

Careful With That Mic...

Clutch

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

So tell me, when you took a practice scholastic aptitude test
Did you know the answers or did you guess?
You rely on gimmicks to amuse your fans
And act all over bad to jack up your sound scan
What's the matter with you?
How come you rhyme monosyllabically?
Has atrophy stricken your entire vocabulary?
Your style's like a garbage can
It's meant to be taken out on a weekly basis
Ever since you first reckoned
You been in a state of suspended animation
You invoke snuffaluffagus and australopithecus
Me crazy, you abacus but enough about you let's talk about me
And how single-handedly
I redefined the entire science of radioastronomy
Even Nobel prize winners questioned my notions of reality
Oh, but I digress
You always win at Sorry, I always win at chess
Go get some percocets!
Careful with that mic, weezy!
Do you really think it's that easy?
This is really good ice cream, you want some of it?
Oh, my bad, I didn't know you were lactose intolerant
Makes you pass gas, frightens all the girls away
Only friends you keep are those you pay
Always on the ready for the wack snack attack
I carry sandwiches around in a straight edge style
Jansport backpack
Got the gadget Q gave Bond, destroy the mind
Make you jump in a pond, go quack-quack, flap your arms
Leave you confused but completely unharmed
Careful with that mic, weezy!
Do you really think it's that easy?
Do you really think it's true?
[Incomprehensible] they can't hear you, hey alright
Now both you and I know the past ten years
Have been rather intense
And I'm ashamed to admit that
I have been fooled by the seductions of violence
People walking around with ugly auras
Sometimes I'm even tempted to see the advice of Dr. Laura
But I ignore her
And I take a deep breath and count to ten

Ain't gonna let it get under my skin
Take a deep breath and count to ten
Think of all the nice places that I've been
Like back when I was waging peace against the Visigoths
I was tutored in the ancient mysteries by a wizened philosophy
Learned the polyrhythm of celestial time
And wait for the one to come and get it done and finish the rhyme
Careful with that mic, weezy!
Do you really think it's that easy?
Do you really think it's true?
[Incomprehensible] they can't hear you, hey

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