breakadawn

Crookram

Ah one two, ah one two
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Breakadawn, breakadawn
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I was born in the Boogie Down cat scan
Where my building fell down on the rats and
People sorta super wanna trip to the penile
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle
My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit
I am the manner of the family 'cause the pants fit
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say
Salutations to the nation of the Nubian's
We bout to place you in that '3 Feet' of stew again
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm
I gotta 'Hey Love' all the honies 'cause they're short term
Tallyin' the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note
That means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the
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Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still
Sack or bag of troubles, make the single double
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage
I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J
Lay it low and late night I get stressed
Unconditioned my ways, of the everyday sunset
Wagin' my days, to the one bet
'Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin'
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder

'Cause the days of the breaks, be just about over
The arts of the six won't play my bag of tricks
I got the sevens in my pocket somewhere
Reasons for the Cheer All Temperature here
I keep it to the rear and then I'm exploding

I be the fab I be the fabulous but see unlike the Chi
I got the flea up in the name
Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others
Latchin' on to when I caught the fame
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend
I tell you Jungle Brothers 'On the Run'
I'm shakin' hands with many devils in the industry
Believe the Genesis life fill with stills mean that I'm def
So like the autographs you sign until the
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We in the mornin' at the end, but in the end I be the is
'Cause in the mix, man, it's alright
Momma got the rhythm to my day life
My pops gots enough so best to leave or sail the waves
To the Long I laid the anchor in the 'Ville
And how I relate, the same side of my gates
Paper days, mess up my mind, ground zero degrees
And the weather feels fine
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man
But how could I eye scan, I wasn't around
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far
Gathered the new, from the zoas around
Grew old with Mikey Rodes and played the codes
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cous' Fuzz
A simple, "How ya do?", ah check it from my friends and my crew
Makes it definitely special
Now there's no 'Shiny Happy People' in the crew we play the rough
I got the huff, and puff, to blow the house low
You know the never ending factor while I'm over, tell a squid
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge
I bounce a ball with my left, a squid with my right
'Cause a squid is just a punk, yo he deserved to lose the fight
I might meander 'cross your dream, travellin' up the stream
Plug Wonder Wonder Why you're lonely tonight
We see the girls scream as if we're shocked by the live shell
Let's round em up and get em back to the hotel

Motel, holiday, inn-fact, I'm gonna let you know
Once again, that De La Soul is sure to show you
We will hit the charter harder than the normal rappin' fool

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