

# 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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Not enough fistfights, too many knives  
Too many skets telling too many lies  
Too many, too many, too many times  
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 skets telling too many lies  
Too many, too many, too many times  
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  
Simple, 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, 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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