

Captain Hollywood Project

"How Many Mics"

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Intro: Wyclef Jean

Pick up your microphones

Pick up your microphones

Chorus: Wyclef/Pras

How many mics do we rip on the daily
Say, me say many money say me say many many
many
How many mics do we rip on the daily
Many money say me say many many many

Verse One: Lauryn Hill

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme
Thinkin of all them kids that try to do this for all the
wrong reasons
Season 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
Soldier soul for some secular muzac that's whack
Plus you use that, loop, over and over
Claiming that you got a new style, your attempts are
futile, oooh child
Your puerile, brain waves are sterile
You can't create you just wait to take, my take
Laced with malice, hands get callous, from ripping
microphones
From here to Dallas go ask Alice if you don't believe me
I get innovisions like Stevie
See me, a sin from the chalice, like the weed be
Indeed we like Kalid Mohammed MC's make me vomit
I get controversial, freaky style with no rehearsal
Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there
Me without a mike is like a beat without a snare
I dare to tear into your ego, we go, way back
Like some ganja and palequo or ColecoVision

My minds make incisions in your anatomy
And I back this with Deuteronomy or Leviticus
God made this word, you can't get with this
Sweet like licorice, dangerous like syphilis, yeah

Chorus

Verse Two: Wyclef Jean

I used to be underrated, now I take iron, makes my shit
constipated
I'm more concentrated, so on my day off with David
Sanonburg I play golf
Run through Crown Heights screaming out "Mazeltoff!"
Problem with noman before black I'm first hu-man
Appetite to write, like Frederick Douglass with a slave
hand
Street pressure, word to papa I ain't going under
One day I have a label and make deals with Tommy
Mottola
Mama always told me, "Your one in a million,
Always watch our back, never tango 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 worlds' out a order
So at night the feins dance on grease with John
Travolta
One got slaughtered as he caught 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
It's a setup by the feds, their scoping us with their
infrareds

Chorus

Verse Three: Prazwell

Too many MC's not enough mikes, exit your show like I
exit the turnpike
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite, double do's been like
I don't Dick Van Dyke
Starlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night
Like my man Wyclef-"I wear my sunglasses at night"
And my ponage with martial encourage
Squash the squad and hide their bodies under my
garage
And when the cops come lookin, I be bookin to Brooklyn
Beat the trails broken flipping tokens to Hoboken

A clean Getaway like Alec Baldwin
Driving in my fast car playing Tracy Chapman

Chorus

Many, many money many many many
Many, many money, ha, ha, ha

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