

# Breakadawn

De La Soul

Ah one two, ah one two  
Ah one two, ah one two

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two (6x)

I was born in the Boogie Down catscan  
where my building fell down on the rats and  
people sorta super wanna trip to the penile (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 man-ner of the family cuz 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 Nubians  
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.."  
Ah one two, ah one two (4x)

Aiiyyo 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 sessed  
Uncondition 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 "ah one two, ah one two"  
Can't no one bend my cousin from the Peter Piper like the others  
latchin on to when I caught the fame "ah one two, ah one two"  
Pass the task to ask me bout the Native Tongue again my friend  
I tell you Jungle Brothers (On the Run) "ah one two, ah one two"  
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 the

"Breakadawn.. breakadawn.."  
Ah one two, ah one two (4x)

We in the mornin at the end, but in the end I be the is

cause in the mix, man, it's alright  
Mamma got the rhythm to my daylife  
My pops gets enough so best to leave or sail the waves  
to 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 fine  
You opened my eyes man, thought I had a man  
But how could I eyescan, I wasn't around  
I seen the states and played the dates in the far-far  
Gathered the new, from the zoas around  
Grew up with Mikey Rodes and played the codes  
Sometimes I don't budge, without my cous' Fuzz/fuzz  
A simple, "How ya do?" Ah check it from my friends and my crew  
makes it definitely special

Now 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 neverending factor while I'm over, tell a squid  
I know an Enterprising brother, so report to the bridge  
I 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 tonight  
We 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 "ah one two, ah one two"