## To Da Break Of Dawn

Yeah (To da break of dawn) All my sex involved As we get funky Rhymes so bizarre Everybody knows When it come to a situation like this Little more effects And I can't resist So we get funky in the house You know what I'm sayin'? L.L. Cool J style What? This ain't on a pop tip Check it out

What is a panther? A animal that kills I'm like a shark with blood comin' out the gills You could never in your wildest dreams Get a piece of this gangsta, lean, straight from Queens Strong as liquor, to be seen in a limousine Now you're gettin' done without Vaseline Wouldn't bite because your rhymes are puppy chow Made another million, so competitors bow Homeboy, hold on, my rhymes are so strong Nothing could go wrong, so why do you prolong? Songs that ain't strong, brother, you're dead wrong And got the nerve to have them Star Trek shades on Ha, you can't handle the whole weight Skin needs lotion, teeth need Colgate Wise up you little burnt-up french fry I'm that type of guy And I slammed you know, just like a sumo Put him in pampers, leave my drawers in his hamper When I'm through, you need a brand-new identity I was scoopin' girls before you lost your virginity Your jam is just a dreamin' MC scheme gettin' crushed by a L.L. theme somethin' like Shaft, put you in a cask', bo! You little blood-clot boy, you must not know The rep I keep, the MC's I peep, sweep, play cheap And freak with a chic, unique technique Get rid of the yuk-mouth smile 'Cause brother, you ain't got no style Keep on

(To the break of dawn) (To the break of dawn) Yeah Keep on (To the break of dawn) Hey yo, that's kinda funky But check this out here (Rock that shit) (To the break of dawn) Yeah

Immaculate styles, I used to abuse MC's, so light the fuse And spread the news, you lose To the damager, microphone manager Cold crush, and bruise, and bandage a amateur That amateur, swingin' a hammer From a body bag, so run and get your camera Get a flick of the stiff dead-shot to get swift But I'm the wrong brother to dance with 'Cause I don't need a partner to swing Keep your eyes on the Cool J ring shootin' the gift, but you just don't shoot it right You couldn't bust a grape in a fruit fight Wouldn't throw a rock in a ghost town So don't try to play post, clown You know the L.L.'s back in town And all the want-to-be sherrifs is gettin' shot down Gimme that microphone I'm a show you the real meaning of the danger zone Stop dancin', get to walkin' Shut your old mouth when young folks is talkin' Huh, you little snake in the grass You swing a hammer, but you couldn't break a glass Gimme a lighter, woof! Now you're cut loose From that Jheri curl juice Cool J is back on the map And when I see ya, I'm a give you a slap That's right, a little kick for that crap 'Cause my old gym teacher ain't supposed to rap Keep on (To the break of dawn) Yeah (To the break of dawn) Funk it up I said keep on (To the break of dawn) (Yo, rock that shit) (To the break of dawn) Check this out Yeah How dare you stand beside me? I'm Cool, I freeze I-C-E On your trail, and I'm a cut that bull tail You're disobedient with the wrong ingredients But I'm a drink you down over the rocks While I freak on your album cover jocks You're gonna hear a real ill paragraph soon I took the cover right home to the bathroom In the immortal words of L.L., 'hard as hell' Your broad wears it well She's the reason that your record sold a few copies But your rhymes are sloppy Like Oscar, and you're bound to get dropped And stopped, I ain't Murray the cop Nor am I Felix, but I got a bag of tricks Mr. Pusherman, gimme a fix So I can show you I'm immune to them Romper Room tunes You little hip-hop racoon I'm not Scarface, but I want more beef Before you rapped, you was a downtown car thief

Workin' in a parking lot A brother with a perm deserves to get burned So tell me how you like your coat, cream? On a cone, in a bowl, or in a wet dream? With your tv on channel fuzz Uncle L, that's how much damage he does Here's five dollars, catch a taxi cab Take your rhymes around the corner to the rap rehab Keep on (To the break of dawn) Yeah (To the break of dawn) I say keep on (To the break of dawn) Just wanted to funk it up a little bit My man Pete Rock is up in the crib You know what I'm sayin'? Over here at Marley Marl house Just coolin' out My man Clash in the house Sippin' on this Bartles and Jaymes premium piece flavor out the cooler Loungin' back Keep on Peace