

# 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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Shakin' the trees  
Gentle assault when i make enemies  
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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