

Sawyer Brown

"Internet MC's"

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Yo yo yo yo yo
What's the password.. password..
Yo yo yo
You know the password.. password..
I know it, password is +Detonator+
Let me type it in real quick: "Welcome!"
Aight, let's check this: "You've got mail!"
Word up, bust it

[Verse One]

The internet's your medium of choice
cause nobody really wants to hear your corny ass voice
You ain't a MC just because you could type
On the mic in real life your ass'll get sniped
You a man with a mouse who can't rock the house
Jerkin off to gay porn while wearin your girl's blouse
You know you never seen no real life fame
So you're lookin for some recognition through a screen
name
(No doubt) No threat, y'all ain't the pro set
Rappin ten years and not a paid show yet
I love to get online and shine and drop bombs
but my music can be found on more than dot coms
(word up)
Your website gets a whole lot of hits (right)
but in the real world son you ain't sayin shit
Cats run they mouth on AOL
but everytime they drop a twelve inch, they don't sell
You love the anonymnity, you hide behind the shadow
Always tryin to get someone to chatroom battle
Cryin cause heads only rhyme one syllable
Who made the rule you gotta use every millisec
because it's fillable?
I'ma snatch your webmaster, break both his legs
Post it on your site, format it as .jpeg's
Rip you on your own site and sign your guestbook
then go into your chatroom and leave the rec shook
What percent of these rappers can compete? (Nil)
Reboot they whole shit, control-alt-delete
Yo, you can have a PC and a Mac
but you internet MC's can't see AK

{*vocal scratching*}

If a rapper try to diss.. wh-wh-when you online
I ahh I ahh crush the motherfucker
Rapper try to diss.. wh-eh-wh-eh-wh-eh-when you online
Ahh ahh ahh I crush the motherfucker

[Verse Two]

Carpal tunnel syndrome, can't make a fist
I rip every MC on your buddy list
Show the light to you so bright that your eyesight fail
Now you doin all your correspondence through eBraile
Cats get online and start all types of static
But heads without computers know whassup with
Akrobatik (true dat)
cause I rock real mics in real life
Rip real crowds, real shows, real cyphz
Plus your anonymous gab, it don't bother me
I don't give a fuck if you got AOL or Prodigy
Your crew screams that you the illest of all time
when your only fans are all your nerdy friends that
rhyme
And even if you was nice, no one'll ever hear
cause you in front the keyboard too much to develop
your career
(Say word) And half of y'all is just teenagers
You don't know jack about what rippin up the stage is
So I'ma get a crew of online MC pirates (right)
Infect all your computers with a flesh-eatin virus (uh-
huh)
Chew up all your fingers so you can no longer type (say
what?)
then expose your lack of flow when you approach the
open mic
So internet MC's, heed my advice
Online keystyles don't make you nice
Bring it to the streets and start to rabble rousin
Sincerely yours, Akro 2000
What percent of these rappers can compete? (Nil)
Reboot they whole shit, control-alt-delete
Yo, you can have a PC and a Mac
but you internet MC's can't see AK

{*vocal scratching*}

If a rapper try to diss.. wh-wh-when you online
I ahh I ahh crush the motherfucker
Rapper try to diss.. wh-eh-wh-eh-wh-eh-when you online
Ahh ahh cru-cru-cru-cru-crush the motherfucker

{*continue scratching "crush the motherfucker"*}

[AOL] Goodbye!

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