

Soul Position "Mic Control"

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Lone... lone

Walking through this world alone

Walking through this world alone

Soul Position

Walking through this world alone

Blueprint, RJD2

[Chorus]

Mic Control starts today, unless you wanna learn the
hard way the "get scared" way

This is not a game, we are not players - we do not play

Mic Control starts today, unless you wanna learn the
hard way the "get scared" way

This is not a game, we are not players - we do not play

Mic Control! Mic Control! Mic Control!

[Blueprint] * Verse 1

Yo... homeboy you got a wack hustle

I heard your raps they lack muscle

I send you back to the block in a crack smuggle

So them boys in blue and black can bust you

Lock you away so them gay cats can touch you

You call my name you ask for trouble

Might get scooped slammed, might get your ass
muffled

Get who you gotta get, get your fam

Ladies if you're beffin', get your man!

Beef turn print to a different man

So I might slap you into a brand new gentle plan

I have you making co-payments on some eyewear

You got me wrong I only act like I care!

I used to be a substitute teacher's worst nightmare

A booksmart smartass with too much time to spare

Skipping study hall so I can play ball

Cheating with the answers to the test on my palm

Ain't nothing changed, it's still on

Except nowadays I get payed to put it in a song

It's only right

I don't play with life - so I don't play with mics!

[Chorus]

Mic Control starts today, unless you wanna learn the
hard way the "get scared" way

This is not a game, we are not players - we do not play

Mic Control starts today, unless you wanna learn the

hard way the "get scared" way
This is not a game, we are not players - we do not play
Alone... walking through this world alone
Walking through this world alone (ha-ha)
Walking through this world alone (one more time)
[Blueprint] * Verse 2
Yo, rap is not real
I don't care what they told you
Fake people say fake things in their vocalbooth
I'm a grown man I'm not here to joke with you
I came to win it all and take back what's overdue
It might mean we gotta go back to throwin' doops
It might mean I gotta ** broke it in two!
With a broken tooth runnin' back home
Grabbin' the phone, speed diallin' cats close to you
I'm old school, I know life ain't fair
In most days I feel like it's too much trouble to care
I used to walk to the cornerstore with nothin' hair
Pockets full of foodstamps and didn't care if you
stared
To understand me you had to be there
To understand pain you had to see welfare
A living in inner city in hell and still there
Wishin' that you had some rich relatives in Belair
I know you feel me if you do say: "hell yeah!" and throw
your hands in the air!
I know you feel me if you DO say: "hell yeah!" and
throw your hands in the air!
[Chorus]
Walking through this world alone
Ain't looking for a lover
Walking through this world alone
Just looking for home

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