

Ludacris F/ Trina

"Room to Breathe"

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1, 2, 3, 4

[VERSE 1: Bosco Money]

Ah, once again
Groove, you got the time to spend
Listen up, because the end
Will justify the means
We choose to introduce themes
On wax, before the tracks get mass-produced
And to the crews who never had it and never will
7-Up got jobs to fill
As we go on, movin through lines in time
You find one musical mastermind
And that's you, and only you
Knowin just what it takes
That makes you ease up on the breaks
Of life, roll if you got the soul
Let Downtown Science take control
Of your intuition, witness the result of ambition
The drive to keep pushin for that which they can't reach
And so we shake, bob and weave
Tryin to get some room to breathe

Room to breathe!
Try to get some room to breathe
Room to breathe!
All we want is room to breathe

[VERSE 2: Bosco Money]

It's crowded, but they still can't cramp us
And if you're checkin for style
You'll be checkin for a while
Wearin a smile you'll start to sway
I might float, but won't drift away
>From the topic, that would be catastrophic to bear
The trick to break it down and make it disappear into
thin air
Blowin like the breeze of the ocean
Cool, reflection and rhythmic describes the motion
Comin in waves, reachin emblems of people
One by one, until they're equally done

Gettin schooled and have their degrees
And knowin how we, Sam Sever and me
Bosco Money
Whether it's rainy or it's sunny
Attract your ears like bears to honey
So you'll hear what we're tryin to say before we leave
All we want is room to breathe

Room to breathe!
Try to get some room to breathe
Room to breathe!
All we want is room to breathe

[VERSE 3: Bosco Money]
And we'll continue to go on and face the music
Fuse it with the flow, but never abuse it
We use it to set the mood
It keeps the audience glued as the rest of the interlude
Takes place, beat to bass, back to rhyme
The design ain't a crime, so why treat me like a
criminal?
Because I'm smooth and subliminal?
Or cause I minimize your resistance with persistance
Shootin missile after lyrical missile
Until your mind is blown like the whistle
On a steamship, driftin by on the horizon
A classic scene, but not surprisin
That it fits, like the top ten chart fits the hits
Until we come along and blow it to bits
And when the damage is done, we'll no longer have to
weave
Cause there'll be plenty of room - to breathe

Room to breathe!
Try to get some room to breathe
Room to breathe!
All we want is room to breathe

[OUTRO]
Ah yeah
That's just one to pump in your jeep
Make the tires move like a set of feet
So you'll always remember: Downtown Science got the
funky beat
Ha-ha, all day and all night
Comin right
But see: 'room to breathe' is freedom
To express in this musical medium
And reach the minds of many
Without leaving any traces
Except the reactions on their faces

Goin places in the years to come
But never forgettin where we came from
A time and place long forgotten: b-boyhood
Around the old neighborhood
When the beats was hard
Like the steel in a train yard
We used to hit
And when the daylight came...

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