

Mathematics f/ Masta Killa, Ol' Dirty Bastard, U-God

"Break That"

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[Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Ol' Dirty kickin' your ass

The things that you learnt in class, is trash

You can't do nothing with it, I put you in the past

The pilgrim muthafuckas -- shut the fuck up!

I do it to you bad luck, the hair get plucked

The only thing on your brain is to give me this cash

And stay out of business, cuz I'm takin' your cash

This world belong to me, none of y'all free

I got y'all in -- slavery

The habit of breathing, the hope to find

That you're misbehaving, Link your Cuban

Fuck your booing, flash the burners

On your crewing, cuz I'm much different from

The other M.C.'s, I got the amazing ability

I get on the mic, so you can have a ball (break that break)

I can fly through the air and stick to the wall

I can take a punch, or get hit by a car

Could go to the nearest or farthest star

As a matter of fact, that's what I won't talk about

How I'm going outer space, just to be in the house

How I'm going outer space, ---- -- be in the house

[Chorus 7X: Ol' Dirty Bastard]

Break that break (nah-nah-nah-nah)

[U-God]

I'm that mic enhancer, the beat programmer

When Ason Unique speak, he throw hammers

And we go bananas over old school breaks

I take an old school loop and break it on yo face

I start from a clean slate, bang you on the waistline

Deep Space Nine, mass master bass line

I break spines, til they fraction or splinter

I want Michael Jackson money, just a fraction of Thriller

Deep in, the laboratory, manufacture the Zilla

Cock, notch category, capture the realer

We the ex-drug dealers, still serving them fiends

With TV's in the car, the size of movie screens

You know the routine, give 'em what they need

That disco shit, satisfaction guaranteed

[Chorus 7X]

[Masta Killa]

Yeah, 1-2-3, microphone check

In the place to be, as you can see

This is Wu-Tang Clan guest starring M.C

With no harm intended, nobody offended

Carry on with the social, nothing but a party tonight

Special invite, ladies free before midnight

We lock the club down, clash sound hear the guns pop

See D.J.'s spin, counter clock, keep gridlocked

Line around the block, women by the flock

Wanna party with the great, I reap Jamel

Ring bells throughout the state

Diggin' in the crates, for the old school

Remix, nice it up for the people

Ladies want the hardest stiff, to spread eagle

[Chorus to fade]

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