

## **The Band With No Name**

### **"Reach For The Mic"**

Visit "[Reach For The Mic](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Now I'm ready to explode like a nail bomb  
Mans will be sayin where the heck did he come from  
Ya head move back and forth like a game of ping pong  
Check ya navigator I'm direct like a TomTom  
Never quittin cos i know dat I'm headstrong  
Big in the game runnin tings like King Kong  
Smellin fishy like sushi from Hong Kong  
Check ya head top cos ya must have put it on wrong

This beat is nice this beat is raw  
But what about all the punks  
That wanna come down and bump on the floor  
D'ya want my advice  
D'ya want some more  
Everybody wants a track that'll never sound wack when  
ya  
Play it hardcore

I'm on fire when i reach for the mic  
A live wire when I reach for the mic  
I get higher when I reach for the mic  
When I reach for the mic  
Yeah i preach on the mic  
I spit bars and I'm keepin it tight  
Nuff scars but I'm still keepin it tight

With the mic in my hand I can chat about what is real  
Crackin the box of truth open  
Like Noel Edmonds on deal or no deal  
So make room in this room so I can chat my spiel  
You feel the skill move it move it like Reel 2 Reel

I've seen the light by livin life in the darkness  
I'm crawlin out maintainin my ground regardless  
Depressed by ccess buildin up in my carcass  
I can't parole my inner sole it's my Father's

Visit [The Band With No Name](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.