

Mic Boyd

"Guess Who's Back"

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Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...
Guess who's back?
Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...
Guess who's back?
Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...
Oh,
Yeah, yeah...

On the hook,
I'm the worm,
You're the fishes
Reelin' in the people
From the words that i'm spittin'
My chorus' are hot man,
They say i'm burnin' bridges
But never learned business,
So never earned the digits.
Listen,
You chapped it in the ass,
But i ain't no faggot.
Not that there's anything wrong with that...
You go, faggots.
Nope, no homo,
No bill-bo bag it.
But still talk to them trees,
And kill those dragons
Look like an ass,
But i'm a fun guy
Just get to know me
And slowly
I'll grow on you
Like fungi
Just give me one try,
I'll leave you tongue tied
I'm not scared to step outside the lines
And say what's on my mind.
You know I gotta think outside the box.
But y'all stay stuck inside, like some fuckin' mimes
Man, y'all need a fuckin' life
And stay the fuck out mine
What? You got a problem, man

Now's not the time.

Sayin...

My name is Mic Boyd,
You mighta heard him on the hook,
Seen him on the stage,
Now take another look.
I was gone away... (yeah, guess who's back?)
But today is my day. (yeah, guess who's back?)
They call me Mic Boyd,
You mighta heard him on the song,
But now he's steppin' up from the back to the front.
Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...
Guess who's back?
Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh...
Guess who's back?

It's a cold one,
Y'all better hold on
While we hit ya with another track to choke on
Class and Mic B...
Two man team
Like SOCOM,
'Cept for when we hang with the whole click,
Then it's rainbow six
And our case
We gotta deal with no deal
The new Lincoln Burrows,
And Michael Scofield.
Brothers in crime,
Just a-lovin' the grime
We on the cover up,
Yeah I heard it...
Dozens of times.
But the truth is,
Everybody wanna know how close me and Luke is.
And who i'm still cool with.
Don't be stupid,
You foolish humans
Thought I told you,
We doin'
A music movement?
Chinese to Jewish,
Catholics to Mennonites
A mind like mine,
A kind you can't identify.
Too tired to find myself,
Now I'm energized
Feelin' all new inside
Like what's got into Mike?

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They call me Mic Boyd,
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Yo,
You know what really gets me?
Some ditch weed,
But not as much as a dick tease,
So bitch please.
And I don't mean like "bitch please"
I mean shut up, or hit your knees and lick on these...
Yee.
I'm about to buy the borrow,
But I can't pick between KitKat and Mars, though
So, I bought TicTacs
And now i'm gone broke
Oh,
But this is rap. I took the long road

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