

Current 93

"Open Mic Night"

Visit "[Open Mic Night](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Baby Black]

Who got the live rhyme flow, kick like Tae Kwon Do
Dime wit the bomb show, let the Messiah shine glow
Off of twenty ? Cubans, twist that shit
Let the herb hang out of two winds, what the fuck ya'll
doin?
You're new when it comes to this rap shit
The fact is you backwards, fuck your signing power
and your track, bitch
I smack kids for less than that (guessin that)
Ya'll niggas jealous cuz we blessed in rap, stressin that
Finessin tracks ain't a thing to me and E
We can take shit back to 1983, when you saw the Baby
B
Crazily, ten years later, D.C., '93
Hotel lobbies walkin by me like five-three
Tryin to size me, my eyes see, what the wise see
On some grown shit is what the fuck Ill-Advise be
He who tries me be comin through on diplomatic
immunity
The simple fact of what ya'll couldn't do to me
Ya'll unity be two or three, my crew and me be two-
thirty-three
Whole community's a truancy to do dirt and flee
What it be nigga, explosive
Ya'll come like Muslims on Christmas
Wit no gift, no spliff I still blow shit, what
'Scuse please, don't mean to step on toes
Lyrical anti-perspirant keep ya'll wet from flows
Put the needle to the wax and let the DJ know
Gotta let it go, never drug TKO

Chorus [Mr. Eon] (Baby Black) 2x

Together It's open mic night, callin all MC's up
Together Roll them trees up, keep them hooker
knees up

Now Baby Black where you at? (Mr. E where you be?)

Together Worldwide, Illadel out to NYC

[Mr. Eon]

I never toted no mac, ate a thousand Big Mac's

You wack because you lack essential facts
Or scriptures, got a thousand words for your picutres
You think you ripped yours, well I got ripped drawers
Said I'm shittin from the sky wit your umbrellas up
Got more spunk than your fuckin dumb fellas, nut
Your princess is moist, big girls need a hoist
See I got this ill tape for you and your boys
Included is Mi and I vocalist
And my man Alchemist wit the green that I twist
I shoot from the hip wit no use of the wrist
I guess that's why when I ball I shoot bricks
But when I shoot gizz I can't miss the eyelids
I bring it to the headpiece and that wig
Not to mention ascensions, the inventions (like what?)
Baby Black and Mr. wit intentions of other dimensions
Do you really know E?
Can you tell that I be the one like Obi?
Bring all your zombies, I'll re-bury em
And we will even see the fuckin third millennium
I be the High one and Mi be the Mighty
That don't mean that Milo don't get high wit me
That's the way we get down so fuck this etiquette
We be shittin on fools, givin em diarettes

Chorus

[Rahsheed]

Behind the mist, peep the relic of rap
Feelin this vindictive orantor unmatched
The sound crash, Alkaholik like Tash
Puff stress like Meth till I run out of cash
I unflash mad skills to build my own deal
My estate, fly ball left field
Triology spill so it permeates funk
Two dutches of skunk, straitjacket pre-shrunk
And listen to dialect because I talk drugs and sex
And then again kick a rhyme for respect, you eject
Give the open mic night style
Peace to Jazzy Joe, Paul Yams, and Star Child
'86 baby

Chorus 2x

[Mr. Eon]

Home Field Advantage throughout the playoffs
Mr. Eon, get his sway off (And one)
The Alchemist twistin
Might Mi strapped in for the mission
Baby Black

