

# Masta I.C.

## Mic Geronimo

Word up Mic Geronimo, nah mean

Check it out

I'm so high/you so high

I be gettin' money till the day that I die

I'm so high/you so high

I be gettin' money till the day that I die

Behold the uncontrollable

I keep the hold world in drama

Smoke my competition now they jus a bag of skama

I'm a reload the vocab that Manson used

Amateurs they plead the O.J.

And wonder why they lose

I subdue the microphone and left it in submission

Then cracked the Phillie open

And found a talent that was hidden

I kid no man whose similar to mental migraine

The Masta I.C. enters now in ya game

It's been a long time maybe too long

Since your audio produced a real rap song

I robbed a man who doubt the jack up on the plan

He can stand but didn't analyze the whole pro-jam

I took my time, I found I couldn't wait to explain

The Masta I.C. enters now in ya game

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The new and improved

You can't make a move

Or elude the feud about to be cued

A soloist journeyed through tha mist now found

Assassinate the sound wit choke by the pound

Make my own type of home by the phone  
MC's reachin for my style, I'll leave alone  
My terminology and oddessy on the man  
I'll count your rap for sham and move cooler than a fan  
Split decision, I cut wit precision  
So many tried before  
But still couldn't get in  
Now it's on..no need to explain  
The Masta I.C. enters now in ya game

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I be gettin money till the day that I die  
I'm so high/you so high  
I be gettin money till the day that I die

I'm high till I die so there's no need to lie  
Pass that metal over to the small guy  
Kickin inside from desire  
Mills will be the amps on the mic  
Will explode to feel the fire  
I'm lifted/up off my wig like terrific  
Target every market/move on each one specific  
Overload the frame but keep it all the same  
The Masta I.C. enters now in ya game  
Play me and try to get away that's a maybe  
Be before and I will hold a 9 to ya lady  
I styles like a weapon/I hit the untrue  
Don't need for me to come stalkin  
And lookin for you  
I rip through ya heart and bust through ya veins  
I guarantee that things will never ever be the same  
I kicked it on the real  
Now I keep it on the plane  
The Masta I.C. enters now in ya brain  
I'm so high

I'm so high/you so high  
I be gettin money till the day that I die  
I'm so high/you so high  
I be gettin money till the day that I die  
I'm so high/you so high

I be gettin money till the day that I die

I'm so high/you so high

I be gettin money till the day that I die

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