

The Group Home "Breaker 1-9"

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Chorus 2X: Lil Dap

Breaker 1-9, breaker 1-9 mayday

Me and my niggas starvin and we thirsty for the payday

We can get together, do whatever you want

Thugged out, Brook-lan style, east New York

{Lil Dap}

About 40 years from now, the meteor hits the earth

Countin my birth, puttin in work

Um, before we start to dissolve, the dirt and disappear
from here

Countin my fears, hopin theres a heaven upstairs

The moon's so bright, let's count a million stars tonight

Something ain't right, we got to leave the port to the
light

I'm claimin my mic, in case we have to rip it tonight

'cause some people some understand, some people
don't

It's a damn when they try to steal your flow

Don't you know, Group Home represents the ghetto

Brooklyn's own, have these niggas waivin there chrome

We'll splash your dome and leave your ass all alone

Chorus 2X

{Kai-Bee}

Something ain't right, let's follow the light, but keep it
tight

And show these cats how we keep it raw but right

Follow my lead, proceed burnin my weed, smokin my

La

Walkin through the streets of C.I., wondering why

Good people gotta die, got the future in my eye

I'm just chillin to get by

Thinkin about life, focusing on the mil

'cause life is illin much more then a ice grill

Here goes the realness, listen, lay your position

Constantly heads spittin lyrically ammunition

Keepin your brains spinnin like rims on an Expedition

Follow me on this mission, and swallow my exposition

Ladies and gentlemen, here's something new for your
ears

Open your dutches and crack your beers
Rap music is something I live for
Only for that we go to war, war, war

Chorus 3X

Outro
Call for backup, we need help
They eatin alot of food out here,
they eatin alot of food out here
Call for backup, we need help
Help, help!

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