

Das EFX, Microphone Master

Verse 1: Dray

I iggity am what I am
I comes to get biz so bust the jam
I might not be the man but y'all I still proceed to slam, I cram
to understand why these rappers try to faze me
They must be crazy messin with the Books and Drayzie
Big-up to Jersey and my people's out in el-a
Well-a hell-a can never cut the swell-a
Cos you can tell I gets biz like Markie
No matter what the weather son you never wanna spark me
I'm kickin rhymes and gettin mines on the regular
See me in the black Benz just blowin up the cellular
We high as shit, the sky is it
You know the sewer style yo is fly as shit
So grip (what?), you're cheap and buried cos you're never comin near it
So fear it when you hear it, cheer it but don't compare it
I still be schoolin, foolin em when I'm speakin
Kids be heapin, they love the way that we be freakin
My sewer style it cause disaster so when I ask
you better answer who's the microphone master

Hook (x4):

Miggity microphone master, super rhyme maker

Verse 2: Skoob

Well yo, here's the humdinger, I'm briggity bringin a new style of thing
It's a rap singer with a fat flow, so low and behold
I higgity hold his mic piece for ransom
It's all about expanses, stocks of skunks, props and my pops get a mansion
By the age of 16, had dreams of big screens
Mad rubbers to keep my dick clean
Chrome tools in rent
and I only go downtown to buy jewels and tints
Jaboll, Guess, ol' Gold and sess
I check the mic 2-1 and chew gum to ease the breath
My style is wild like the Cats of Villanova
The heat on the street'll keep my 40's spillin over
So the skunk and thai keep me high when I'm smokin
And I don't sleep, just take naps with one eye open
See I believe the beaded weed in me is feedin me
the inspi-ration to riggity rock the nation
from white folk to Haitian, ???? Jamaican
Burn MC's like degrees of Mason because you're fakin
I'm on point, exclamation with the caper
The flavor misbehavior from the super dooper rhyme maker

Hook (x4)

Verse 3: Skoob, Dray

I got to give a siggity shout to my mans, my fans at the shows
friends, foes, stiggity stunts and hoes
Drats! I'm friggin to ride the fat, ooh shit!
My crew is shake, rattle and roll thick
Thicker than your blunt cos yo I be's the Brooklyn trooper
and I got more spunk than that punk from Punky Brewster
Bust the lingo Ringo stiggity Starr bingo
I run shit like Kunta, breaks bones like Mandingo
I'm starstruck like starbuck, the bad bro is mad though
I'm all that small cat like Tomko or Hasbo
I have no figgity fear yeah, it's me and mines

Masters of the microphone, makers of the super rhymes

Yo, well yo the shit sound clever, I'm clown for whatever like nuttin nice
Big-up to DJ Dice wreckin shop when he cut 'n' slice
These 20 MC's, please! I never heard of some
We need to murder some like Colin Ferguson
But now ya heard us from the under so feel the thunder
Ya best ta come clean like J-Rule and *?Felix Sunder?*I'm buggin like gristle, see I suggest you
dismiss you, my style's official and that's the issue
I show the flow I go until it's time to leave
Believe I'm packin more rhymes up my sleeve

Hook to fade