

Microphone Preem (feat. Slaughterhouse)

Prhyme

I'm handlin' you frauds
These wounded ass niggas, I rap circles around 'em
I'm bandages and gauze
Crooked trap 'round clowns, this rap circus surrounds 'em
But I'm havin' a menage
Fuckin' with the rap game, and the trap game
I'm managin' my odds
Man these rappers out here reachin', your arms are too short
Take the boxing gloves off, hand 'em to the gods
Slaughterhouse, we the military in this bitch
Fuck every Tom, Dick and Harry in this bitch, yeah
Fuck your apology, I'ma be on astrology shit
March into war like Aries in this bitch, yeah
You call it light work, nigga this is my life's work
I turn around and beat up a beat like I'm writin' Ike's verse
Toe taggin' this mothafucka, I don't think Joe Jackson
And Buster Douglas could ever do a mic worse
I'm tryna murder the microphone
I'm tryna murder the microphone
If you are what you eat, how come I'm not pussy?
That was part uno, this is part two though This the difference between y'all niggas and real rap
The competition fell back, niggas ask
How much did I use to drink
I tell 'em off the top of my head about a gallon, kinda like Pharrell's hat
But all jokes aside like I ordered fries
I'm liable to store somebody's corpse in the closet, I'm organized
Before police was interrogatin', I was livin' the story of my life
And Morgan Freeman was narratin'
(Say it again) I'm 5'9", not an inch taller
'Fore all of the jewelry, I've been baller
Before niggas was hypebeasts, my niggas was bike thieves
You let it out your sight and they take it to sight see
Same shit, another nigga gotta die today
My bitch gone (why) we ain't ever goin' out on dates
(Why) we ain't vacayin' out of state
Whinin' all the time, all she do was holler
We ain't like a Pagan holiday
Rappers will, be actin' ill
Know when they die for deals

I take the word "lyrical" and flip it backwards
And that says "laciryl"
And that's exactly how I feel, shoutout to Guru
I got the mass appeal
I'm tryna murder the microphone
I'm tryna murder the microphone
I'll give up drinkin' when she give her emotions up
(That was part uno, this is part two though) Oh you don't, don't let me learn yah
I body the beat and watch it skip, call it m-murda
The nerve of anyone who ain't heard of
The gang that don't tweet simultaneous for the sake of the sermon
(House Gang what up!)
Other groups basic mergers
We extort 'em from a distance, takin' it further
Drama could be all yours, why you want a war for?
You can't go at uno, mothafucka, that's a draw 4
We started out as just a feature on a Joe joint
Fuck around now, you on the bleachers soon as Joe point
Brothers forreal, I can honestly say
If you come at me, they'll be 3 dots on you while I'm still typin'
Meet fire, street fighters when this pen's writin'
Shady, you go through us to get to Em, bison
(Come on, crook, you wildin' again)
Nah Joe, these niggas stupid, boy we do this shit
[I'm tryna murder the microphone
I'm tryna murder the microphone
Too many frogs go "ribbet" but never leave lilies
(That was part uno, this is part two though) These niggas might play cray, try slay me
Off my mic, vacay, call it right, it's mayday
Right foot in melee, strapped to light AK
Have you [?] like Ice JJ
Do it for Em, my squad do it for bundles
Could've been copped the Phantom, copped the Benz bein' humble
Still, the nickel plate is known to get 'em situated
It's return fire, even when Joey initiate it
How I feel about these rap niggas? Fuck 'em all
Drake rhyme about these bitches, I just fuck 'em all
A hundred guns, jeans big enough to tuck 'em all
Banana clips, fully automatic, you can't duck 'em all
Cause when it's gats involved, bodies'll fall
From the sky, could really be rainin' cats and dogs
It's Joey! Nicer than any rapper you rockin' to
Call a spade a spade, nigga try to follow suit
I'm tryna murder the microphone
Bring it back to life, I murder that microphone

Too many big dogs, not enough barkin' yet
(That was part uno, this is part two though)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>