

Doug E. Fresh, Breath of Fresh Air

[Doug E. Fresh]

Breath of fresh air, for the nine-pound, c'mon
(YEAHHH!)

[Vigilante]

Lawd have mercy, just gotta say
When me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird
Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words
Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse
I hit it like y'all tie ya shoes

[Illaquoin]

Check it, search, and destroy the first phony boy to annoy
The new man convoy
You can't represent with the tec the way I represent
with the technique I keep a presidential suite
in every convent, you can't speak or comment
When I bone the freak-ass nuns, your real mind went
(?) Illaquoin, shinin like a diamond
Rhymin.. like I'm runnin out of time and
the next nigga to move, the next nigga to lose
I leave 'em seein backwards like that nigga Tom Cruise
Dyslexic, cross your eyes, you get the X it
ain't hard to tell I eat that ass and that's perceptive
I don't need no token to turn-styles
I'm rockwild, lady find your seat and get the fuck out the aisle!

[K-Superior]

Raise 'em up from the dead, raise 'em up and I'll
kill 'em again if you're not my friend you feel my hot mac-10
Not my nine or my eight, five six seven
But my mac-11, will have you "All the Way to Heaven"
Keepin it real with the man, who made "La Di Da Di"
Like Chaka Khan, nigga it's on, huh
Cause ain't nobody.. gonna crush you bet-ter
Get naked for the record!
The name K-Superior easin in without the ointment
Your style couldn't see me if it had a damn appointment
Rags to riches, snitches get stitches
Call Mr. Planters cause I'm nuts about beatches
I'm a rapper baby, so don't trap with me a cabbage
Now I'm outta here, like a husband in a bad marriage

[Mansone Batez]

Aiyyo (?), Branson, last name Mansone
Bullshit nigs on your style I be dancin
Ever told the glory, days of fat hit
Nigs drop one single but really ain't shit
Bronx, (?) Boogie Down stay pumped
Heads'll get together some real shit from the Bronx
Ninety-four years before you see (?) Brown
Maintain, take the 6 train (?) lockdown
Next on your strap, Todd Black be the style
A straight dummy, comin out the barrel of a pound
Men-tal meltdown to any contender
Not to be hard, but watch your brain I'ma injure

[Vigilante]

Murr-dahhh!
When me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird
Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words
Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse
I hit it like y'all tie ya ..
The dirt out da work (?) get it squashed like a cherry

Blood brain to run just like a strawberry
Tear up in a baka me ready fi kill Satan
Who got tec-9 give me de mac-11
De bigger ya come, is for y'all die ya stumble
Gone and nome y'all me not a no fun crumble
Pop a shot and take ya from ya head to ya ankle
It's like reading Genesis, straight out a chronicle
Turn me gun a-whistle it'll fly like a bird
Me nah talk a fi mi guns are de words
Hey, call me a (?) a gun my name John Coolfuse
I hit it like y'all tie ya shoes

[Doug E. Fresh]
Yeah, move it up, pump it up

[The Diggy Dime]
Yeah, check it out, aiyyo
Bust how, the way that I be flowin is a omen
cause I leave shit glowin, as if I was the golden
And I'm smokin, boots like a loose Newport
I rip, mics and stages twelve gauges for the sport
And I'm powered, by herb from Uptown, I emerge
Pack more action than the mentally disturbed

[Doug E. Fresh]
Yo! Yo! Aiyyo!
Here ye here ye, class is in session
For those in this profession, it's time to choose your weapons
Pick up a mic, pick up a pen, pick up a tape
You can't escape the last action hero in Timbs but no cape, uhh!
Faster than a speeding bullet, nigga pull it
And one single bound for the nine-nine-pound
Just like a train it's comin strictly underground
Peace to my brother Tupac and all my niggaz locked down..