

Daddy Yankee

"Open Mic Night Remix"

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[Mr. Eon]

This is a remix...this is a remix

"A-a-a-at-at night the open mic be invitin me to rhyme"

---> Rakim

High & Mighty, Wordsworth, Alkemist, Mr. Eon, wreckin
shit

"A-a-a-at-at night the open mic be invitin me to rhyme"

Mr. E-O-N must be talkin bout me

(Who dat?) The one and only High & Mighty MC

Who be perpendicular when I be dickin ya

E smoke a bone the size of a fibula

Prepare for the slaughter, the lyrical marauder

Unfreakable acts like me and your daughter, did

I be coughin layin in the coffin

Step out the fantasy world you be lost in

Dead man walkin, engage you hawkin

>From Pensauken to Vienna

I be me and a slew to combat your crew

With acrobatics only seen in cartoons

Like the Go-ad Rucker, double-pumped ya

Puncture, vocally rupture, puff a cluster

Ambidextrious, both sides test this

Removin wackness like asbestos

"A-at night, the open mic be invitin me to rhyme"

"The open mic...the open mic...at night the open mic be
invitin me to rhyme"

"Open m-mic, I bring out that box to the shit."

"At night, the open mic be invitn me to rhyme..."

the open mic-mic-m-m-mic be inv..itin me to r-rh-hyme"

"Open mic, I bring out that box to the shit"

[Wordsworth]

Yo check it out, yo; From prenatal to cradle and able to
print

I'm so deep that dirt's at my naval, my table's cement

You audio/video vaginal, lines imagine a magnitudes

That give longitude and latitude some attitudes

>From an environment, freestyle's a requirment

I bought every album, then my parents had to hide the
rent

If my demise commence unexpectedly, just test my
pee
I bet you see ecstasy or some obscenity inject in me
(what else?)
I flood your airways, place planes in jeopardy
Flights vanish, panick deputies, inspect the sea for jet
debris
Let it be, and commence the record to play
I'm so ahead of my time when I talk there's a seven
second delay
Don't judge a book by its cover when I'm inventin
I add your colon to my sentence, and start to pluck off
on your appendix
Dexterity hurled is about to rally the world
You can't write without using like, what are you some
type of valley girl?
At open mics, I'm tellin y'all one last time
Stop askin for a capellas and then kickin those wach
rhymes, flatline
what, yo-yo-yo

"A-a-a-a-at-a-at night the open mic be invitin me to
rhyme
..the open m...mic be invitin me to r-r...rhyme"
"Open mic...I bring out that box to the shit"

[Thirstin Howl III]

I'm accustomed to abiding by freestyle penal code
My rhymes are like long drives going down a scenic
road
Taught discipline through paragraphs, walk
backstreets and narrow paths
My kicks look dirty and pants sag like I have no ass!
Flippin styles that'd pioneered in the Space Age
Writin your first paragraph, I'm already on my eighth
page
For the way you write your rhymes, I could tell you
never really made grades
Going through life miserable, hatin yourself on payday
A pleasant plea, Thirstin in parentheses
I heard a mute man mention me to a blind woman on
Vescey Street
Urged to leave gats alone in memory of Pumpkin and
Faster Poem
Wouldn't want my moms to identify me with half the
dome!
A toast, with high price gangrere
Battle the best motherfuckers and whoever they bring
here
Long term, sought through rations
I even put freestyle under special skills when

submitting application
Flows, that can't be followed by asthma patients
Got a deathwish? Here's his extension, ask for Satan
The rap languages me and more, findin subjects in
Singapore
Impressin MC's who swore to God they'd seen it all

"The open mic be invitin me to rhyme"
"...The open mic...the open mic be invitin me to rhyme"
"Open mic I bring out that box to the shit"
scratched out by DJ Mighty Mi

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