

Lenny Kravitz % Teena Marie

"Break the Lock"

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Uh, uh, uh, hardcore, [niggas]!
Uh, uh, uh, hardcore, j-j-j yeah... er...
Alright, well... got my shit down here... smoke that shit...
We bout to just do some nice stuff here wassup...
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah...

UH! My style hurts doesn't it?
Turn around and your hole crews loving it
Uh, you tried stiff neck thugging it
Couldn't sleep 'cause your mind had a bug in it
Buzzing without weed, extract
And you thought I wasn't coming? Well you need a slap
Let me see, chapter three, verse one, and I'm on
Wait, fore warning you of the coming of kong
Come on, splash little fishy can you swim in the pond?
Are you that, breaking the wall will your building
respond?
To the pressure, walking with the strength of my
predecessor
Ancient, I never walk alone
I'm up against the stereo-mono-typical
Visualising wealth is not applicable
Now, my brain cries out for me to read
With movement inspired by Johnsy D and Benjy Read

[Chorus]
The Globe keeps spinning (The hole damn world is)
But I ain't moving (Excuse me?)
We can't keep joking (No no no no)
Break the lock if the door's not open now (Break it down
break it down)
The Globe keeps spinning (The hole damn world is)
But I ain't moving (Excuse me?)
We can't keep joking (No no no no)
Break the lock if the door's not open now

Concepts get abandoned with no gloves
Traditional trends evaporate like soap suds
The innercity whirlpool will suck you up like
A person with a temper can [fuck] you up right?
Time to bring back down to syndromes

Custard in your eye like Bugsy Malone
You need to stay calm with napalm attached to ya
Embrace arm in gasoline strike a match to ya
Now, now do you feel enlightened?
Well I don't and I'm the one writing
Anything versus everything really means nothing
Can't be a king peacock - I hate strutting
Dressed up semi-jiggy I might frustrate somethin'
A lion in the wardrobe is ready to break somethin'
Mr Fantastic Fox
the Awkward individ' that makes the wack [shit] hot
My jazz addiction is a preminition of war
When visible tussels appear on the dance floor
The sweat breaks to the beat, freak of the month, year,
decade
Vacuum the essay, now lets say
I'm one in a million, a million in one room
You want an interview with the killer of monsoons?
I'll sing sonnets to don and donnettes, ok?
I'm terrible with a broom sweeping your mess away

[Chorus]

"...two, three, break!" x3

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