

John The Whistler

"Pass the Mic"

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[Intro: Du-Lilz]

Ya'll muthafuckas know who this be
It's Theodore, yo, let me hear somethin' my nigga
Let me hear something

[Wigs]

We the champion, we spit like, top of the line
Hold weight while you still push nickel and dime
And my shine hold my stones than your local jeweler
More ice than a picnic cooler, Slick Wigs the Ruler
Round the raincoat, stash my gat in the car wash
How I got such a smooth flow, but I spit too harsh
Butter nut squash leather, big face cheddar
Don't fuck with no groupie, hid in a high school sweater
We rope rats, roll money stuffed in stacks
Rock show after show, and don't claim no tax
Got custom deep pockets and my pimpin' slacks
And my tephlon shirt, in case they got gats

[Trife Da God]

Yo Wigs, this is Theodore, you know how we rock it

[Solomon Childs]

Trife Da God, show these niggas why they ain't poppin'

[Trife Da God]

I'm not enthused, by these rap dudes
All in they videos, posin' half nude, with all of them
tattoos
Til I blacken they eyes and have them lookin' like
raccoon
Now they stuck tail, stuffed in they ass like a baboon
I do you dirty like a table chop, and the blocks on fire
These niggas be rockin' more wires than a cable box
Hit you with a fatal shot, lay you to rest
Get your cradle rocked, by two glocks aimed to your
chest
They say it's deep, and never lose his stripes
Well put his ass in a cage with this iron, bet he lose his
life
I'm a beast like Priest Holmes, keep spittin' them weak

poems

And I'mma wreck you and straight disconnect you like
cheap phones

You can ride for you team and die with the marines

For tryin' to intervene, while I'mma tryin' to get this

CREAM

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, knick knack patty wack, light up, twist a fatty jack
Four shotties, and playin' them lobbies where those
cracks be at

Stay foul, break vows, niggas sniff gun pow-der

Check my caliber, make sure it register

Bring forth your head and stuff, don't wanna huff, puff

Or cuss, get stuffed in little bags, like angel dust

Check out the bangle cuts, double rocks, tangled up

And couples got bubbles, in the tub, lightin' the double
Dutch

Hey, hey, hey, Ghostface and Donna Jay

Trife Dies', Killa Bamz, Wigs, Kryme got the yay'

All day, all up in your hood like court dates

Concealed heat, like a sheep dog or a NorthFace

Small space, more bass, polly like shore bait

Molly got four trays, and pinned dog with raw haze

Just like the old days, Willie Mays, with a low cut fade

Duster play the Giant, when I'm on stage

[Trife Da God]

Pretty Tone, yeah I see you in the cockpit

[Solomon Childs]

Donna Jay, put his face in the dirt like an ostrich

[Cappadonna]

Nah, I don't really have to spit nothin' to complex

I just rep for my hood, and it sound correct

It's mic checka, Juan Don, in the place to be

And I be playin' on these tracks, like one, two, three

One some Theodore shit, like it once was me

With the laid back shit, like the country be

Bone the hoes, all the time, smoke blunts with G

Goon Squad Hooligans, got fronts in Jeeps

Why you jealous muthafuckas gotta jump my beats

Trife Diesel and Ghostface dump they heats

In your face, real hard, straight lump they meats

Wont sell cracks to you, but I pump the streets

And tear pussy out the frame, while you hump the
sheets

And I know ya'll niggas hate, and can't wait til I'm gone

That's why I keep drivin' on by, tootin' my horn

Da-da-da-de-da-duhhhh

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