

Brakes

De La Soul

There's a lot of people out here
Who just don't know
What plays a factor
In movin' heads and toes

It be them hits
Hangin' out of them stereo kits
Whether cassette radio or cd bits
Mix tapes from the best

Going on and on
Throughout the city grounds
To suburban lawns
Man we don't play

Even where we stay
Videos shows the visuals
Of jams today
Coinciding with the rhythm

Of the heart and neck
The brakes got you
In your proper context
You let your lex or your

Sixty-four suspension
Bounce away all your tension
En route to the club
Where girls need the quenchin'

Diamonds on your wrist
Sunroof top
But niggas out front
Makin' guns go pop

So the spot gets shut
But on to the next
'Cause your ears get vexed
When they don't get the fix cause

(These are the brakes)
It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)

No matter where you from
It's for you and yours

Bringing it back to the brakes

Like the 'yes yes y'all'
(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin' a ball

Well it's silly of me
To think that I

Would never get a chance to see
A piece of this pie

I sat dead in front of speakers
Thinkin' that could be me
Anticipatin' open microphones
So I could emcee

Had a catalogue of raps
Impressin' all the 'round-the-wayers
Before I went to bed
Included rhymes into my prayers
But that rhyme is all on paper

I want my song on vinyl plates
I dreamin' hits and doin' shows
Makin my niggas spines shake
Expectin' nuttin but a little bit

Of radio play
Gettin diced on 1 and 2's
By the best djs, hey
Time was kinda tight

But still i dotted on the line
And some expected me
To start buhlooning in the mind
Seein' spaces and places
That i couldn't pronounce
But still i had the pulleys
To make all the bullies bounce
With the blessings of the great

We took it from state to state
'Cause we landed on the good foot
And got our biggest brake cause
(These are the brakes)

A mother gets mugged
By her crackhead son
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
You're in the wrong part of town

So the shots make you run
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your best comrades put six tabs
In your o.e.

"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Your boyfriend made you a carrier of HIV
"That's the brakes, that's the brakes"
Now what's gonna happen

When the sun don't shine
I'm buyin tickets aboard
The caravan of love
Hey fellas

See, money don't make shots repel
I break woes and compose
Some rhymes to tell
So when the party's live

It shouldn't be beef
Or playin' indian roles
I guess you thought you was chief
Seems all broke up

And now you woke up surprised
Situation's gettin sticky
Dead in front of your eyes
We play the wall

Similar to tacks
Until the dj plays
The necessary track
In fact as the jam plays on

Out comes all your bread
To pay for drinks
For them girls you want to spread
Don't be mislead

When the brakes inside your head
And have you reminiscing
On them kids who got you fed
Until reality reveals a miss

Who wants to know
If you can play her real close
Out on the dance floor 'cause
(These are the brakes)

It be your listenin pleasure
While you're doin your chores
(These are the brakes)
No matter where you from

It's for you and yours
(These are the brakes)
Ringin it back to the brakes
Like the 'yes yes y'all'

(These are the brakes)
So let it be your anthem
When you're havin, a ball