

Breathe (Rolling Stone Version)

Fabulous

Breathe! One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!
One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!
Then you gotta (gasp)
Then you gotta (gasp) Yo these niggas can't breathe when I come through, hum too
Some shoes, gotta be twenty man
It's not even funny they can't breathe!
The choke holds too tight
The left looks too right
You know what? You right
These bitches can't breathe!
Look look, they hearts racin'
They start chasin'
But I'm so fast when I blow past
That they can't breathe!
In the presence of the man
Your future looks better than ya past if you present with the man
You better breathe! You niggas can't share my air
Or walk a mile in the pair I wear
And I'm getting better year by year
Like they say Juan do
Cops couldn't smell me if you brought the canines through
And I pace myself
I know these money hungry bitches want to taste my wealth
But I keep em' on a diet
Embrace they health
Or either keep em' on a quiet
And space myself
And just take a deep breath
I got em' grabbin' they chest
'Cause it's hurtin' em' to see Fab in his best
And they in they worst
They rather see me lay in the hearse than lay in the back
And I ain't just laying a verse

I'm saying the facts
I came back with some sicker stones
That got these broke niggas looking at me like they chokin' on a chicken bone
Every chick I bone
Can't leave the dick alone
So I know

It's one of them every time I flip my phone Breathe

One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!

One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
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One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!

Then you gotta (gasp)

Then you gotta (gasp) Yo these niggas can't breathe when I come through, hum too

Some shoes, gotta be twenty man

It's not even funny they can't breathe!

The choke holds too tight

The left looks too right

You know what? You right

These bitches can't breathe!

Look look, they hearts racin'

They start chasin'

But I'm so fast when I blow past

That they can't breathe!

In the presence of the man

Your future looks better than ya past if you present with the man

You better breathe! I see em on the block when I passes

Looking like they need oxygen mask-es

I make it hard to breathe!

But I keep the glocks in the stashes

'cause the cops want to lock and harass us

And make it hard to breathe!

They has to react

Like havin' a asthma attack

When they see the plasma in back

You dudes are wheezin' behind me

My flow is like a coupe, breezing at ninety

That's the reason they signed me

It's quick metaphors and hard punches on the cuts
Feels somethin' like hard punches to the gut
How I address the haters and under estimaters
And ride up on them like they escalators
They shook up and hooked up to respirators
On they last breath talking to investigators
I'm a breath of fresh air
And a fresh pair
Face it boo and do it till your face get blue Breathe
One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!
One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!
One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta breathe!
Then you gotta (gasp)
Then you gotta (gasp) Yo these niggas can't (breathe)
When the crew walk in it
Pop a few corks in it
As quick as a tick in a New York minute
Catch a breath, fore you catch a left
Even worse, catch a Tef
Only way you catch a F
To the A-be, its in the maybe
Rollin with my baby
Gripping on a toy that you won't find in "KB"
I rhyme slick on ya
I'm a have to put the Heimlich on ya
What you know bout lettin' dimes lick on ya?
While you inhale the weed
And it won't stop till they inhale ya seed
And it don't stop I tell em' to breathe
Like a doctor with a stethoscope
I don't see no fucking hope
Unless these motherfuckers breathe! Yeah, Brooklyn gotta
Uptown gotta
The Bronx gotta
Queens gotta
Staten Isle gotta

You niggas gotta
You bitches gotta
Everybody breathe! One and then the two
Two and then the three
Three and then the four
Then you gotta, breathe!
Then you gotta,
Then you gotta,
Breathe!

Songwriters

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