

Grupo Niche

"Grip Da Mic Tight"

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Yeah
Magnificent 7 in the house
Clark Kent and a crew of seven MC's
It's all that
We gon' show you how we grip the mic
We gon' do our little thing
Now let the beats flow on and let the rhymes flow on
Will Ski, why don't you jump in, come on

[VERSE 1: Will Ski]

Hip-hip-hooray, zippedy-doo-da
Well, here's a jolly good fellow without one flaw
DJ, play my records till the cows come home
What's goin on inside my dome?
Needle to the groove as the records spin clockwise
Everybody make room, Clark is on the rise
(Clark Kent gonna cut it up
Come on
Clark Kent, why don't you cut it up?)
Diffy-diffy-damn, I'm giffy-gonna sippy-sippy-slam
Don't you know who I am?
Da-na, da-na, get out the water
...run for the border
Who will be the next to flex in my direction?
Here comes the injection, feel the full aggression
Of me, Ski, how plainly can I put it?
I never have to foot it, Dame drives a Path
I laugh, hahaha, it's hilarious
My styles are various, let me take care of this
Stand back when the lips are nice
Big Doug, time to grip the mic

[VERSE 2: Big Doug]

Them the brothers gonna do a simulation just for you
And the verse that I kick is the color true
Down with the sounds of the future, the Flavor and the
Super
-men once again Clark Kent is a trooper
Yo pause, no cream, it's just the way it seems
What's a bro to do when the beat drops clean
On the 1, 2, yeah, like that

Peace to the Supermen in the black hats
Yo, peace to my crew cause they all get some
The corporation of the lords of the drum
My brother Flash Back, heard you run with Dash (Huh?)
Grip the mic (When?) Next not last

[VERSE 3: Flash Back]

Contrary to the laws of nature, Flavor on the one
Flash Back comin back right about now
For the hoes fair a world premier
The future crew knew that we do what we have to
Cosmos grew a little brighter, turned into a writer
Producer and a microphone fighter
Cause it don't make sense when you can't ah...
Huh? Yeah? Oh - express yourself
Finetune rhymes to come into the lime, room
Made for the black kid tryin to flip a lid
Grip the mic, T. Strong, show the MC's that you're
rugged
Ready to configurate the raw

[VERSE 4: T. Strong]

Yo, I'm on a higher level than bass and treble
And when I'm on the mic, I'm the wrong man to step to
My rhyme'll shoot ya
Beat me? More power to ya
Cause I got the smoother manoeuvre
Shorty should back up and breathe, baby buster
Cause even when I'm by myself I crush the
Competition into little kibbles and bits
And I make more hits upon more hits
Any rhyme you write you know I will top ya
Lookin like the Phantom of the Opera
I'm bein the best that a blackman can be
Blowin up just like Oprah Winfrey
I put glamour in a night, damn I'm a sight
To see, and if I rip it right, hold tight
T. Strong is in effect takin it light
It's all on Relay to come grip the mic

[VERSE 5: Relay]

Hold up, wait a minute, pause Clark - cool
It's the rhythm kingpin, I need to be smooth
(As I come back with a new kinda beat
Relay - drop it to em)
Hey yo, pop-pop-fizzle-fizzle, pop-pop wiggle with your
waistline
A rhymthm when I wreck shop
Kaleidoscope from the beat, neck vibe when the beat's
thick
Uptown swingin it, focus while I'm wringin it

Base to the back and back to the basics
Quick with the lyrics (?) wear Asics
Or better yet Timberlands when it's time to kill a man
Shawn, grip the mic with the gangster lean

[VERSE 6: Sean Wan]

I'm goin strip-strip-strip it, take the mic and rip it
And my opponent's through from the moment I grip it
So settle down, seckle, ease back and swing low
Piggy-back a tempo when cream on the flow
And I'll ride it cause I'm excited, about to groove on
The hip-hop smooth on the 560 cruise on
The path, the trail, the truth, no vails
All flip scripts with hip-hop lip
Cause it's the hard (hard) pack (pack) stance
Yeah, the [edited] man
Once again on the track with the family
Kickin the flavor [edited] can't stand me
See me, wish you'd beat me, wanna test me
Vex me, but I won't let it stress me

[VERSE 7: Suave Lover]

Can I get a level, can I get a cue?
Can I get some volume, can I get some room?
Can I break it down, yep, I think I can
Can I be the man, my song's about to slam
A-fee-fi-fo-fum a-fum, the fee, the fi
Check the rhyme as I swing this to those who wanna try
Watch me as I get loose, the Suave's about to get warm
So hear this as I shape this rhyme into rapping form
Conduct the grammar of the utmost fliest nature
Get with the Suave cause I'm the caramel flavor
Figure there's no question of who's the perfectionist
Into this, so take a good sniff
Ki-kick a rhyme or two to flex off my fitness of
quickness
To show you that the Suave is human swiftness
Nudge my nose, give a glance and shrug my shoulders
[edited] your head up if drunk or even sober
But wait a minute, cause I'm about to get in it
Cause any competitive contest, I'm sure to win it
Kickin more than just a style and different kind of
techniques
So sit back and relax (?) as a pro speaks

Yeah

Like I said we did our [edited] thing
Clark Kent and the Magnificent 7 here to make it swing
Big shout out to Will Ski, Big Doug
Flash Back, T. Strong, Relay, Big Sean Wan, Suave
Lover

Dame Dash
my man Lil Shawn
Jesse, my man Ross
We did our thing, you can't front
All you suckers who don't know the time, get with it
That's how to fly a rhyme, youknomsayin?
That's how we grip the mic real tight

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