

# Breakadawn

## De La Soul

'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  
Breakadawn, breakadawn  
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Breakadawn, breakadawn  
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 cou's 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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