

Breakdown

Mos Def

Yo, good evening ladies and gents, close and distant fam
Let me break it down for y'all exactly who I am
(CAV)
That brotha straight off of Myrtle Ave
That dude that make the other dude say that's my man
(CAV)It ain't nuttin' I want I can't have
The haters know it's real and that's why they mad
They struggle so hard while I just lay back
They sound under pressure, sweaty and straight wackI rock like this because I ain't that
(CAV)
Tell the players I'm taking the game back
Matta fact tell the coaches, the GMs, and owners
Shut down the stadiums, it's ovaI make the cat's in the back draw closer
Get the comp choked up like white folks on Oprah
Yeah, you dope, but is more dooper
(CAV)
Mo skill, mo style than mo folksasI hit the lab with good shit to smoke up
And tell the sound man where I wanna go from
Blow up, skit sheet across the notepad
School 'em all from the drop out to post gradsWhat history book you do or don't have
There's only two eras of rap, pre and post
(CAV)
Now you know that, stop the train
There's no place for the game left to go at
(Break)CAV is my name but you can call me
(CAV)
It's all the same abbreviated or whole
Shout it out so it don't be a secret to folk it go
(CAV)Short for Cavee but I'm not from Cali
I'm from the rotten apple, dirty streets and alleys
Bed-Stuy Brooklyn doin' it exactly, get at meHolla, like Missy and Ja Rule
Ain't a crowd in the world that CAV cannot move
Hot dude, cats was thinkin' it's not true
But come front row at show, I got proofI went from sellin' candy in junior high school
To servin' spoony g for the fiends, to gnaw to
Got sent upstate on bus
(Not cool)In the yard thinkin' damn should've listen to ma duke
Come home in 99, what the fuck I'm gonna do
I won't move bundles, I got a new hustle

I quit pie baking, started rhyme makin'
Buildin' up my rep to be one of the five greatest
And I ain't saying CAV the best nigga out there
But until he appear, I'm sittin' in his chair
And I'ma need a few moments just to get in y'all ear
To make you forget the Duke was eva even here
I got two words for the world, be prepared
I got three words for your girl, don't be scared
And when they ask where the real hip-hop, it's ova here
And when they ask where Brooklyn at, hold ya ear
It's like yeah, Chris Antione Vashon
Capricorn hit 'em off with the classic bong and then I'm gone
Ridin' back to Brook-Lan, boye

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