

# How Many Mics

Fugees

How Many Mic's Do We Rip on the Daily  
Say me say Many Moni, Say me say manymanymany  
(2x)

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme  
Thinking of all the kids who try to do this  
For all the wrong reasons  
Seasons change, mad things rearrange  
But it all stays the same like the love Doctor Strange  
I'm tame like the rapper,  
Get red like a snapper when they do that  
Got your whole block saying "TRUE DAT"  
If only they knew that,  
It was you who was irregular,  
Sold your soul for some secular  
Muzak that's wack,  
Plus you use that loop over and over  
Claiming that you got a new style  
Your attempts are futile, Ooo chile  
Your puerile,  
Brain waves are sterile  
You can't create, you just wait to take, my tape's  
Laced with malice  
Hands get calloused  
From grippin' microphones from here to Dallas  
Go ask Alice if you don't believe me,  
I get Inner Visions like Stevie  
See me, ascend from the chalice like the weed be  
Indeed be like Khalil Muhammad  
MC's make me vomit  
I get controversial  
Freak your style with no rehearsal  
Ooo, contraire mon frere  
Don't you even go there  
Me without a mic is like a beat without a snare  
I dare to tear into your ego,  
We go, way back like some ganja and pelequo  
Or Coleco-Vision  
My mind makes incisions in your anatomy  
And I'll back this with Deuteronomy  
Or Leviticus, God made this word  
You can't get with this  
Sweet like licorice,  
Dangerous like syphillis, yeah.

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(4x)

I used to be underrated  
Now I take iron, makes my s\*\*\* constipated  
I'm more concentrated.  
So on my day off,  
With David Sonnenberg I play golf  
Run through Crown Heights screaming out Mazel Tov  
Problem with no man  
Before black, I'm first human

Appetite to write like Frederick Douglass with a slave hand  
Street pressure word to poppa, I ain't goin' under  
One day I'll have a label and make deals with Tommy Motolla  
Momma always told me "You're one in a million"  
Always watch your back, never tangle with Haitian Sicilians  
Now I got a record deal, "How does it feel?"  
I'm never gonna survive unless I get crazy like Seal.  
Cause the whole world's out of order  
So at night the fiend's dance on Grease with John Travolta  
One got slaughtered as he coughed blood from his mouth  
The other tried to duck and caught a left with my Guinness Stout  
Brother brother can't you get this through your head  
It's a set up by the fed's they're scoping us with their Infra-reds.

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(3x)

Too many MC's not enough Mic's  
Exit your show like I exit the turnpike  
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite  
Double deuce delight, I don't Dick Van Dyke  
Startlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night  
Like my man Wyclef (I wear my sunglasses at night)  
And my panache will mosh your entourage  
Squash your squad and hide your body under my garage.  
And when the cops come lookin'  
I'll be bookin' to Brooklyn  
Leave the trails broken flippin' tokens to Hoboken  
A clean getaway like Alec Baldwin  
Drivin' in my fast car playin' Tracy Chapman

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