

# Dan The Automator, I Want Da Mic

[Scratching] My style is the best..

[Kool Keith]

The club is open catch this  
I wreck it swing it, sling it  
Styles is smooth, styles is sweet  
Styles are dope, styles that meet  
Any rapper clappin' you'd be talkin'  
You'd be yappin' my flow is on the go-go  
This record's for real spin that wax in that vinyl bill  
Check the back of the Houston tex package ass  
Sucka's wanna step up you grab your girls fast  
I'm in here with wack MC's in the atmosphere  
Greasing my status Willy Smith wanna change gears  
One-two one-two three-four man slappin' five  
People in the back fidge your face, while I rip it live  
I want some 2000 gamma wild motivation  
Sex on earth, it's time I left the spacestation  
Don't think I'm Dr. McCoy, I'll tap that butt boy  
Rappers in my way on primetime, clearin' every day  
You gets the bozak Peter from the Shootin' Skeeter

[Chorus]

I want da mic, yo drop the style  
Let him rip it  
I want da mic, yo drop it here  
Let him flip it

[Kool Keith]

I take a second wild crime, don't smile  
You still jealous, watch my flow in Puerto Rico  
Like Victor Vodorellis  
People know that Julio brother style is loco  
Rappers souped up then gassed pump like Zenoco  
What's up now? BeeBeeBeep's seen you talkin' walkin'  
Switchin' bitchin' the brother's sweating on the mic  
Girls on my tip and women chew me like a Mike 'n Ike  
These are the keys that go to the Cadillac  
Supersonic condoms, MC's want their barebacks  
I draw on tails smell panties like an artifact  
I'm in this house, it's best to keep it quiet mouse  
You got the lice in private hair, yo you carry louse  
Plunderjack, the bass bounce more than the ounce  
Like Roger Troutman, people still use him now  
Onepowered horses MC's going off the cow  
Jump on the moose play each hair like a violin  
You step like Bozo but the clown keep on wylin'

[Chorus]

[x4]

[Kool Keith]

The last ranger, breaker 1-9 yo smokey bear  
Got that black Mack truck  
With wack MC's in my pubic hair  
What's the flim-flam with peepee on the highway  
Girls move slow but track their trailers in their driveway  
Who's smokin' joe now? The smith tanks are full with diesel  
Back up your rectum piece on primetime you little weasel  
I'm comin' through with no girls in no hairdo  
Cover your cracks before the place smells like mildew  
I'm Mr. Clean shoot clips through the magazine  
Butts get wiped and shined up by the greasemachine  
[Come on go with me over to my place]

Yeah, like Teddy said  
I'm scratching butts like the pimples on your first record  
You wanna see and maybe folks wanna check it  
I want the sound to throw down and make you sit down  
And see your man, he's biting styles in the background

[Chorus]