

# Microphone Master

Das EFX

I iggity am what I am  
I comes to get biz so bust the jam  
I might not be the man but y'all I still proceed to slam, I cram  
to understand why these rappers try to faze me  
They must be crazy messin with the Books and Drayzie  
Big-up to Jersey and my people's out in el-a  
Well-a hell-a can never cut the swell-a  
Cos you can tell I gets biz like Markie  
No matter what the weather son you never wanna spark me  
I'm kickin rhymes and gettin mines on the regular  
See me in the black Benz just blowin up the cellular  
We high as shit, the sky is it  
You know the sewer style yo is fly as shit  
So grip (what?), you're cheap and buried  
cos you're never comin near it  
So fear it when you hear it, cheer it but don't compare it  
I still be schoolin, foolin em when I'm speakin  
Kids be heapin, they love the way that we be freakin  
My sewer style it cause disaster so when I ask  
you better answer who's the microphone master

Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker

Well yo, here's the humdinger,  
I'm briggity bringin a new style of thing  
It's a rap singer with a fat flow, so low and behold  
I higgity hold his mic piece for ransom  
It's all about expanses, stocks of skunks,  
props and my pops get a mansion  
By the age of 16, had dreams of big screens  
Mad rubbers to keep my dick clean  
Chrome tools in rent  
and I only go downtown to buy jewels and tints  
Jaboll, Guess, ol' Gold and sess  
I check the mic 2-1 and chew gum to ease the breath  
My style is wild like the Cats of Villanova  
The heat on the street'll keep my 40's spillin over  
So the skunk and thai keep me high when I'm smokin  
And I don't sleep, just take naps with one eye open  
See I believe the beaded weed in me is feedin me  
the inspi-ration to riggity rock the nation  
from white folk to Haitian, Jamaican  
Burn MC's like degrees of Mason because you're fakin  
I'm on point, exclamation with the caper  
The flavor misbehavior from the super dooper rhyme maker

Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker

I got to give a siggity shout to my mans, my fans at the shows  
friends, foes, stiggity stunts and hoes  
Drats! I'm friggin to ride the fat, ooh shit!

My crew is shake, rattle and roll thick  
Thicker than your blunt cos yo I be's the Brooklyn trooper  
and I got more spunk than that punk from Punky Brewster  
Bust the lingo Ringo stiggity Starr bingo  
I run shit like Kunta, breaks bones like Mandingo  
I'm starstruck like starbuck, the bad bro is mad though  
I'm all that small cat like Tomko or Hasbo  
I have no figgity fear yeah, it's me and mines  
Masters of the microphone, makers of the super rhymes

Yo, well yo the shit sound clever,  
I'm down for whatever like nuttin nice  
Big-up to DJ Dice wreckin shop when he cut 'n' slice  
These 20 MC's, please! I never heard of some  
We need to murder some like Colin Ferguson  
But now ya heard us from the under so feel the thunder  
Ya best ta come clean like J-Rule and Felix Unger  
I'm buggin like gristle, see I suggest you  
dismiss you, my style's official and that's the issue  
I show the flow I go until it's time to leave  
Believe I'm packin more rhymes up my sleeve