Spaghetti / Micro Machines

Satellite High & Jay Nyce

One, two
Satellite J. nice on the track and we do it like this
Some real battle shit man this inspirational
I want you to imagine an empty way I have

You only got one shot I'm ready
Imma eat spaghetti
Ready for the hot spaghetti, I need spaghetti
Have to get vegetarian or meat spaghetti
Flour based spaghetti
Whole wheat spaghetti
Spaghetti connoisseur only eat leek spaghetti
love spaghetti, no time for pizza Betty
Green spaghetti raining down like green confetti
And when I say I'm stacking dough i mean spaghetti

Rough and ready hit the tape hard with the loops up
Rattelin' this a hazard put your dupes up
Spin wheels movin' on to the new stuff
Y'all ain't tough caught ya drinking from a juice cup
Boost up Imma play the locals
Stay moving forward no time for slow pokes
Keepin on runnin' cause I do it for my poor folks
I meant Jay Leno monologue no jokes
This ain't new comer shit this is old grow
Crash through leave the hinges on your door bro
'Bout to do the thing wow like i don't know
Starin at you in the eyes kid don't choke; i got wet

I'm a dude who knows no faker
And they gain since you rock up fucking snow cone maker
My advice is ain't nothin' right for your teeth
you rap really fast but you might grow machines
And I'm takin' the leads
Shakin' the trees
Gentle assault when i make enemies
So don't ya look so surprised
Want a free ride; you ain't gettin' this guy.

R.I.P

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So don't ya look so surprised
Happy birthday fucker

Uh J. nice take the meter and the drugs hit
Spaced out stay lyricized on dumb shit
Underground rattle chains in the dungeon
Kinda sound make you wanna wire out and punch shit
Bass hit you in the stomach
Do your crunches
track gang nuke L.A 10 you a Dutchess
Phil Collins' invisible touches
Extra mustard delivering lunches
Rounds dope gonna give you the munches
Down is clown the sound is deader than grungers
Ya'll ain't sharp Imma bury your lunches
I'm a bad apple gonna bury the bunches

Real slick when the high hats drop
Mouth go quiet but the mind don't stop ay
Track heavy like a rhyme know what shit
Chained up Imma ride those drops eh
Still slick when the bass don't hit
i'm a freefall
Ya'll from a construction kit
That do J. nice on the production shit
You won't believe it's real unless you touch in there like

Callin' the team
Callin' the team
Just gotta lean on the micro machines
Rappers actin' up don't like what I see
The team gonna lean on the micro machines

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Lyrics Submitted by Polentaglorms

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