

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]