

# Original Flavor "Grip Da Mic Tight"

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Yeah  
Magnificent 7 in the house  
Clark Kent and a crew of seven MC's  
It's all that  
We gon' show you how we grip the mic  
We gon' do our little thing  
Now let the beats flow on and let the rhymes flow on  
Will Ski, why don't you jump in, come on

[VERSE 1: Will Ski]

Hip-hip-hooray, zippedy-doo-da  
Well, here's a jolly good fellow without one flaw  
DJ, play my records till the cows come home  
What's goin on inside my dome?  
Needle to the groove as the records spin clockwise  
Everybody make room, Clark is on the rise  
(Clark Kent gonna cut it up  
Come on  
Clark Kent, why don't you cut it up?)  
Diddy-diddy-damn, I'm giffy-gonna sippy-sippy-slam  
Don't you know who I am?  
Da-na, da-na, get out the water  
... run for the border  
Who will be the next to flex in my direction?  
Here comes the injection, feel the full aggression  
Of me, Ski, how plainly can I put it?  
I never have to foot it, Dame drives a Path  
I laugh, hahaha, it's hilarious  
My styles are various, let me take care of this  
Stand back when the lips are nice  
Big Doug, time to grip the mic

[VERSE 2: Big Doug]

Them the brothers gonna do a simulation just for you  
And the verse that I kick is the color true  
Down with the sounds of the future, the Flavor and the  
Super  
-men once again Clark Kent is a trooper  
Yo pause, no cream, it's just the way it seems  
What's a bro to do when the beat drops clean  
On the 1, 2, yeah, like that  
Peace to the Supermen in the black hats

Yo, peace to my crew cause they all get some  
The corporation of the lords of the drum  
My brother Flash Back, heard you run with Dash (Huh?)  
Grip the mic (When?) Next not last

[VERSE 3: Flash Back]

Contrary to the laws of nature, Flavor on the one  
Flash Back comin back right about now  
For the hoes fair a world premier  
The future crew knew that we do what we have to  
Cosmos grew a little brighter, turned into a writer  
Producer and a microphone fighter  
Cause it don't make sense when you can't ah...  
Huh? Yeah? Oh - express yourself  
Finetune rhymes to come into the lime, room  
Made for the black kid tryin to flip a lid  
Grip the mic, T. Strong, show the MC's that you're  
rugged  
Ready to configurate the raw

[VERSE 4: T. Strong]

Yo, I'm on a higher level than bass and treble  
And when I'm on the mic, I'm the wrong man to step to  
My rhyme'll shoot ya  
Beat me? More power to ya  
Cause I got the smoother manoeuvre  
Shorty should back up and breathe, baby buster  
Cause even when I'm by myself I crush the  
Competition into little kibbles and bits  
And I make more hits upon more hits  
Any rhyme you write you know I will top ya  
Lookin like the Phantom of the Opera  
I'm bein the best that a blackman can be  
Blowin up just like Oprah Winfrey  
I put glamour in a night, damn I'm a sight  
To see, and if I rip it right, hold tight  
T. Strong is in effect takin it light  
It's all on Relay to come grip the mic

[VERSE 5: Relay]

Hold up, wait a minute, pause Clark - cool  
It's the rhythm kingpin, I need to be smooth  
(As I come back with a new kinda beat  
Relay - drop it to em)  
Hey yo, pop-pop-fizzle-fizzle, pop-pop wiggle with your  
waistline  
A rhytm when I wreck shop  
Kaleidoscope from the beat, neck vibe when the beat's  
thick  
Uptown swingin it, focus while I'm wringin it  
Base to the back and back to the basics

Quick with the lyrics ( ? ) wear Asics  
Or better yet Timberlands when it's time to kill a man  
Shawn, grip the mic with the gangster lean

[VERSE 6: Sean Wan]

I'm goin strip-strip-strip it, take the mic and rip it  
And my opponent's through from the moment I grip it  
So settle down, seckle, ease back and swing low  
Piggy-back a tempo when cream on the flow  
And I'll ride it cause I'm excited, about to groove on  
The hip-hop smooth on the 560 cruise on  
The path, the trail, the truth, no vails  
All flip scripts with hip-hop lip  
Cause it's the hard (hard) pack (pack) stance  
Yeah, the [edited] man  
Once again on the track with the family  
Kickin the flavor [edited] can't stand me  
See me, wish you'd beat me, wanna test me  
Vex me, but I won't let it stress me

[VERSE 7: Suave Lover]

Can I get a level, can I get a cue?  
Can I get some volume, can I get some room?  
Can I break it down, yep, I think I can  
Can I be the man, my song's about to slam  
A-fee-fi-fo-fum a-fum, the fee, the fi  
Check the rhyme as I swing this to those who wanna try  
Watch me as I get loose, the Suave's about to get warm  
So hear this as I shape this rhyme into rapping form  
Conduct the grammar of the utmost fliest nature  
Get with the Suave cause I'm the caramel flavor  
Figure there's no question of who's the perfectionist  
Into this, so take a good sniff  
Ki-kick a rhyme or two to flex off my fitness of  
quickness  
To show you that the Suave is human swiftness  
Nudge my nose, give a glance and shrug my shoulders  
[Edited] your head up if drunk or even sober  
But wait a minute, cause I'm about to get in it  
Cause any competitive contest, I'm sure to win it  
Kickin more than just a style and different kind of  
techniques  
So sit back and relax [?] as a pro speaks

Yeah

Like I said we did our [edited] thing  
Clark Kent and the Magnificent 7 here to make it swing  
Big shout out to Will Ski, Big Doug  
Flash Back, T. Strong, Relay, Big Sean Wan, Suave  
Lover  
Dame Dash

My man Lil Shawn  
Jesse, my man Ross  
We did our thing, you can't front  
All you suckers who don't know the time, get with it  
That's how to fly a rhyme, youknomsayin?  
That's how we grip the mic real tight

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