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Ice Mc ''Mic Felon''

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[Verse One - Pressure]

I got committed to the pen now my shit's so locked down

MCs think I'm doing time for this hip-hop sound Debris the mastermind, Suffa's my partner in crime I be the microphone felon, tell them your master design

It all started when I was young fiending for mics Dreaming of heights that I would be reaching despite No one would put me on, or even play me at that So earned my dues ganking mics labelled radio shack At open mic one night far from sober or with it This guy pulls me off and says 'You're rhyming over

the limit

And heading that way you won't last a day or a night You need to be down for the long haul kid we call 'em lifers

Beside you need to stick with me cos rhyme pays And I know this heist where we can jack some sine waves

They're mainly small timers, freestylers Street urchins and beat merchants, none of them real rhymers

They're raping this culture and make me sick to my stomach

These fools need to be arrested for sleeping in public' I dug it, got serious and mastered my rhyme The rocked to the spot with my new partner in crime Trespassed on stage, stole the mic to further insult Committed arsony, defamation and verbal assault They tried to blame the engineer oblivious to our ploy So we crept backstage as they buried the sound boy I stole the DJs crates and his diamond needles Now they got me on the run so it's time to leave ya'll We tried to cross the border, got cause as a noun carrier

Pulled over and evicted for breaking the sound barrier This cop threw me to the ground, cos hip hop is violent Said 'You got freedom of speech, just choose to remain silent'

Then he checked in the trunk and he found the hot

sound

I got committed to the pen now my shit's locked down

[Chorus]

I'm a rhyme felon peeps do what I tell them People can't handle the product that I'm selling I left my dwelling now I'm on the run Microphone felony number one I'm a rhyme felon peeps do what I tell them People can't handle the product that I'm selling I left my dwelling now I'm on the run Microphone felony number one I'm a rhyme felon peeps do what I tell them People can't handle the product that I'm selling I left my dwelling now I'm on the run Microphone felony number one

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