

Frisco Kid "Soundman"

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[Pharoahe Monch]

Yes yes yes yes yes

Yo Mr. Soundman! We would very much appreciate it
(yes indeed) if you add a tad bit more mids
and a little more lows to the mic (word up)
I'm on mic number one, Prince is on mic number two
(yes yes yes)

A little bit more but RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT THERE, yeah
One more, c'mon, uhh (recognize)
C'mon, right yes, yes, right here, uhh, c'mon, down

Sorta similar to the way I remember to be the
wordsmith

Pharoahe, God's gift to vocabulary

My personal soliloquies be killin me softly
still I be packin artillery, y'all feelin me yet?

Props don't stop HERE nigga

I knock MC's out of a six-sided figure

My strategies be tragedy to MC's
who receive certificates from rap academies

I'm terrific with wordplay (wordplay..)

Specific with verbs, say we step it up, to the next level

See if I represent God..

.. then all my competition is exclusively Lucifer

See y'all used to the niggaz who would say Devil right?
(right)

But I ain't them (nah) they ain't me (uh-huh)

with some bullshit college-ass rappin degree

But let me show you how we do it, duh duh duh

Done with the disco fluid, duh duh

But if it ain't LOUD enough

we tell the soundman turn that shit up up!

C'mon, c'mon

[Prince Poetry]

Yo Pharoahe, hold up hold up, check it

Let me introduce myself

I'm Senor El Chocolate, creme de la creme, a la cheddy

Prince Poe, God's gift to vo, cabulary

Very visual, every lyrical slide

is spiritually projected, forever inside

Never to hide but to shine like, diamonds inside mines
Let that ass marinate and Poe free flows over basslines
I'm, takin elevatin to next
plateaus rippin shows with this cosmic sex
Love on CD's and cassettes and DAT's (now all rise)
Now who masters the Funk, when it's time to Flex?
(Organized!)
From the Southside, spar chump MC's
thinkin they comp, but soon to get smoked like trees
I eat MC's of ALL kinds, spit out the rhyme
Regurgitate their mindstate, cause I don't eat swine
Set it straight, online, internet programmed to climb
You might catch me in The Grind straight bumpin a
dime
Now let me tell you how we do it (yeah yeah)
With that old disco fluid (uh-huh!)
And if it ain't LOUD enough
tell the soundman to turn that shit up (up) up (up) up,
UP!

[Pharoahe Monch]
If it.. uh... check it

(Turn me up now.. oohhhhhh ohhh yeah
Ooooooh-ooooooooh-ooooh-ohh-oooh-ooooh)

[Prince Poetry]
Tinted V8, buck and a half on the dash
All weather Pirellis, the exterior color is cash
Black Italian leather, Nakamichi system to blast
Full metal to the pedal when we Organize on that ass
I last, amongst the mass, gettin the cash
But in the stash fast before the stock market crash
Splash, five quarts of straight water fortified
First place to get this partyin on
In any club or on the corner in the box with pops
In barbershops ladies got with it in hooties some in
drop-tops
Look at love-love, fuckin with this top-notch
boombastic, ghetto dope now, fly gymnastics of
passion
with verbal toxic, rock shit (daily)
(MMMmm) The soul controller up in the cockpit
Lock shit, with my robotic optic
You ain't fuckin with this proper who's too tropic, stop
it

(Heyyy, Mr. Soundman, can you boost me, juice me
up?)

[Pharoahe Monch]

I'm sendin them in YO' face! Spinnin them quick wit
Synonym blendin them in wit, homonyms entered in
and by embalmin them wit, shit, whenever I spit
No need for me to go get old hit, records to go gold wit
Yo' shit with absolutely NO innovation whatsoever
You and all your mens not clever!
Y'all need to be TOLD that shit
You ain't bold black plans of promotional schemes and
scams are so wack
Tracks are trash to me, nigga actually
your platinum plaque should even go back to the
factory
People wanna be like Michael and when
recyclin when the fans wanna hear FRESH MATERIAL
From imperial rap pros who ORGANIZE
Gettin very intolerant at rap shows like lactose
In fact those niggaz that act up get smacked
backwards for bein so anti-climac.. tic
Watch any mack get, put on his back with
lyrical tactics utilized without practice
This is how we do it (YEAH YEAH) duh duh duh
Done with the disco fluid (UH-HUH) duh duh
But if it ain't LOUD enough
Say if it ain't LOUD enough
Say if it ain't LOUD enough
we tell the soundman turn that motherfuckin volume
up! Nigga

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