

How Many Mics

Fugees

How Many Mic's Do We Rip on the Daily
Say me say Many Moni, Say me say manymanymany

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme
Thinking of all the kids who try to do this
For all the wrong reasons
Seasons change, mad things rearrange
But it all stays the same like the love Doctor Strange
I'm tame like the rapper,
Get red like a snapper when they do that
Got your whole block saying "TRUE DAT"
If only they knew that,
It was you who was irregular,
Sold your soul for some secular
Muzak that's wack,
Plus you use that loop over and over
Claiming that you got a new style
Your attempts are futile, Ooo chile
Your puerile,
Brain waves are sterile
You can't create, you just wait to take, my tape's
Laced with malice
Hands get calloused
From grippin' microphones from here to Dallas
Go ask Alice if you don't believe me,
I get Inner Visions like Stevie
See me, ascend from the chalice like the weed be
Indeed be like Khalil Muhammad
MC's make me vomit
I get controversial
Freak your style with no rehearsal
Ooo, contraire mon frere
Don't you even go there
Me without a mic is like a beat without a snare
I dare to tear into your ego,
We go, way back like some ganja and pelequo
Or Coleco-Vision
My mind makes incisions in your anatomy
And I'll back this with Deuteronomy

Or Leviticus, God made this word
You can't get with this
Sweet like licorice,
Dangerous like syphillis, yeah.

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I used to be underrated
Now I take iron, makes my s*** constipated
I'm more concentrated.
So on my day off,
With David Sonnenberg I play golf
Run through Crown Heights screaming out Mazel Tov
Problem with no man
Before black, I'm first human
Appetite to write like Frederick Douglass with a slave hand
Street pressure word to poppa, I ain't goin' under
One day I'll have a label and make deals with Tommy Motolla
Momma always told me "You're one in a million"
Always watch your back, never tangle with Haitian Sicilians
Now I got a record deal, "How does it feel?"
I'm never gonna survive unless I get crazy like Seal.
Cause the whole world's out of order
So at night the fiend's dance on Grease with John Travolta
One got slaughtered as he coughed blood from his mouth
The other tried to duck and caught a left with my Guinness Stout
Brother brother can't you get this through your head
It's a set up by the fed's they're scoping us with their Infra-reds.

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Too many MC's not enough Mic's
Exit your show like I exit the turnpike
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite
Double deuce delight, I don't Dick Van Dyke
Startlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night
Like my man Wyclef (I wear my sunglasses at night)
And my panache will mosh your entourage
Squash your squad and hide your body under my garage.
And when the cops come lookin'
I'll be bookin' to Brooklyn
Leave the trails broken flippin' tokens to Hoboken
A clean getaway like Alec Baldwin

Drivin' in my fast car playin' Tracy Chapman

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