

# MIC Check

## Stropstrikkers

[Intro] I don't give a fuck about your reputation, im the star from the top like Christmas decorations, and me merking you right now that's my estimation. Dedication plus patience equals elevation, get your voice on any station, why you waiting? Why waste time debating fucking around not raving, late night time im in the studio slaving, 8 nights a week too many days in. that's when you see me with a beard fuck shaving.

[Verse 1] Im tired of rhyming but I am a pain in the backside, your plan backfired, you can look up anyone that's tried, they cant merk me never that, that's right its not that season nor that time, I aint boasting but I am that type, so shut your noise and gimmie that mic, heard the beat and I was like gimmie that mic, and I wrote some fuck lyrics that night, im on point no falling behind. Its all in the music its all in the mind, what you call it garage? What you call it grime? Call it what you wanna call it, im fine but rhyme wise I got a short order of mine. Dukes, Dee, Whiley, ghetto these have got new flows all the time.

[Chorus] Testing mic check 1 2, someone so called your name, so what's new fuck him, fuck them, fuck you.

                  If they want to clash with me I would love to.

                  [Man on phone] hello who is this? Who are you?

                  [Kano] there's beef on tasia, it's going off on the roof,

                  [Man on phone] shuut up, what now? What krew? What nasty?

                  [Kano] nah

                  [Man on phone] fuck you!

[Verse 2] My flows big, big, big I spit hits kid, big tings rude boy im done with this shit, quick, quick, quick the shit click, click and ill be like swift put the stick to his ribs. He's rich, rich, rich take that shit, you win some you lose some son life's a bitch, bitch bitch aint that a bitch oh well bad luck piss, piss, piss. I was born to be rich, Santa knows I had money on my Christmas list and when you get some comes chicks, then all of your texts end in a kiss, kiss, kiss, hi hug kiss, kiss that how they greet me, all because I flow ill like a sickness, im a sick kid, but when I spit hot shit im on fire, but im a big blitz.

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