

Honour Mic

Mic Righteous

[Verse 1]

Mic ain't got no friends on the mic
Me I might send for your whole ends on a hype
Cruising through your ends in a new Benz
And I caught you tryna move a 2-2 Benz on your bike
Do what you can, I'll do what I like
Too many begs on too many hypes
Too many threats when nobody dies
Not enough fistfights, too many knives
Too many skets telling too many lies
Too many, too many, too many times
Make sure that you ain't using your cock
When you man are out here choosing your wife
Make sure that you man are using your head
Or you might just start losing your mind
Tell the mandem start using your head
Or you might just start losing it
I forsee shadows, call me shallow
Think I'm being parrow, catch me falling
Four feet narrow, need more crow
Call the green sparrow
Cause I need ammo for this old arrow
Your seagulls will run from seagulls
Score shots, score shots, yeah crow
Out here posted up like scarecrows, woo!
Been doing this shit for years bro
All my heroes are weirdos
Don't fear us, hear us
And please don't let no wasteman near us
Bad vibes polluting the sky
I know full well that I ain't going to jail
Or doing time, or really putting a body on a nine
And killing somebody who was lying
About every other body on his nine
Cause every other body isn't getting bodied, am I lying?
Nah man I ain't rating you really though
I see a snake in your video, what's the point
You're making and taking a video
Just to act like Drake in a video

Silly yo chap

Ask anyone, yeah I really don't rap

Ask anyone, yeah I really throw hands

It's 2016, every rapper is a roadman

And every roadman wanna rap now, really though fam?[Hook]

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Too many, too many, too many times

Too many, too many, yeah

[Verse 2]

All rise for Your Honour Mic

Alright, let's take them on a ride

To live lavish is all we want in life

Y-O don't die, we multiply

Grew up on the countryside

Do or die, young man dies

Suicide, we breed like

Sewer mice, can't see my

View on life but true are blind

Y-O till I'm traumatised

Y-O but you oughta buy it

Y-O but you're pouring white

Why don't we want more in life

I'm chasing dreams, planning schemes

Trynna get my family out the streets

For more than for the night

As long as we alive, get organised

Never had a court order in my life

You're not a good criminal, if you're famous for crime

Never been caught, I just caught a vibe

Never been caught, I just caught the virus

Too sick, never been nicked

(Never been x3)

Never been nicked

I'm intelligent prick

Mic ain't got no friends on the mic

On a terrorist vibe on here in this bitch

All rise for Your Honour Mic
When I'm on the mic, don't think cause I bark
I ain't gonna bite
Jealousy lies in my enemy's eyes
Everybody emcees, but they won't ever be Mic
I'm a lowlife, but the levels be high
Talking ketamine high
I'm flying, think I need co-pilot's validation
I'd be lying if I said that I'm happy
That I haven't made it, I'm waiting
I have the patience
Dead brain cause you can't see my talent wasted
Best in the game, anybody go against what I say
Fuck a pen and a paper, I'll just smash your face in[Spoken]
Fuck the truth, I want the zoot
The whole zoot and nothing but the zoot[Hook]
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Too many, too many, too many times
Too many, too many, yeah"I would've cussed them yeah
But Alhamdulillah, I keep it halal all the time
Like, a hundred percent, all the time
Like, it's so obvious bruv, even my nan can see
That you lot are flirting
Simples, it's normal, it's calm."[Verse 3]
Too many players and not enough pay cheques
Only one game with too many faces
Too many man, too many many majors
Not enough soldiers and too many paigons
Too many snakes, too many many wastemen
Too many gay men who have got straight friends
Rappers getting raped is a pain in the anus
All this in the vainful name of entertainment
Fuck who's better, too many never made it
Too many got berserk turned to an Eddie Vegas
Too many lames, too many petty haters
Too many burials and not enough acres

Sitting there wasting, who said we ain't shit
I want names, it's 2016 and the game ain't changing
No room for the new generation
Cause they just BLEEP, later[Hook]
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Too many, too many, too many times
Too many, too many, yeah[Spoken Outro]
"Yo G, it's [?]
I just thought I'd reach out to man
Becuh I don't miss nothing out here still
I see a couple little fuckery and dem ting dere
But nothing but support from southside my G
And my gang and everyting man
Ya nuh wah I mean so
Hate when deez likkle frackles man think
They can come up in the game and just think they can
Voice their opinion about anybody blud
You know what I mean, just because they got little
Trap paper on road and all dem ting dere
Look, I rate everybody for what they're doing you know
Blud when I saw that likkle yute say a couple little tings I was
Like nah nah nah nah nah nah nah
[?]"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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