

Red Hot Chili Peppers

"Rock the Mic"

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"Ladies and gentlemen.."

{*scratched repeatedly: "When I'm rockin the mic.."}*

Uhh, yeah, it's like this - that's right
Diverse classics, Ill Boogie
This is how you gotta rock the mic (say what?)
There's ways to do it (that's right)
Step one..

[Mykill Miers]

My-kill got skills that might make you pop pills
When I bust you cats duck like a dropped drill
Danger, the Carson strangler is on the loose
Bang bang, lyrics ricochet like a deuce-deuce
MC's they pull on my nerves like a loose tooth
I ain't got it all y'all, I think one of my screws loose
Crews lose, in the contest
If you wanna come test then come fresh
I think you better confess, cause you ain't all that fresh
You was in front of your boys, talkin all that mess
Talkin loud as hell, stickin out your bird chest
But without your peeps, you get quiet and nervous
What happened to that tough guy trash talk
Better keep your mouth shut or you'll be on the
asphalt
It's your own fault, I'll put your career to a halt
Your notebook and mic is outlined in chalk, but uhh

[Chorus 2X: Mykill Miers]

Aiyyo you gots to like the way I rock the mic
I rocks it right, the crowd be hyped
So get up (what?) And throw your hands in the air
And wave 'em all around like you just don't care

[Mykill Miers]

I be servin y'all, lyrically murder y'all
Sayin you can beat me on the mic man that's some
nerve of y'all
I ain't never heard of y'all, who you say you was?
You ain't the hottest rapper out, you don't have a buzz

I intimidate wack rappers who try to imitate
I break your style down, let me demonstrate
Anyone who emulates, I obliterate
My mental state is too strong to manipulate
I have no apathy for a wack MC
My mission is to destroy those who battle me
I put rappers to death, if they can't bust tight
We can battle via fax, e-mail or website
I keeps it fundamental, on the instrumental
I be the rapper to death with a pencil
to put 'em in the hospital, they condition is critical
Bruised battered and scarred lookin all pitiful

[Chorus]

[Mykill Miers]

You doin way too much, thinkin I'ma get touched
When I bust, I turn the microphone to dust
My mind control, yo it defines my soul
And I'ma keep rockin mics 'til it's my time to go
My kind of flow has never been heard befo'
I'm familiar to some of the true listeners know
that I'm about to set it, testin me you'll regret it
The true definition of what a vet is
Myke Miers is the most feared and dreaded
Man you gotta pay your dues homey, you can't get it on
credit
And you gets wetted, and I'ma let it be known
I gotta set it, so the spot can't be blown
I'm in the zone, you better guard me cause I'm hot
I'm like time y'all (why?) because I can't be stopped
I figured out a long time ago that my kind of flow
would outlast, the simple-minded cats tryin to blow

[Chorus]

{*scratches and ad libs to fade*}

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