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Dark Funeral ''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 hiphop 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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