

Break It Down

MC Lyte

Let's break it down...
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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 l
ashes
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

I'm that R rated nigga from the films with mistique
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
Catcy like habits, digest and swallow
The G. Salah tablet baby, wah you beautiful

I resonate like 808s but with a ill tone
Lyte the oddesy, full blown
From Cali to Medina, the head turner, Tina
Belle Venezuela, rockin' Argentina
Hot like heaters, swift like cheeters
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 i
nto 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