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Dana ''On Da M.I.C''

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[Jamal]

To set it off I got the proper ammunition The skills are profession, versatility and great determination

To rip any MC who tests the ill little juvenile
Kicking styles, outcast child now
I'm sending a message to all you little MC's out there
I'm bout to cause y'all many frights and nightmares
Anybody dissing, we seeing

We taking it to you lyrically physically, so don't underestimate us

Illegal's going for the kill, there's no mercy And the effect will be you lying in emergency, you heard me

If you ain't true to your hip-hop, we'll hit you with a bang-bang

And then boogie when your body drops, hops Give me my props, who got my props, you got my props?

You don't want to see a shorty go reach for his glock And I ain't talking about that glock that pop I'm talking about the ill lyrics that I'm throwing off the top like

1 to the 2 to the 3 (On the M-I-C!) (Repeat 4x)

[Lord Finesse]

Peace to Illegal and A.G.

(Yo who the Funky Man?) Y'all brothers better say me Not a tall guy, a small fry

Yo I'm all live, making more noise than a .45

And I'm naughty, far from corny

Got game for the shorties, tackle skins like a 40

Plus I got the hyper rhymes

When you say "Lord Finesse" yo brothers know I'm nice with mine

I be around like a time zone

Mess around get your mind blown, I'm brighter than rhinestones

And when I roll like an avalanche

Even Ray Charles can see clown rappers don't have a

chance

I grab the mic and start acting ill

Yo I'm strapped to kill, all the brothers with no rapping skills

Throw away mt shoes, they don't fit ya, get the picture? Yo check it out, while I hit you with the

[A.G.]

You're a fake hip-hopper trying to ruin it
See other brothers doing it
So now you wanna put your little two in it
Playing games, I'm a start saying names
For selling rap's a trap, for the money, honey, the fame
Won't flip-flip, yes I'm on a hip-hop hooray tip
Crabs better lay quick, shhhh, or get your face split
Bass lines be burying, your beats are hurry-hurry
Show beats is cream, the meanest team never worry
Picasso with a mic so watch me paint, G
And if my boots don't have a tree then it ain't me
See I was raised in the ghetto, seen everything you
could imagine

>From robbing to stealing, looting, shooting, and the stabbing

Chill around the way I can't refuse it, I choose it
And maintain the pain and use it in my music
What I'm saying is hip-hop comes from way back
>From childhood to manhood then comes the fat track
Showbiz & A.G., massive wreck we catch
>From Dallas, Tex, to T-Next, then I'm back to the BX
Record on record, showstoppers don't knock us
And give out propers to the real hip-hoppers
Brand Nubians, Grand Puba, and BDP
The Hit Squad, the Lench Mob, the Flavor U-N-I-T
Greg Nice, Smooth B, Tribe Called Quest, Killa G
GangStarr, Ice Cube, of course D.I.T.C.
The whole flavor tour of 19 Naughty 3
Jamal and Malik is Illegal and the Kid Capri

1 to the 2 to the 3 (On the M-I-C!) (Repeat 4x)

[Malik]

Next up to flex, snapping necks, catching wreck When I finish this flow, you'll regret that threat Kicking rhymes at all times, with my brothers from the North

Never see me slipping, always ripping as they're falling off

Don't sleep on me or try to eat me up Cause I'm raw, real rough & rugged rhymes on the regular

Where's your girl? Hold up, she's screaming cause I'm

sticking her

Making this game come down, outta the hype I got a call from Redman, he says "Tonight's Da Night" So Finesse bring the fat track and I'm sure to rock it I'm living for hip-hop, I'm killing because of hip-hop You can't write your own hits, get get stopped in hip-hop

Or drop, giving your rocks, sinking shots, off your feet Cause the L-I-L M-A-L-I-K can't be beat And A-B-C, ha, is easy as 1-2-3, yeah As soon as the Lord on the beat, I couldn't even speak Just wrote all night, so I can rip the mic Like this and like that, and I never will come wack So peace to A.U. and I'm out like that, it goes

1 to the 2 to the 3 (On the M-I-C!) (Repeat 4x)

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