

# Breakdown (Dunkafelic Remix)

## FU-Schnickens

Breakdown! [Chorus]

The flow will break you down

Bet the flow will break you down I gets so busy on the mic with my rhythmic flows

That's bound to leave you bangin' when it gets exposed

'cause the way I could display my style is wicked

So run up to your counters, and go and get your tickets

I know you got dreams of roasting me hot

But I got flavor like that candy in your grocery shop

The dramatical, craft-matical, soul fanatic

And nadic, with the crazy flow that's automatic

Flowin' like them bolts from the sky like Zeus

An old schooler, who drops mathematics like a ruler

or protractor, you don't have no nactor

Hang with me, come with the steez and see I'm no actor

That shit is real homes, psyches, so bring your own dice

so we call roll, gonna lose, I'm takin' all your dough

Punch you in your eye and come raid your town

With the sound full of spunk as we break it down

'cause it's... [Chorus] ah, ah, ah, ah-choo!

What to do? timbuck-one, timbuck-two

I can't see a t'ing like Mr. Magoo

The sniveling, huh-huh-ha

see-see-see-coughing, hah-choo!

Stuffy, naughty, nappy

Check-a the box, dreadlox fox

So na, hic-up, na, hic-up

What's up? tic-tic-tock, oops!

Shiver me timber now boots

Oh my gosh, oh my goose

Shucks, yo now I huh, huh, hah, got the hic-ups

And I rips up many tracks

Jumpin' Johosafat

Don't make a sound, I see you rabbit

Tracks, like thunder and lightening

Watch the frightening, can't you tell?

I'm loco, ooh, they don't know very well, so

I lumps 'em, bruise 'em, with black eyes and stitches

They're mad, can we run

>From rags unto riches

Now my scruples, I lose 'em  
Damage, I bruise 'em  
I'm two-faced kid, so call me the ?? from ??  
I got secrets, Bo, I don't know  
Like loco, I'm ???  
I'm changing, visions blurry  
So call me, um, Quasemoto  
And yo, I'll switch up  
hic-up!  
switch up  
hic-up!  
switch up  
hic-up!  
switch-up  
hah  
With or without the hic-ups, these emcess quickly pick up  
Then I freak my Fu-schnick styles to the microphone  
Yo, rip it  
And I freaks it  
hic-up!  
freaks it  
hic-up!  
When I freaks it with my drunken technique  
I'm makin' pimps squeak  
But now it's whacker than the ???  
Way up shits creek  
So don't sleep, when it's time to creep  
We roll my jeep  
And if the shit gets kind of thick, here comes the five sticks freak  
To break you down[Chorus]The funk makes me tipsy, got the whisky  
Yo, can this be the funkdafied horror  
tomorrow I'll flip tip  
See, er, the blur in my eyes rectifies  
The funk freak me, so peep me, as I speak the grammer  
I rocks my bandanna, shave my head clean  
And on my screens than Vanna White  
How should I roll when I write?  
Then light the spliff, now it's time to recite  
a verse, a hurse you be leavin' in  
believe me when I say what I feel, and it's real, not like TV  
And science fiction, my addiction is the funk  
With more fumes than a skunk, 'cause I'm bound to jump  
So check the sound[Chorus]

Songwriters

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