

The Fugees

"How Many Mics"

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How Many Mic's Do We Rip on the Daily
Say me say Many Moni, Say me say manymanymany

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I get mad frustrated when I rhyme
Thinking of all the kids who try to do this
For all the wrong reasons
Seasons change, mad things rearrange
But it all stays the same like the love Doctor Strange
I'm tame like the rapper
Get red like a snapper when they do that
Got your whole block saying "TRUE DAT"
If only they knew that
It was you who was irregular
Sold your soul for some secular
Muzak that's wack
Plus you use that loop over and over
Claiming that you got a new style
Your attempts are futile, Ooo chile
Your puerile
Brain waves are sterile
You can't create, you just wait to take, my tape's
Laced with malice
Hands get calloused
From grippin' microphones from here to Dallas
Go ask Alice if you don't believe me
I get Inner Visions like Stevie
See me, ascend from the chalice like the weed be
Indeed be like Khalil Muhammad
MC's make me vomit
I get controversial
Freak your style with no rehearsal
Ooo, contraire mon frere
Don't you even go there
Me without a mic is like a beat without a snare
I dare to tear into your ego
We go, way back like some ganja and pelequo
Or Coleco-Vision
My mind makes incisions in your anatomy
And I'll back this with Deuteronomy

Or Leviticus, God made this word
You can't get with this
Sweet like licorice
Dangerous like syphilis, yeah

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I used to be underrated
Now I take iron, makes my s*** constipated
I'm more concentrated
So on my day off
With David Sonnenberg I play golf
Run through Crown Heights screaming out Mazel Tov
Problem with no man
Before black, I'm first human
Appetite to write like Frederick Douglass with a slave
hand
Street pressure word to poppa, I ain't goin' under
One day I'll have a label and make deals with Tommy
Motolla
Momma always told me "You're one in a million"
Always watch your back, never tangle with Haitian
Sicilians
Now I got a record deal, "How does it feel?"
I'm never gonna survive unless I get crazy like Seal
Cause the whole world's out of order
So at night the fiend's dance on Grease with John
Travolta
One got slaughtered as he coughed blood from his
mouth
The other tried to duck and caught a left with my
Guinness Stout
Brother brother can't you get this through your head
It's a set up by the fed's they're scoping us with their
Infra-reds

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Too many MC's not enough Mic's
Exit your show like I exit the turnpike
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite
Double deuce delight, I don't Dick Van Dyke
Startlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night
Like my man Wyclef (I wear my sunglasses at night)
And my panache will mosh your entourage
Squash your squad and hide your body under my
garage
And when the cops come lookin'
I'll be bookin' to Brooklyn
Leave the trails broken flippin' tokens to Hoboken
A clean getaway like Alec Baldwin
Drivin' in my fast car playin' Tracy Chapman

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