

Def Squad, Breaker 1, Breaker 2

(feat. Erick Sermon, Keith Murray, Redman)

[INTRO/HOOK]

A breaker 1, a breaker 2

[REPEAT x7]

[ERICK SERMON]

I be the Don up in this motherf----- (Ha ha)
I puts it down, I rock 'scapes
I roll bounce to the ounce (DIE-!!)
I bring dat physical front (Aha)
Believe it I function the paraplegic
So teach it like if he was playin backgammon
A new sheriff in town and not Reggie Hammond
I pack a cannon .38 snuff nose
Not for shootin use it for executin
Lames out there callin my name
For fame, change ya plan punk refrain
This tune leaves ya whole crew stuck or stupid
Dumb and Dumber all this summer
A newcomer, yeah I take em to check out the Avenue
Me and my crew went through
Wooh! Ah-ah! Word is born! Word is born!

[REDMAN]

I said "Come on!" (Come on!), "Come on!" (Come on!)
We's the posse pair so some niggas can get done on
I'm not the one to funnel, I'm lyrically inclined
Seriously devine, whatever we G is crime
Ha! I take it down, make it clear and in your bare lair
Leaving critical as sang elsewhere
You wanna get jig-dafied-what it all means
For such, I tote Glocks in Akarl jeans
For all means necer-ssary, my blood vessels
Turns to .38 specials and cause wind pressures
I be blowin like I'm Mr. Cool, the invincible
Keepin my court trials municipal
The principal my next class will teach you how to roll blunts
Pick up (Aah!), buda and Mex tags
Fifty the less, mo' vex, the Soviets
Another co-nnect on my Rolodex
I met my smokin vex, I keep my lyrics smack-daddo
Cash in your chips then proceed to blast metal
Next up I believe that's Keith
Why don't ya get on the mic and rock the symphony

[KEITH MURRAY]

Well it's the 16-bar slaughterer, telepathical brain murderer
Comin with the sh-t you never heard
Ask yourself the very same question
Which crew is f-----g with this Squad in this profession
Your mic's in my possession, I crush you with aggression
An' I ain't talkin for niggas that learn a lesson
So why should I sit around and let this fake --- pass my eye
Fake niggas f-----g up my eye
Filthy with nasty it's the slog for the job
Forget any clan said "Who Squad the Mob?"
Tired of beat-down, shot up and robbed
Niggas askin why, it's my motherf-----n job
How many ways can I say "I just don't give a f---!"
Runnin niggas over in every truck
But my motto is "F---! Get the bottle! Pass the bottle!"
Bad luck had ya stuck, uh
I crash ya brain and smash ya spine

Yeah another hard one to find

[HOOK]