

Das Efx "Mic Checka"

Visit "[Mic Checka](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Riggidy-raow, ziggidy gadzuku, here I go, so
Fliggedy-flame on, g-geronimo, yo
I biggedy-burn riggedy-rubber when I blabber great
I miggedy-make the wonder twins deactivate
It's crazy, I'm biggedy-breakin' backs and bustin' lips
I friggedy-freaked gladys knight and those freakin'
pips
Shrimps, I miggedy-make enough noise like bamm-
bamm
Throw boulders from bedrock you'll get dropped, I
slam man
So check it
I riggedy-wreck it quick, aw shucks
I giddedy-got the big ducks like daddy warbucks
I riggedy-rocked the coca-cabana
Banana split
{hack-tho} spit, so sit
I friggedy-freak it from here to bangladesh
I riggedy-rippin' flesh plus I get fresh like this
Swish, swiggedy-swooshed kid, you'll get it done
Swooshed for fun, I riggedy-rhyme like no one
I biggedy-bum riggedy-rush chiggedy-chumps, I'm
savage
I shake 'em up and down like the down jones average
I'm cocky, like rocky, I biggedy-bangs the best
So tiggedy-tell your friend, chump, 'cause here comes
das efx

A-higgedy-hoy there matey, I giggedy-gots to flow
My saturday nights are live-er than joe piscopo
So yo, siggedy-save the bait for charlie tuna
See I be the boogie banger, like esiason's the boomer
I'm higgedy-hots to trot, I giggedy-gots the motts
Jewels plus dreads, so toots, call me goldilocks
I ciggedy-catch the scoop from peter jennings
Do a spin like the mag and I slide like peggy fleming
Or a smiggedy-smack a fag and choke 'em up until he
squeals
I hawiiian punched the captain and now I'm maxing with
tenille
I piggedy-pack steel, I got a big gun
I'm freaking the track from brooklyn, yo, 'cause

brooklyn's where I'm from
Tiggedy-time to get buck wild
Call me butterfingers, 'cause I dippedy-drop 'nuff
styles
Iggedy eeny meeny miney moe
Shiggedy-bop, bap I'll snatch a rapper by his toe
I riggedy-write my pages when I figgedy-feel the flavor
I fliggedy-fly the friendly skies, so now I be a sky pager
I friggedy-freaked the funka
The rough nestle cruncher, word to arch bunker
Give me the mike and I'll liggedy-light it up like uncle
fester
Microphone checka, one two checka
I tiggedy take no shorts, I'm not the fella
I can even act: stella, stella
Yo stella, here ciggedy-comes the bum rush, maybe
No static, I niggedy-knows more kids than um, bebe
So higgedy-hey hey hey not dwayne but I got props
I biggedy-bust rhymes like slick rick busts shots
So when I friggedy-freaks the funk, I'll be the ill funk
freaka
I stiggedy-stole an apple from this bum named bonita
So riggedy-rub-a-dub I got the lip to make ya flip
Bustin heads with erik sherman and my man parish
smith

Kiggedy-kiss my grits, check the jingle
I diggedy-don't bruise but snooze like rip van winkle
So twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little star
I sliggedy-slam dunk like kareem abdul-jabbar
Numbskull, I piggedy-pump up like reebok pumps
I friggedy-freak the stuff that makes a camel lose his
humps, chumps
So wiggedy-where's the beef, um chief
He figgedy-fits the mold like the gold that's on his
teeth
I rocks 'em, I socks 'em, I drops 'em, ah-choo
So riggedy-ready sit down, hut one, hut two
I diggedy dot my i's, and cross my tiggedy-t's, bro
I swiggedy-swing more action than hawaii five-o

Visit [Das Efx](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.