Dolla

Breed

[Mike:]Yeah, like that Y'all
Uh huh, whoo, like that
Fort Minor, S.O.B.
Yeah, like this, listen
Attention please, I only need a second
To make a mental impression directly on any record so
Give me space to move, room to prove I'm stupid with the P's and Q's
Ladies and gentlemen I'm sending you bending
Pretending the pen is a needle, I'm injecting the venom
And I'll be damned if I let another man get to me
I'll bruise you with a shoe to the family jewelry
I'm back with fury, attack quickly
Sick with a BIC pen, all up in your shit man
You never knew the flow was sick as this
Bitch, listen when I'm letting you know
Got a grip on these tracks that you wish you got
Got a clique full of assholes, I kid you not
So when that mixtape's done and that album drops
Ryu and Tak and me got it loaded and locked, believe it
[Ryu:]You still breathing? I'm cocking and squeezing
Tucked still? Nope, I don't give a fuck who sees it
Broad days sitting sideways, stuffed in a small cave
For three fucking weeks 'til you reek like dog waste
Ugh, really, I put a punk in his place
Let's see if he freestyles with a pump in his face
Got something to say? Please, better keep it a secret
The streets got hideous ways of handling beef, bitch

So eat shit, hate it or love it, the underdogs on top
Getting faded telling people to suck it
Bucking 'em down for real while you fucking around
I'm stuck in the house for months tryin to sharpen my skills
So how does it feel? You lames want to claim my throne
You got a better chance getting Danny Hayes on the phone
Good luck, I flame suckers 'til they're black and crispy
Sneaking heat up in the club like a flask of whisky
[Tak:]Yeah, I'm here to crack the roof in
You got a nice watch but your raps are useless
You better cut the crap 'fore i snap some nooses

And leave you all snoozing' on some afternoon shit
I hit the streets with a cake and batter for fun
Just to spit bleach in his face
It's lunchtime punk, open the face
Hit you with a punchline 'til you choke on your teeth
Catch me at the show rockin' in that tipsy mode
Like Angels and Demons unlocking DaVinci's Code
One drop in the cannister, people split the globe
Blowing every planet to shit once I hit the road
You in the tight bitch, cut you with apathy
I'm on the night shift see I hustle like cassidy
So kick that shit sound and let the west coast see
One of the illest names, Ribkat from S.O.B.
[Green Lantern:]That's right, Fort Minor
We Major, Mike Shinoda, S.O.B.
Heavy Guard, Machine Shop, Linkin Park
You know, man, this is an...

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