

Thebandwithnoname

"Reach For The Mic"

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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

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