

# 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 maker

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 misbehaver from the super duper rhyme makerMiggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker  
Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker

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 stiggy 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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