

Break It Down (feat. India & G. Sallah)

MC Lyte

Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down
Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down Now it's India, India, I get into ya, styles I got plenty 'a
I'm bout it bout it, you know my ones stay crowded
Fuck around and doubt it, and get that ass louded
The future me, 2003, ultra magnetic, this MC, MCs, MCs, MCs freeze I'm not afraid of you niggas, I'm ready
for the masses
I keep it tight like spandex do asses
Palmer's cocoa butter for the ashes
While Chanel laces up my lashes Uh oh no, stop! It don't get hot because I locked it
Got it, give me 6 million like you gave Tupac it
Hot forever 'coz that's how I plotted Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down
Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down I'm that R rated nigga from the films with mystique
With taste from the hamptons but still street
Don't sleep I reach the ghetto to elite
Blessed with the vocals gifted with the feet Pretty nigga, pearly white teethe
I can't for now 'coz my mind says from Asia
I'm unreachable, fuck a portable and pager
Made nigga, no time for posin', leavin' niggas like Moses Front and get swollen the black Italian G. Salah the
chosen
I beat you down with love get you stuck frozen
'Coz I talk shit like caches, and I backs it
Can you match this my magic Catchy like habits, digest and swallow
The G. Salah tablet baby, wah you beautiful Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down
Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down I resonate like 808s but with a ill tone
Lyte the odyssey, full blown
From Cali to Medina, the head turner, Tina
Belle Venezuela, rockin' Argentina Hot like heaters, swift like cheaters

From where I stand grass remains greener
Let me tell you 'bout a girl, maybe I shouldn't
I met her in Brooklyn, and her shit is always cookin' See I be flowin' yes constantly
That's why the cabbage that I stack is deep winter green
And the way that I be hittin', unlike any other sister
I get into your system, man I make you listen I give, give back 10 fold, Lana on the ill trio
India, Gio, we know it's broke down so let's blow Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down
Let's break it down, let's break it down
Let's break it down
Let's break it down, break it down

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