

Breakin' Bread

Hi-Tek

It's like the A to B to the C, it's easy as 1, 2, 3
DJ, Hi-Tek y'all, Inspectah Deck
Collaborate, break bread with, Pete Rock
Homeskillet

From the beginnin', head spinnin' hip hop
The never endin', don't stop
B-boy religion, I'll rock and claim position
Maim the opposition, tradition, got 'em on lock
Follow the greater mission, freedom marks the top
Beat 'em off the block, now cock wrap they bop
Number one on street spots, Homeskill' the hard rock

I drop steady, cripplin' non-believers like Teddy
Pendergrass, tense up ya tender ass, you're not ready
Hold steady, think first, my ink burst floods and blunder
Crown Hi-Tek sound thump pounds of thunder
Street hunger, the universal man works wonders
Mic and hand breakin' land, rockin' up from down under

I got sound control and I'm kinda slick wit it
Heads know I get down like that, can you dig it?
This is the way how I roll or how I deliver this packages
Turn the other cheek, 'cuz this track I be smackin' it

But don't clap, 'cuz this style'll bust caps
I'm jiggy and all that, black and get control back
But f**k that, control over mind, body and soul
The MC regulator, microphone detonator

My real live wanna battle niggas take a vouch
Eighty Shieks, throw them joints and 'Let da f**kin' monkey out'
Not "Hell yeah" but "Hell, yeah" in Cin' City
When I spit this here it's easy as
(1, 2, 3)

You can "Huh?" You can hear me, you ain't heard nuttin' yet
I'm live and fortified like Kweili and Mos Def
Practice the incredible, shit ain't even competable
Due to that I'm technical, TKO's I got those
I got control but I'm wreckless in studios
I got Harmony and Thug tendencies all in my bones

No need to be flashy, for heads to recognize me
Hi-Tek throw them joints that magnetize me
We global, east, west, north, south, we robo
Hands that touch mic's get smacked 'cuz that's a no, no
Who rock the mic? Yo, we take the whole show
When heads hear this piece they call off with no shows

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Donte, Main Flo

I struggle more in tug of war, writin' rhymes by the score
Before I lived the hustle, swore this poor man would give the law

As a testament it goes, it was destined in my soul
They tested but questioned weapons rest in my foes

Blessed in my flows and obsessed with my scrolls
Midas Touch as it's told, writin' nuttin' less than gold
My journeys, I march through madness like attorneys
Send you out on a gerdy talkin' 'bout yo' eternity
Can't stand it, search for your wind like Ban Enti

One man band on the MP and a nigga ran simply
Hi-Tek, all these other niggas can exempt me
Say he's the nicest out loud and gently
Have it your way, a freestyle mean no pay
If you sign a wack contract that mean
(No weight)
Got your John Hancock on the paper to say

"The band locked and don't know, dough flow your way"
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Alright okay, I'm feelin' you, common
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Woes out my treasure box, seven locks, pressure to plot
Measurin' blocks, releasin' this live like Desert Fox
Hear spiritual, remain plentiful, same generals
Train criminals to get the most plus the minimal

Rob past, raw cash, facin' the God last
Spot grabs, sure pop laugh, jump out of stock caps
For cop cash, watch taps, eyes on my top hat
Flop fast, stock crash, how when I drop math?
This rare rap, air vac', exit and fair fact

We share packs, stare back, cover our bear tracks
Ya peeps move, each choose, jump in our Jeep smooth
Unleash two and leak fumes, studyin' Hebrew

Big Ohio status
Homeskillet, Crunch extraordinare
Main Flo, Donte, Hi-Tek