

Mykill Miers

"Rock The Mic"

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"Ladies and gentlemen.."

{*scratched repeatedly: "When I'm rockin the mic.."}*

Uhh, yeah, it's like this - that's right

Diverse classics, Ill Boogie

This is how you gotta rock the mic (say what?)

There's ways to do it (that's right)

Step one..

[Mykill Miers]

My-kill got skills that might make you pop pills

When I bust you cats duck like a dropped drill

Danger, the Carson strangler is on the loose

Bang bang, lyrics ricochet like a deuce-deuce

MC's they pull on my nerves like a loose tooth

I ain't got it all y'all, I think one of my screws loose

Crews lose, in the contest

If you wanna come test then come fresh

I think you better confess, cause you ain't all that fresh

You was in front of your boys, talkin all that mess

Talkin loud as hell, stickin out your bird chest

But without your peeps, you get quiet and nervous

What happened to that tough guy trash talk

Better keep your mouth shut or you'll be on the asphalt

It's your own fault, I'll put your career to a halt

Your notebook and mic is outlined in chalk, but uhh

[Chorus 2X: Mykill Miers]

Aiyyo you gots to like the way I rock the mic

I rocks it right, the crowd be hyped

So get up (what?) And throw your hands in the air

And wave 'em all around like you just don't care

[Mykill Miers]

I be servin y'all, lyrically murder y'all

Sayin you can beat me on the mic man that's some nerve of y'all

I ain't never heard of y'all, who you say you was?

You ain't the hottest rapper out, you don't have a buzz

I intimidate wack rappers who try to imitate

I break your style down, let me demonstrate

Anyone who emulates, I obliterate

My mental state is too strong to manipulate

I have no apathy for a wack MC

My mission is to destroy those who battle me

I put rappers to death, if they can't bust tight

We can battle via fax, e-mail or website

I keeps it fundamental, on the instrumental

I be the rapper to death with a pencil

to put 'em in the hospital, they condition is critical

Bruised battered and scarred lookin all pitiful

[Chorus]

[Mykill Miers]

You doin way too much, thinkin I'ma get touched

When I bust, I turn the microphone to dust

My mind control, yo it defines my soul

And I'ma keep rockin mics 'til it's my time to go

My kind of flow has never been heard befo'

I'm familiar to some of the true listeners know

that I'm about to set it, testin me you'll regret it

The true definition of what a vet is

Myke Miers is the most feared and dreaded

Man you gotta pay your dues homey, you can't get it on credit

And you gets wetted, and I'ma let it be known

I gotta set it, so the spot can't be blown

I'm in the zone, you better guard me cause I'm hot

I'm like time y'all (why?) because I can't be stopped

I figured out a long time ago that my kind of flow

would outlast, the simple-minded cats tryin to blow

[Chorus]

{*scratches and ad libs to fade*

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