

Mike T's Funky Scratch

Compton's Most Wanted

Suckas, pack up your shit
And all your bunk DJ equipment
Your ass is one-eight-seven when my boy is bent
So be prepared to be measured for a coffin
Your fucked up, wick wack scratch is kinda soft and
Faggots, please I don't think you can tag this
Cuts deeper than the depth's of Atlantis
But then they ask, 'how low can you go?'
No questions this is my DJ's solo
So freak it, go ahead Mike get kinda funky
Sharp like a guillotine, kick ass like a donkey
If there is any contenders you can't match
My DJ Mike T with his fucking funky scratch One more introduction
In other words I'll keep bussing
Lyrics after lyrics, so keep on rushing
Technique Twelve-hundreds is what he's using
Blow after blow Mike T is one, two-ing and three-ing
But don't forget about the E and
Who's got the back up. So punk just slack up
Don't cross his path cause he'll put you to the test
Reminds me of the wicked witch from the west
So for your own safety I think I ought to
Tell you its curtains and then flip the quarter
So stay in last place, you just can't match
My DJ Mike T with his fucking funky scratch. geah Back for the motherfucking '91
My DJ Mike T's in the fucking house
Down with the MC Eiht, Compton's Most Wanted Crew
Housing the motherfucking set
Killing 'em off side by each. Audi Five Thousand

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>