

Fugees "How Many Mics"

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[Clef]

Pick up your microphones.

Ha, Haa

Pick up your microphones.

Yo.

[CHORUS:]

How Many Mic's Do We Rip on the Daily

Say me say Many Moni, Say me say manymanymany.

How Many Mic's Do We Rip on the Daily

Many Moni, Say me say manymanymany

[LAURYN:]

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme

Thinking of all them kids that try to do this

For all the wrong reasons

Seasons change, mad things rearrange

But it all stays the same like the love Doctor Strange

I'm tame like the rapper,

Get red like a snapper when they do that

Got your whole block saying "TRUE DAT"

If only they knew that,

It was you who was irregular,

Sold your soul for some secular

Muzak that's wack,

Plus you use that, loop over and over

Claiming that you got a new style

Your attempts are futile, Woo chile

Your purile,

Brain waves are sterile

You can't create, you just wait to take, my tape's

Laced with malice

Hands get calloused

From grippin' microphones from here to Dallas

Go ask Alice if you don't believe me,

I get Inner Visions like Stevie

See me, essential from the chalice like the weed be

Indeed be like Khalil Muhammad

MC's make me vomit

I get controversial

Freak your style with no rehearsal

Ooo, contraire mon frere

Don't you even go there
Me without a mic is like a beat without a snare
I dare to tear into your ego,
We go, way back like some ganja and pelequo
Or Coleco-Vision
My mind makes incisions in your anatomy
And I'll back this with Deuteronomy
Or Leviticus, God made this word
You can't get with this
Sweet like licorice,
Dangerous like syphillis, yeah.

[CHORUS (REPEAT 4X):]

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[CLEF:]

I used to be underrated
Now I take iron, makes my s*** constipated
I'm more concentrated.
So on my day off,
With David Sonnenberg I play golf
Run through Crown Heights screaming out, Mazel Tov!
Problem with no man
Before black, I'm first human
Appetite to write like Frederick Douglass with a slave
hand
Street pressure word to poppa, I ain't goin' under
One day I'll have a label and make deals with Tommy
Motolla
Momma always told me "You're one in a million"
Always watch your back, never tangle with Haitian
Sicilians
Now I got a record deal, "How does it feel?"
I'm never gonna survive unless I get crazy like Seal.
Cause the whole world's out of order
So at night the fiend's dance on Grease with John
Travolta
One got slaughtered as he coughed blood from his
mouth
The other tried to duck and caught a left with my
Guinness Stout
Brother brother can't you get this through your head
This is set up by the fed's they're scoping us with their
Infra-reds.

[CHORUS (REPEAT 3X):]

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Many Moni Say me say manymanymany

[PRAZ:]

Too many MC's not enough Mic's
Exit your show like I exit the turnpike
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite
Double deuce delight, I don't Dick Van Dyke
Startlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night
Like my man Wyclef (I wear my sunglasses at night)
And my panache will mosh your entourage
Squash your squad and hide dey bodies under my
garage.
And when the cops come lookin'
I'll be bookin' thru Brooklyn
Leave the trails broken flippin' tokens to Hoboken
A clean getaway like Alec Baldwin
Drivin' in my fast car playin' Tracy Chapman

[CHORUS (Repeat to end):]

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