

Breathe Deep

Wax

I'm serving up a shuttlecock
Motherfucker fetch a racket
It's Wax ripping mics like corners of ketchup packets
Forget your jackets leave them on racks
It's Herbal T and Wax know to keep it heated on tracks, weeded on sacks
Just drow the Wax's flow mutilates
Misled motherfuckers who miscommunicate
Meaning that you made one, two, mistakes
Either number one you're whack, or number two you're fake
Stop tripping with your friends gossiping
Me and Herbal T lyrical Michael Jordan and Scott Pippen
When we not spittin', we fuckin' with hot women
And taking tobacco out of blunts putting pot in them, we got Venom
Like rattlesnakes and copper-
-heads bloodsheds when I battle fake imposters
On time like New York's giant Square
I'm from the project I was created at the science fair
By a little Einstein who combined the greatest minds of our time
Into a DNA line and made it mine
That line duplicated at birth
That's why me and Herbal T be the greatest on Earth, you hate us at first
For many different purposes
But mostly 'cause your nervousness is intense like circuses
MC's is in a shook, type of metal state
Women in the club, dancing, about the hyperventilate

You breathe deep, whether at the club or at home
You breathe deep, it's Wax on the microphone
You breathe deep
When me and Herbal T is in the cypher motherfuckers tend to back down

You got to breathe deep, whether at the club or at home
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Well it's the identical bros with plentiful flows
It squeeze like tentacles until your ventricles close
And chemical glows emit from your head to your toes
You talk battle, but you chicken like General Tso's
Me and wax turn a blunt into Ash
And freestyle in the car till we run out of gas
Then we stop at a rest stop and Spark my best crop
Advance like Doogie Howser when I use the browser on my desktop
To navigate toward top my flow gravitates
Eradicates any crew that fabricates
Although I'm not a magistrate, it's true that I'm royal
Rappers I crumble them and ruin them like aluminum foil
Wax and Herbs on the track superb attack with words
These motherfuckers lack the nerve, to want to battle cats this great
And if they did it be a mistake, 'cause all of this shit's fake
Like Monopoly property there's no possibly stopping me
From methodically rocking the microphone properly
I philosophically fulfill a prophecy, that I'm a crush every time I bust
Leave your whole clique in the dust
Like a buried treasure, left behind like resi-
-due, I choose to abuse crews for pleasure

You'll never measure - up to the way my crew flows
Bitch pu-tos get laid out in dos minu-tos

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Herbal T will you rock this mic
Yes I will son, like Woodrow
Spark the good dro with more friends than Lisa Kudrow
Will you rock this mic
Yes I will son like Dennis the Menace's nemesis, MCs exit the premises
It's Herbal T on the M-I-C, it's me
Wax we be hot definitely
So let's rock to the beat
'Till there's no beat left
Take a slow deep breath
We hop to death

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