Grab The Mic

[Masta Killa] Yeah, it's like salutation, greeting Ladies and gents, good evening I'm the speaker for the evening Get up out your chair, throw your hands in the air Have drinks on me, hit it slow, though Each to those, well potent Some particle, compound into one article The headline read, shall I proceed? Hell yeah, well let the turntable spin Like the chrome on the G wag' Benz, let's begin [Chorus: Masta Killa] Aiyo, spit that shit, that make niggaz wanna lick they glock When I grab the microphone, I can't stop To drop that shit that make you get "ahh" Down on your face, with your the gun to your --Ladies in the club, they frontin' like --My brothers in the club, we try'nna get "ahh" [Masta Killa] Look, another smash hit, my niggaz from the boulevard East New York squad, in the yard gettin' ripped 'Least twenty five a clip, a hundred men stomp in ya face The wolves barkin', careful, you might get trampled Caught flashin', wrap him in the masking tape Jimmy Basking, murder was the case when the crowd break fool Iron Mic Duel held down by the poolside Along came a spider, spun spools in a cypher Screamin' on your mic, leads spray from the sawed off pipe Stenographer type, the ghetto hype slang, flow gold Like water off the brim when it rain Iron Maiden, checkmating, no escaping, we takin' it [Chorus] [Masta Killa] So terrorfyin', so electrifyin' Ya'll niggaz can't deny, it's so death defyin' Also, unique, it's so much heat On the turntable wax, when I speak on the beat One-two, throw it up, like you came to gave it up Drop something in the collection cup, for the cause Of the sixteen bars, fast cars and jewelry Fine silk, Cantanose wine make the rhyme shine Bright on the seven continent Take it to the fullest extent Go anywhere, and live [Chorus 2/3] [Masta Killa] Yeah, P. Diddy, I know you dancin' Crowd still movin', ladies groovin' When the God show and provin'

[Outro: Masta Killa]

Masta Killa

Shit went something like that, I can't remember how that go.. Knawhatimean?