

## Perry Farrell

### "How Many Mics"

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Intro: Wyclef Jean

Pick up your microphones

Pick up your microphones

Chorus: Wyclef/Pras

How many mics do we rip on the daily  
Say, me say many money say me say many many  
many  
How many mics do we rip on the daily  
Many money say me say many many many

Verse One: Lauryn Hill

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme  
Thinkin of all them kids that try to do this for all the  
wrong reasons  
Season change mad things rearrange  
But it all stays the same like the love doctor strange  
I'm tame like the rapper get red like a snapper, when  
they do that  
Got your whole block saying true dat  
If only they knew that, it was you who was irregular  
Soldier soul for some secular muzac that's whack  
Plus you use that, loop, over and over  
Claiming that you got a new style, your attempts are  
futile, ooh child  
Your puerile, brain waves are sterile  
You can't create you just wait to take, my take  
Laced with malice, hands get callous, from ripping  
microphones  
From here to Dallas go ask Alice if you don't believe me  
I get innovisions like Stevie  
See me, a sin from the chalice, like the weed be  
Indeed we like Kalid Mohammed MC's make me vomit  
I get controversial, freaky style with no rehearsal  
Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there  
Me without a mike is like a beat without a snare  
I dare to tear into your ego, we go, way back  
Like some ganja and palequo or ColecoVision

My minds make incisions in your anatomy  
And I back this with Deuteronomy or Leviticus  
God made this word, you can't get with this  
Sweet like licorice, dangerous like syphillis, yeah

Chorus

Verse Two: Wyclef Jean

I used to be underrated, now I take iron, makes my shit  
constipated  
I'm more concentrated, so on my day off with David  
Sanonburg I play golf  
Run through Crown Heights screaming out "Mazeltoff!"  
Problem with noman before black I'm first hu-man  
Appetite to write, like Frederick Douglass with a slave  
hand  
Street pressure, word to papa I ain't going under  
One day I have a label and make deals with Tommy  
Mottola  
Mama always told me, "Your one in a million,  
Always watch our back, never tango with haitian-  
sicilians"  
Now I got a record deal, how does it feel?  
I'm never gonna survive unless I get crazy like Seal  
Cause the whole worlds' out a order  
So at night the feins dance on grease with John  
Travolta  
One got slaughtered as he caught blood from his  
mouth  
The other tried to duck and caught a left with my  
Guinness stout  
Brother, brother can't you get this through your head  
It's a setup by the feds, their scoping us with their  
infrareds

Chorus

Verse Three: Prazwell

Too many MC's not enough mikes, exit your show like I  
exit the turnpike  
Dice and dymomite like Dolomite, double do's been like  
I don't Dick Van Dyke  
Starlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night  
Like my man Wyclef-"I wear my sunglasses at night"  
And my ponage with martial encourage  
Squash the squad and hide their bodies under my  
garage  
And when the cops come lookin, I be bookin to Brooklyn  
Beat the trails broken flipping tokens to Hoboken

A clean Getaway like Alec Baldwin  
Driving in my fast car playing Tracy Chapman

Chorus

Many, many money many many many  
Many, many money, ha, ha, ha

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