

Mic Boyd

"Get Me Started"

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You don't wanna get me started
You don't wanna get me started
You don't wanna get me started
Put the mic down, cause i'm gonna pick it back up!

Could I have a second of your time?
A section of your mind.
Just a minute, to spit it
And make you recognize
A couple things, that seem
To catch my eye
'Bout these other MC's
That need to step aside.
Eventually, they'll fall off like Maska Title.
Have to say, that dude passed away
He wasn't half as great,
He's, I have to say
Just another rapper lackin' taste
I hate to burst your bubble,
But I seen your show, man
And it sounds like you ain't worth the trouble
Wanna dig up the dirt?
I'll be the first to shovel
Keep my eyes to the sky,
And curse the devil.
Listen, the writing's fall
It's perfect curse.
It sounds so beautiful.
Like birds a-chirpin'
Talkin in the third person
(Mic, you did again... you son of a bitch)

Now, I know what you're talkin about,
I know where you've been
But the only one you're foolin'
Is you and your friends, now.
You don't wanna get me started,
You don't wanna get me started.
Now, I know what you've heard
And I know what you've seen
But the only one rockin' this mic,

Is me.
You don't wanna get me started
You don't wanna get me started

A lot of problems on this planet
It's solved with guns.
You're an insult to God,
And the one they call the 'son'
And often I'm the one
Called upon
To bring bounce to the force,
Like Obi One
Honest, I'm harmless
I'm ain't trying to be a convict
I'm trying to listen my conscience
Your shit is non-sense,
My shit is common sense
Cause i wanna live as long as i can
I ain't trying to make news, or
Break brews
I'm still trying to pay dues
And break through.
Still tryin' to live my life to the fullest
But i'm signed to HalfLife,
Confined to that life.
So someone take the second half,
And fill it.
But it's kinda hard
When team members are trying to spill it.
Where i'm coming from,
They ain't trying to fill it
A little place in the woods,
Enfield, my village.

Now, I know what you're talkin about,
I know where you've been
But the only one you're foolin'
Is you and your friends, now.
You don't wanna get me started,
You don't wanna get me started.
Now, I know what you've heard
And I know what you've seen
But the only one rockin' this mic,
Is me.
You don't wanna get me started
You don't wanna get me started
Put the mic down, cause i'm gonna pick it back up!

I got a sixth sense,
To send sickness
But since this you six eight

And squash all this "666" shit
Don't sound so soothing,
I have you so relaxed
That you'll soon have a bowel movement
Forgot what side of my brain,
Is the memory
You know if i'm here
To entertain or MC.
Watch out for family,
Like Brain or Penny,
We tight as fuck,
Like Karl and Lenny.
Might stay grounded,
Like carpel wire
Still underground,
Keep me off the flyer
Kid, get a grip
Like you bought some pliers
If you rollin' on twenty,
I'll pop your tires

Now, I know what you're talkin about,
I know where you've been
But the only one you're foolin'
Is you and your friends, now.
You don't wanna get me started,
You don't wanna get me started.
Now, I know what you've heard
And I know what you've seen
But the only one rockin' this mic,
Is me.
You don't wanna get me started
You don't wanna get me started

Mic Boyd, motherfuckers...
Mic Boyd, motherfuckers...
Put down the mic, cause i'm gonna pick it back up!

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