

# Microphone Fiend

## Fun Lovin' Criminals

I was a fiend before I became a teen  
I melted microphones instead of cones of ice cream  
Music orientated, so when Hip Hop was originated  
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated 'Cause I grabbed the mic an' tried to say, Yes, yall  
They tried to take it an' say that Im too small  
Cool 'cause I dont get upset  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet Back to the lab without a mic to grab  
So then I add all the rhymes I had  
One after the other one, then I make another one  
To dis the opposite, then ask if the brothers done I get a cravin', for I fiend for nicotine  
But I dont need a cigarette, know what I mean?  
Im ragin', rippin' up the stage  
An' dont it sound amazin' 'cause every rhyme is made An' thought of 'cause its sort of an addiction  
Magnetized by the mixin'  
Vocals, vocabulary, in verses, youre stuck in  
The mic is a drano, volcanoes eruptin' Rhymes overflowin', gradually growin'  
Everythin' is written in the cold, so it can coincide  
My thoughts to guide  
48 tracks to slide The invincible microphone fiend, Rakim  
Spread the word cause he's in  
E F F E C T  
A smooth operator operatin' correctly But back to the problem, I gotta have it  
I ain't into solvin' it, silly rabbit  
The prescription is a hyper tune thats thorough when  
I fiend for a microphone like heroin Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix  
So gimme a stage an' a mic an' a mix  
An' I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of  
Unawareness? Beware, its the re-animator A menace to a microphone, the lethal weapon  
Or assassinator, if the people, they steppin'  
You see a part of me you never seen  
When Im fiendin' for a microphone, Im the microphone fiend After 12, Im worse than a gremlin  
Feed me hip hop an' I start tremblin'  
The thrill of suspense is intense, you're horrified  
But this aint the cinemas of 'Tales From The Darkside' By any means necessary, this is what had to be done  
Make way 'cause here I come  
DJ cuts material  
Called 'Imperial' Its a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me  
Its inherited, its runs in the family  
See, I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back

If that dont slow em up, I carry a full pack  
Now I dont want to have to let off, you should've kept off  
You didnt keep the stage warm, so step off  
Ladies an' gentleman, youre about to see  
A past time hobby about to be  
Take it to the maximum, I cant relax see  
I'm hype as a hypochondriac 'cause the rap be  
One hell of a antidote, somethin' you cant smoke  
More than dope, youre tryin' to move away  
But you cant, youre broke  
More than cracked up, you should have backed up  
For those who act up, need to be more than smacked up  
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber  
One on one an' Im the remainder  
So close your eyes an' hold your breath  
An' Ima hitcha wit the blow of death  
Before you go, youll remember you seen  
The fiend for a microphone, Im the microphone fiend  
The microphone fiend  
Im the microphone fiend  
Im the microphone fiend

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