

Darzamat

"Microphone Master"

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Chorus: Das Efx & Mobb Deep

Miggity microphone master, funky rhyme maker
Miggity microphone master, and we the niggas making
paper
Miggity microphone master, yeah about to get live
Striggity straight from the sewer and the 41st side

Verse One: Prodigy

The Infamous Mobb and Das now listen
Stick you for the only pot you got to piss in
Rapping school, keep the key in the ignition
When we get back nigga, we shine and glisten
Your seven do his thing with percision
No time for broke living, I'm trying to see addition
Food to fill my kitchen
So faggot kids snitch and give info
Do a drive by in a stolen black Pinto
With tinted windows, bullets will flury through your
system
Your man ran looking for him because he missed him
But catch him on the rebound but see now
Trying to get this money or try to stop me, what's it
gonna be now?
You stand up to my crew and get laid down
On the ground with teh big four pound, he hear the
sound
On the other side of town, where caps get peeled
Break you off love love, give you something to feel
Das Efx, Mobb Deep, niggas holding it down
Run and flex ask MC's ?John be down?
Eager to please rap niggas get back smacked with pist-
als
Forced to exile, back in the Nile

Verse Two: Dray

Well now ease up selector, I bring it on again
This is for all my niggas doing time up in the fucking
pen

How y'all been? I can't forget my niggas who got left
back, F that
And all my honeys chilling out in Lefrack
Sent this, we gets busy with no followers
Stomp you then you throw the towel up, make you roll
the Owl up
Niggas mount up, it's the Infamous with the Sewer
Go to Queens and get my weed for one cent and ???
Check one two ah, blew ya, out the box like Stella
Coming from the under with the thunder like Shelly
Really, we coming deep just like the Mobb
Nigga, rhyiming is my job but you can wind up getting
robbed
Anyway, in a day, or night it don't matter
It's me that nigga P, how fick and a jibba jabba-
Jaw, we bring it raw without a doubt
It's the infamous and Das Efx here to turn it out

Chorus x2

Verse Three: Havoc

Ayo kid what you gonna do with that black deuce
deuce?
Hit you up, take the cash, and slug through the roof
Taking yours to survive, it's all a matter of time
I'm snatching, living grimey, running never look back
The buddha evil got me acting like that
Life ain't a game, the streets is mortal combat
I wasn't blessed with the silver spoon
Since my born I was doomed to find to one room
Now you's a customer, copping for natural born
hustlers
That's what he thought, son, stupid kid you get
extorted
Stop smiling, be still don't nothing move but the money
The Infamous gat clappers and mic masters

Verse Four: Scoob

Well fuck around and I'm a higgity hit ya with hickory
diculous
Sick a niggas style, twisted off the licorous
I'll figure it's the books, iggity off the hook
Holding shit down son, we keeping niggas shook
I got it made like flaunt, fatigue on
My man slipped up and got bagged for three bones
Oh my God, the squiggity squad is in the place
With the Mobb, niggas can get robbed like Mase
Taste the terror for the leather in the Beemer
The Olde E abuser, can't fuck with ?Ceeno?

The non-pop singer from the land of rock slingers
Where shit is hotter than gunsmoke from niggas glocks
I rip shit for sun so come one come all
MC's will get mad, burned like Jamal
Live in ym television from the cellar to the attic
It's the Books, crazy Dray-Z, Prodigy, and fucking
Havoc and it don't stop

Chorus x4

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