

The Fugees, How Many Mics

(Wyclef Jean)

Pick up your microphones
Hahaaa
Pick up your microphones
Yo !

(Chorus : Wyclef & Lauryn)

How many mics do we rip on the daily
Say me say many money, say me say many many many

How many mics do we rip on the daily
Many money, say me say many many many

(Verse One : Lauryn Hill)

I get mad frustrated when I rhyme
Thinkin of all them kids that try to do this for all the wrong reasons
Season 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
Soldier soul for some secular muzac that's whack
Plus you use that, loop, over and over
Claiming that you got a new style, your attempts are futile, oooh child
You're puerile, brain waves are sterile
You can't create you just wait to take my tape
Laced with malice, hands get callous, from ripping microphones
From here to Dallas go ask Alice if you don't believe me
I get innervisions like Stevie
See me, a sin from the chalice, like the weed be
Indeed we like Kalid Mohammed MC's make me vomit
I get controversial, freaky style with no rehearsal
Au contraire mon frere, don't you even go there
Me without a mike is like a beat without a snare
I dare to tear into your ego, we go, way back
Like some ganja and paleo or ColecoVision
My minds make incisions in your anatomy
And I back this with Deuteronomy or Leviticus
God made this word, you can't get with this
Sweet like licorice, dangerous like syphilis, yeah !

(Chorus : Wyclef & Lauryn)

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(Verse Two : Wyclef Jean)

I used to be underrated, now I take iron, makes my shit constipated
I'm more concentrated, so on my day off with David Sanonburg I play golf
Run through Crown Heights screaming out "Mazeltov";
Problem with noman before black I'm first hu-man

Appetite to write, like Frederick Douglass with a slave hand
Street pressure, word to papa I ain't going under
One day I have a label and make deals with Tommy Mottola
Mama always told me : "Your one in a million,
Always watch our back, never tango 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 worlds' out a order
So at night the feins dance on grease with John Travolta
One got slaughtered as he caught 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 setup by the feds, their scoping us with their infrareds

(Chorus : Wyclef & Lauryn)

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(Verse Three : Prazwell)

Too many MC's, not enough mics
Exit your show like I exit the turnpike
Dice and dynamite like Dolomite
Double do's been like I don't Dick Van Dyke
Starlight to starbrite the freaks come out at night
Like my man Wyclef : "I wear my sunglasses at night"
And my ponage with martial entourage
Squash the squad and hide their bodies under my garage
And when the cops come lookin, I'll be bookin to Brooklyn
Beat the trails broken flipping tokens to Hoboken
A clean Getaway like Alec Baldwin
Driving in my fast car playing Tracy Chapman

(Chorus : Wyclef & Lauryn)

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