

## Voices Of Theory

### "Mic Checka"

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Riggidy-raow, Ziggidy Gadzuks, Here I go, so  
Fliggedy-flame on, g-geronimo, yo  
I biggedy-burn riggedy-rubber when I blabber great  
I miggedy-make the Wonder Twins deactivate  
It's crazy, I'm biggedy-breakin' backs and bustin' lips  
I friggedy-freaked Gladys Knight and those freakin'  
Pips  
Shrimps, I miggedy-make enough noise like Bamm-  
Bamm  
Throw boulders from Bedrock you'll get dropped, I  
slam man  
So check it  
I riggedy-wreck it quick, aw shucks  
I giddedy-got the big ducks like Daddy Warbucks  
I riggedy-rocked the coca-cabana  
Banana split  
{HACK-THO} Spit, so sit  
I friggedy-freak it from here to Bangladesh  
I riggedy-rippin' flesh plus I get fresh like this  
Swish, swiggedy-swooshed kid, you'll get it done  
Swooshed for fun, I riggedy-rhyme like no one  
I biggedy-bum riggedy-rush chiggedy-chumps, I'm  
savage  
I shake 'em up and down like the Down Jones Average  
I'm cocky, like Rocky, I biggedy-bangs the best  
So tiggedy-tell your friend, chump, 'cause here comes  
Das EFX

A-higgedy-hoy there matey, I giggedy-gots to flow  
My Saturday nights are live-er than Joe Piscopo  
So yo, siggedy-save the bait for Charlie Tuna  
See I be the boogie banger, like Esiason's the Boomer  
I'm higgedy-hots to trot, I giggedy-gots the motts  
Jewels plus dreads, so toots, call me Goldilocks  
I ciggedy-catch the scoop from Peter Jennings  
Do a spin like the mag and I slide like Peggy Fleming  
Or a smiggedy-smack a fag and choke 'em up until he  
squeals  
I Hawiian punched the Captain and now I'm maxing with  
Tenille  
I piggedy-pack steel, I got a big gun

I'm freaking the track from Brooklyn, yo, 'cause  
Brooklyn's where I'm from

Tiggedy-time to get buck wild  
Call me Butterfingers, 'cause I dippedy-drop 'nuff  
styles  
Iggedy eeny meeny miney moe  
Shiggedy-bop, bap I'll snatch a rapper by his toe  
I riggedy-write my pages when I figgedy-feel the flavor  
I fliggedy-fly the friendly skies, so now I be a sky pager  
I friggedy-freaked the funka  
The rough Nestle Cruncher, word to Arch Bunker  
Give me the mike and I'll liggedy-light it up like Uncle  
Fester  
Microphone checka, one two checka  
I tiggedy take no shorts, I'm not the fella  
I can even act: Stella, Stella  
Yo Stella, here ciggedy-comes the bum rush, maybe  
No Static, I niggedy-knows more kids than um, Bebe  
So higgedy-hey hey hey not Dwayne but I got props  
I biggedy-bust rhymes like Slick Rick busts shots  
So when I friggedy-freaks the funk, I'll be the ill funk  
freaka  
I stiggedy-stole an apple from this bum named Bonita  
So riggedy-rub-a-dub I got the lip to make ya flip  
Bustin heads with Erik Sherman and my man Parish  
Smith

Kiggedy-kiss my grits, check the jingle  
I diggedy-don't bruise but snooze like Rip Van Winkle  
So twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little star  
I sliggedy-slam dunk like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar  
Numbskull, I piggedy-pump up like Reebok Pumps  
I friggedy-freak the stuff that makes a camel lose his  
humps, chumps  
So wiggedy-where's the beef, um chief  
He figgedy-fits the mold like the gold that's on his  
teeth  
I rocks 'em, I socks 'em, I drops 'em, ah-choo  
So riggedy-ready sit down, hut one, hut two  
I diggedy dot my i's, and cross my tiggedy-t's, bro  
I swiggedy-swing more action than Hawaii Five-O

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