abuse all groups and crews I can't lose, straight up and down, I'm bad news Like the bears, we eat folks from under the stairs Pack a hand trigga, scared niggas don't dare from the rear, I smash thru like a John Deer Plant a bomb in ya ear, then disappear with a speed that'll reach mach five Niggas pop jive, that's why they on the opposite side Dick riders tryin to make their way inside Boy analyze, my camp be amplified Certified live, right before your third-eye Supply the mental high for the fiendish Thru the intervenus, see it like a wide-screen Zenith Got sweetness, wanna show me your cleavage Leave it to the specialist, leave your wig split Leavin no witness, it's a mean business We mean business, invest in cream Till my exit scene, I stay plottin on my next scheme [Masta Killa] Next scheme Blessed with the art to pierce and shoot dart I toke the bass, put your shovel to the Rebel Allah Just, embrace his face with the metal Danger, woman adore to the chamber Let this nigga run out wild with the banger Hiphop socialize, enterprise, snubs in the club Twenty wizards, about 300 niggas inchin your square Or could it be the armory? Fifty-two low hand, touch the ground Strike his knee, pass the heat to my man Windmill backhand bust your nose gland Mic stand, might crash a wild fan The

Aqua, city of Atlantis, mantis, flying locusts Surround
the oppose, a bomb only has one time to explode I blow
and break and quake your whole state Throw the shit
on DAT, and make me a fuckin tape [Chorus]

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