

Microphone Master

Das EFX

I iggity am what I am, I comes to get biz so bust the jam
I might not be the man but y'all I still proceed to slam, I cram
to understand why these rappers try to faze me
They must be crazy messin' with the Books and DrayzieBig-up to Jersey and my people's out in EL-A
Well-a hell-a can never cut the swell-a
'Cos you can tell I gets biz like Markie
No matter what the weather son you never wanna spark meI'm kickin' rhymes and gettin' mines on the regular
See me in the black Benz just blowin' up the cellular
We high as shit, the sky is it?
You know the sewer style yo is fly as shit
So grip, you're cheap and buried cos you're never comin' near it
(What?)So fear it when you hear it, cheer it but don't compare it
I still be schoolin', foolin' 'em when I'm speakin'
Kids be heapin', they love the way that we be freakin'
My sewer style it 'cause disaster so when I ask
You better answer who's the microphone masterMiggity microphone master, super rhyme maker
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Miggity microphone master, super rhyme makerWell yo, here's the humdinger
I'm briggity bringin' a new style of thing
It's a rap singer with a fat flow, so low and behold
I higgity hold his mic piece for ransom, it's all about expanses
Stocks of skunks, props and my pops get a mansionBy the age of 16, had dreams of big screens
Mad rubbers to keep my dick clean
Chrome tools in rent and I only go downtown to buy jewels and tints
Jaboll, Guess, ol' Gold and sessI check the mic 2-1 and chew gum to ease the breath
My style is wild like the Cats of Villanova
The heat on the street'll keep my 40's spillin' over
So the skunk and Thai keep me high when I'm smokin'And I don't sleep, just take naps with one eye open
See I believe the beaded weed in me is feedin' me
The inspiration to riggity rock the nation
From white folk to Haitian, [unverified] JamaicanBurn MCs like degrees of Mason because you're fakin'
I'm on point, exclamation with the caper
The flavor misbehavior from the super duper rhyme makerMiggity microphone master, super rhyme maker
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Miggity microphone master, super rhyme makerI got to give a siggity shout to my mans, my fans at the shows
Friends, foes, stiggity stunts and hoes
Drats, I'm friggin' to ride the fat, ooh shit

My crew is shake, rattle and roll thickThicker than your blunt 'cos yo I be's the Brooklyn trooper
And I got more spunk than that punk from Punky Brewster
Bust the lingo Ringo stiggity Starr bingo
I run shit like Kunta, breaks bones like MandingoI'm starstruck like starbuck, the bad bro is mad though
I'm all that small cat like Tomko or Hasbo
I have no figgity fear yeah, it's me and mines
Masters of the microphone, makers of the super rhymesYo, well yo the shit sound clever
I'm clown for whatever like nuttin' nice
Big-up to DJ Dice wreckin' shop when he cut 'n' slice
These 20 MCs, please, I never heard of some
We need to murder some like Colin FergusonBut now ya heard us from the under so feel the thunder
Ya best to come clean like J-Rule and 'Felix Sunder'
I'm buggin' like gristle, see I suggest youDismiss you, my style's official and that's the issue
I show the flow I go until it's time to leave
Believe I'm packin 'more rhymes up my sleeveMiggity microphone master, super rhyme maker
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