

# Breakin' Bread

Hi-Tek

It's like the A to B to the C, it's easy as 1, 2, 3  
DJ, Hi-Tek y'all, Inspectah Deck  
Collaborate, break bread with, Pete Rock  
Homeskillet

From the beginnin', head spinnin' hip hop  
The never endin', don't stop  
B-boy religion, I'll rock and claim position  
Maim the opposition, tradition, got 'em on lock  
Follow the greater mission, freedom marks the top  
Beat 'em off the block, now cock wrap they bop  
Number one on street spots, Homeskill' the hard rock

I drop steady, cripplin' non-believers like Teddy  
Pendergrass, tense up ya tender ass, you're not ready  
Hold steady, think first, my ink burst floods and blunder  
Crown Hi-Tek sound thump pounds of thunder  
Street hunger, the universal man works wonders  
Mic and hand breakin' land, rockin' up from down under

I got sound control and I'm kinda slick wit it  
Heads know I get down like that, can you dig it?  
This is the way how I roll or how I deliver this packages  
Turn the other cheek, 'cuz this track I be smackin' it

But don't clap, 'cuz this style'll bust caps  
I'm jiggy and all that, black and get control back  
But f\*\*k that, control over mind, body and soul  
The MC regulator, microphone detonator

My real live wanna battle niggas take a vouch  
Eighty Shieks, throw them joints and 'Let da f\*\*kin' monkey out'  
Not "Hell yeah" but "Hell, yeah" in Cin' City  
When I spit this here it's easy as  
(1, 2, 3)

You can "Huh?" You can hear me, you ain't heard nuttin' yet  
I'm live and fortified like Kweili and Mos Def  
Practice the incredible, shit ain't even competable  
Due to that I'm technical, TKO's I got those  
I got control but I'm wreckless in studios  
I got Harmony and Thug tendancies all in my bones

No need to be flashy, for heads to recognize me  
Hi-Tek throw them joints that magnetize me  
We global, east, west, north, south, we robo  
Hands that touch mic's get smacked 'cuz that's a no, no  
Who rock the mic? Yo, we take the whole show  
When heads hear this piece they call off with no shows

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Donte, Main Flo

I struggle more in tug of war, writin' rhymes by the score  
Before I lived the hustle, swore this poor man would give the law

As a testament it goes, it was destined in my soul  
They tested but questioned weapons rest in my foes

Blessed in my flows and obsessed with my scrolls  
Midas Touch as it's told, writin' nuttin' less than gold  
My journeys, I march through madness like attorneys  
Send you out on a gerdy talkin' 'bout yo' eternity  
Can't stand it, search for your wind like Ban Enti

One man band on the MP and a nigga ran simply  
Hi-Tek, all these other niggas can exempt me  
Say he's the nicest out loud and gently  
Have it your way, a freestyle mean no pay  
If you sign a wack contract that mean  
(No weight)  
Got your John Hancock on the paper to say

"The band locked and don't know, dough flow your way"  
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Alright okay, I'm feelin' you, common  
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Main Flo, Main Flo

Woes out my treasure box, seven locks, pressure to plot  
Measurin' blocks, releasin' this live like Desert Fox  
Hear spiritual, remain plentiful, same generals  
Train criminals to get the most plus the minimal

Rob past, raw cash, facin' the God last  
Spot grabs, sure pop laugh, jump out of stock caps  
For cop cash, watch taps, eyes on my top hat  
Flop fast, stock crash, how when I drop math?  
This rare rap, air vac', exit and fair fact

We share packs, stare back, cover our bear tracks  
Ya peeps move, each choose, jump in our Jeep smooth  
Unleash two and leak fumes, studyin' Hebrew

Big Ohio status  
Homeskillet, Crunch extraordinare  
Main Flo, Donte, Hi-Tek