

Red Hot Chili Peppers

"Who Am I?"

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Yeah
It's Myke Miers
The Hitchcock of Hip Hop
We bout to get down and dirty right here
Carson

[VERSE 1]

My chrome be my chaperone wherever I roam
If you wanna test then it's on, I spotted your dome
Rat-tat-tat and you're gone is how it be
See, rappin is all in my blood, inside of me
If you're steppin with a weapon, there's a 50/50 chance
If you live, you'll be pissin in your pants
If you die, you'll be chillin in a casket wearin a tuxedo
Labels fuck you, but they can't fuck me though
Stricly m.d., this Ill Boogie dog
Been seein things different since I been 20, y'all
Serve any of y'all that they put in front of me
See they harden till I step up, then they run from me
Cause Myke Miers is much more than a man
Part machine with a mic attached to my hand
It's like Schwarzenegger when he was the Terminator
My mic is a A.K. loaded with words to spray ya
But yo

[CHORUS]

(Who am I?) I'm the illest nigga alive
(It's do or die) The motto that I live by
(It's suicide) Testin me line for line
(So who am I?) The one and only Myke Miers (2x)

[VERSE 2]

I'm the bearer of bad news, I'm here to smash crews
Myke Miers got mo' nuts than cashews
You suck like vacumes, and your crew's wack too
After gettin served on the mic you might get smacked too
I dust off men often like Hofmann
Puttin trash niggas to sleep in coffins
You're lost in the shuffle with no way to step out
Can't take the heat in the kitchen, then you get the heck

out
As the world turns, there's a nother lesson to learn
My style is too hot, so I bet you get burned
If I let you get a turn, will you bust tight?
I noticed the way you been peepin my style, you must
bite
Touch Myke? Never that
You gotta come a little better and fresher than that
Sever your back, take out your spine, now you're
spineless
Rhymeless, cause Myke Mier's music's timeless
Yo

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3]

Yo, a lotta cats wanna take my crown
We can go style for style, so place your bets down
Put your Tec down, then your Moñ«t down
Hope you came to splash, cause you're bout to get wet,
clown
Not the first to put it down, but I left a mark
Where others fell to the wayside, I got you sparked
But now I took a little hiatus
And niggas wanna press they shit up, be claim that
they the greatest
But the spot is mine, I got it signed at the dotted line
A lot of MC's got lyrics, but ain't none as hot as mine
Cats like me paved the way so you could shine
You didn't think I was gon' come back and take what's
mine?
I'ma make y'all pay for the dues I paid
Ain't enough graveyards for the crews I slayed
So it's you I slay, Mykill Miers don't play
Declare to crown the Underground King of L.A.

[CHORUS]

It goes down like that
If you know who I am
Bet you know now
It's Ill Boogie

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