

# Breakadawn

## De La Soul

Ah one two, ah one two  
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Breakadawn, breakadawn I was born in the Boogie Down cat scan  
Where my building fell down on the rats and  
People sorta super wanna trip to the penile  
While I settle off the shores of the Long Isle My father's clean not mean my mind is clear when I transmit  
I am the manner of the family 'cause the pants fit  
I want to let forensics prove, that I can mends  
Groove wit the thread from needle outta hay, wanna say Salutations to the nation of the Nubian's  
We bout to place you in that '3 Feet' of stew again  
I got the frequency to shatter Mrs. Jones' perm  
I gotta 'Hey Love' all the honies 'cause they're short term Tallyin' the score I'm for the shottie in the jacket  
For the brother he's a nigga when he packs it  
So get your butt out the sling, I stung Muhammad float a note  
That means I'm def, so like the autographs you sign until the Breakadawn, breakadawn  
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Breakadawn, breakadawn  
Breakadawn, breakadawn Aiyyo groove with the mayor, hazard on the sayer  
Wave the eighteen mill', eat a still  
Sack or bag of troubles, make the single double  
Loop the coin and join the minimum wage I had a plan if I was the man, I'd throw the J  
Lay it low and late night I get stressed  
Unconditioned my ways, of the everyday sunset  
Wagin' my days, to the one bet 'Cause your breaks'll have the carrot of cakes, whether mine  
Out of line, I breeze into the early mornin'  
Freak the WIC call and get a tap on my shoulder  
'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 theBreakadawn, breakadawn  
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Breakadawn, breakadawn  
Breakadawn, breakadawnWe 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 wavesTo 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 fineYou 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 aroundGrew old with Mikey Rodes and played the codes  
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cous' Fuzz  
A simple, "How ya do?", ah check it from my friends and my crew  
Makes it definitely specialNow 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 bridgeI 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 tonightWe 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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