

Compton's Most Wanted "Mike T's Funky Scratch"

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Scratching

Suckas, pack up your shit,
And all your bunk DJ equipment.
Your ass is 187 when my boy is bent.
So be prepared to be measured for a coffin.
Your fucked up, wick wack scratch is kinda soft and
faggots, please I dont think you can tag this.
Cuts deaper than the depth's of Atlantis.
But then they ask, 'how low can you go?'
No questions this is my DJ's solo.
So freak it, go ahead Mike get kinda funky.
sharp like a guillotine, kick ass like a donkey.
If there is any contenders you can't match,
My DJ Mike T with his fucking funky scratch.

Scratching.

One more introduction,
In other words I'll keep bussing.
Lyrics after lyrics, so keep on rushing.

Technique 1200's is what he's using.
Blow after blow Mike T is 1-2ing and 3ing,
but don't forget about the E and
who's got the back up. So punk just slack up.
Dont cross his path cause he'll put you to the test.
Reminds me of the wicked witch from the west.
So for your own safety I think I ought to
Tell you its curtains and then flip the quarter.
So stay in last place, you just can't match
My DJ Mike T with his fucking funky scratch. geah.

Scratching

Back for the mutherfucking '91
My DJ Mike T's in the fucking house.
Down with the MC Eiht, Compton's Most Wanted Crew.
Housing the mutherfucking set.
Killing 'em off side by each. Audi 5000

