

Aceyalone

"Golden Mic"

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Yeeees, man
But I'm not a yes-man
Who am I?

I'm that nigga with the golden mic, I hold it tight
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight
Golden mic, I hold it tight
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight

Now it don't really matter
Who's the first or the second batter
What you got mixed in your batter
I'm finna drop that fatter data
Look, I ain't really ever told y'all this
But I got a hit with the ultimate twist
Looka here, listen up clear
Niggas been bitin my shit for years
Mousekateer turned muskateer wanna bust in here
I don't think so, the golden mic belongs to me
The flow sounds dope but the song is free
Damn, these fools sound wrong to me
What's the definition of a strong MC?
Let's take MC such-and-such
Wanna freestyle but he doin too much
Here's another blunt, take another puff
Keep on smokin till you high enough
Maybe y'all can fall in y'all zone
If all y'all got a little more stoned
Ring-ding-ding - what's callin? The phone
Hello, who this? (It's Aceyalone)
"Aceyalone? What to do?
Hang up on the motherfucker, fuck that fool"
Said he wants all the styles you took
Nigga actin like he wrote the book
By the tone of his voice he soundin shook
Then he put the phone back on the hook
One of these things I've grown to learn
A lotta fools choke when it's on they turn
I know that I shouldn't even be concerned
But I gotta lotta MC's to burn

Could be you or the one you with
When it comes to this you ain't runnin shit
When I come through the sun is lit
And when I come through I come to spit

On the golden mic, I hold it tight
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight
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Now who done put they fingers in my candy jar?
Now I know I ain't the man from Mars
Let's go upon on em, there they are
Hey you, yeah you, with the micro
Where the hell you get that tight flow?
He said, "Ah, this just hydro
Still tryina get that nitro"
Psycho-alpha-disco-beta
I'm South of Frisco in South Central
Servin perpetrators
I guess I'm a fanatic
You want that shit, I have it
See, I don't want no static
But it's a-u-t-o-matic
See, you you wanna play boss hog
Runnin 'round like a lost dog
Comin up short like a pollywog
Go crawl back
Thinkin it's all good when it's all bad
Projectile blow this
You see, my style's the oldest
I give em what they need, I plant that seed
And watch it grow like a lotus
See, it told y'all this in the scripture
Right after I slipped ya
Some of this dope, I took your picture
To remember how I ripped ya
See, I'm aimin while it's rainin
And see, you just complainin
Sayin when my boat gon' come in?
Muthafucka, it already came in
When I get this mic adjusted
Watch how I bust it
Get these niggas disgusted
It's a reason why I'm trusted

With the golden mic, I hold it tight
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight

Golden mic, I hold it tight
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Let's drop it, same topic
Yo, come on, homie, now stop it
Why should I put the mic in yo hands if you can't even
rock it?
You gotta dig in deep, no time to sleep
When they play the beat, gotta bring in the heat
Tell em what they know, what they don't know
What they wanna hear, what they fear, what they want,
need
You can be down, just don't deceive
Got a whole lotta tricks up my sleeve
Might say somethin that you don't believe
But the show ain't over until I leave
I don't need no intro, no outro, in essential
Just my utensils and my instrumental
Understood, now overstood
It's about 50 rappers per hood
Bring the woodpecker, I bring the wood
And we can chop it up like you know we should
Cause in these last days I'ma watch these rappers
cascade
You need first aid when the verse is laid
All over your masquerade
So let this be a lesson
To all you fools that's flexin
You want next in
Better come with perfection

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Yeah
Ha-ha
Now
We are
Have always been
Have always had the champion sound
The originators
Of this here
Now y'all can have it now
Y'all can go take it and spread it out to the industry
But this where it started
Freestyle Fellowship, Project Blowed

Massmen
And I am
Aceyalone
Ace One!
And ya don't stop
Ha-ha
A-and you don't stop
Fatjack
Always comes with the fat tracks
We cater to the deejays
We cater to the emcees
We cater positivity
We cater to the love of hip-hop
Alright, righteous
YEEEEES MAN
But I'm not a yes-man

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