

## **Fun Lovin' Criminals "Microphone Fiend"**

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I was a fiend (fiend) before I became a teen  
I melted microphones instead of cones of ice cream  
Music orientated so when hip-hop was originated  
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated  
Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say - Yes y'all!  
They tried to take it, and say that I'm too small  
Cool, cool 'Cause I don't get upset  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet  
Back to the lab without a mic to grab  
So then I add all the rhymes I had  
One after the other one, then I make another one  
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done  
I get a craving like a fiend for nicotine  
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean  
I'm raging, ripping up the stage and  
Don't it sound amazing 'cause every rhyme is made  
and  
Thought of  
Cuz it's sort of an addiction,  
Magnetized by the mixing  
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, you're stuck in  
The mic is a drano, volcanoes erupting,  
Rhymes overflowing, gradually growing  
Everything is written in the cold, so we can coincide,  
my thoughts to guide  
48 tracks to slide  
The invincible, microphone fiend  
Rakim  
Spread the word 'cause he's in  
E-F-F-E-C-T  
A smooth operator operating correctly  
But back to the problem  
I gotta habit  
I ain't a solving it, silly rabbit  
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when  
A fiend for a microphone like heroin  
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix  
So gimme a stage and a mic and a mix  
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of  
unawareness  
Beware, it's the reanamator  
A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon

An assassinator, if the people ain't stepping  
You see a part of me that you never seen  
When I'm fiending for a microphone,  
I'm the microphone fiend  
After 12,  
I'm worse than a Gremlin  
Feed me Hip-hop and I start trembling  
It's the thrill of suspense that's intense, you're horrified  
But this ain't the cinemas of "Tales From the  
Darkside"(darkside)  
By any means necessary, this is what had to be done  
Make way 'cause here I come  
Fisty cuts material, material  
Call imperial, call imperial

It's a must that I bust any mic you hand to me,  
It's inherited, it's runs in the family  
See I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back,  
If that don't slow 'em up,  
I carry a full pack.  
Now I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept  
off  
You didn't keep the stage warm, so step off  
Ladies and Gentleman  
You're about to see  
A past time hobby about to be,  
Take it to the maximum,  
I can't relax see,  
I'm hype as a hypochondriac 'cause the rap be one  
Hell of a antidote, something you can't smoke  
More than dope, you're trying to move away but you  
can't, you're broke  
More than cracked up, you should have backed up  
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up  
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber  
One on one and I'm the remainder (remainder)  
So close your eyes and hold your breath,  
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death (death)  
Before you go, you'll remember you seen  
The fiend from a microphone,  
I'm the microphone fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend  
The microphone fiend, fiend, fiend, fiend .  
The microphone fiend, fiend, fiend  
I'm a mic, I'm a mic, I'm a microphone fiend, fiend,  
fiend  
I'm a mic, I'm a mic, I'm a microphone fiend, fiend,  
fiend

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