

King Konga

"Mic Manipulator"

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Abstract lyrics

(With the mic in my hand I mutilate MC's)
(Label me as the mic manipulator)

Well I'm a rhyme regulator, mic manipulator
Terradactyl, there and back to terminate ya
Super-duper classic for the dickhead gerbel
Kids roll red carpet when I flip fresh verbal
Mathematics have an addict catchin static to learn
Information inflammation formulatin the birds
Heard that kids burn a bit in the arm when life harms ya
For makin negative music and talkin 'bout karma
Mangle methodology through tangled technicalities
Grounding gravity within my range of fresh realities
I rearrange a fallacy to format fruit
God's path is made of math and I explore that boot
I bust rhymes in the shower, plus kill, devour
Must spill the waters of truth to all of the youth
Show em that the mic is like a voice (times ten)
Track-tightenin made a lightenin, that's when choice
rhymes blend
Now bring the Battle Star Galactic, my patterns are the
tactics
The catalogue is that of a catalyst with data chips
The only additive in audio electron
Neutrons connect protons, select songs
Lexicon, legendary luminescence
Set coordinates for the forrest of human essence
Through intelligent thought I'm never a fraud
My occupation's rockin nations and I treasure the job
It's like that

(LeÃ§on numÃ©ro 15)
(Label me as the mic manipulator)
(15Ã¨me leÃ§on)
(Chez le coiffeur)
(Label me as the mic manipulator)
(Voulez-vous me couper les cheveux, s'il-vous plaÃ®t?)
(Volontiers, monsieur)
(Label me as the mic manipulator)

(Asseyez-vous, s'il-vous plaÃ©t)
(Quelle coupe d'Ã©sirez-vous?)
(With the mic in my hand I mutilate MC's)
(Measurin the radius like a protractor)

Well I'm the mental motivator, the dialogue
demonstrator
Principal professor in the province of pen and paper
Logical legislator, an optical advocator
Philosophical detonator with extra lasers
See a silly slogan slip slow sleuth-like
So subtle satisfaction like a brand new bike
With the chrome spokes, legendary cipher with old folk
Rap is an old moat, I float in that gold boat
Boastin the best cause I'm roastin the rest
Coastin a quest, slow pokes are toast in a test
To a black and white scene I bring the purple tangerine
To progress the conquest of man and machine
Since Adam and Eve there's been a battle for peace
Through a pattern of speech I can rap to the beat
About life's paradoxical, seemingly illogical
Beyond the optical, contradictory trickery
Victory is misery for comp that I stamp fraud
I'll stomp your champ squad and clamp your Canvoy
The atypical android with plan ploys
To slam toys brings me both confidence and joy
Alloy titanium guards my fly cranium
Step the fuck back to the lab, this is my stadium
Dreamin about battlin a petty MC?
I'd rather trade bars with the likes of Moe Dee
T La Rock, the fundamentals cause I'll never be above
that
I'm only 21 and I know all the words to "Love Rap"
Sucker

(*French bits from 1st break until end*)

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