

Paris, I Call Him Mad

(Paris)

Rougher than a rusty razor, he'll amaze ya
Mixin dope tricks that stick like Frasier
Cue the wheels of spin then begins to blend
Scarface in the house again
Bambi DJ's'll pray when he plays
Won't hit or skip I might phase
Suckers still suck and duckin uppercuts
Strike three MC's are blazed
Born to beat back the blows of feedback
A sissy strivin still sounds so wack
Can't compare or come close to purity
Mad's the man, MC's agree
The bully bruisin misusin turnstyles
Keeps the mix on beat for me while
I spit and cold bust the keynote
Mad's on a roll with the sickest show now

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

Yeah.. smooth..

{*""Ya don't stop!"; - "C'mon";*}

{*""Black is back"; .. "keep on singin";
"Fight the power!"; .. "keep on singin";
"Do the right thing"; .. "keep on singin";
"Word to the mother!"; .. "keep on singin";*}

{*""Rock.."; - scratched repeatedly*}

{*""Girl I'll house you.."; - repeat 4X
"You in my hut now";*}

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

{*""DJ";.. "Mad!";.. "Huh, what?";.. "Tear shit up";
"DJ";.. "Mad!";.. "Say what?";.. "Cuttin like a blade";
"DJ";.. "Mad!";.. "So.. so.. so sick";
"DJ";.. "Mad!";.. "Sicker than AIDS";*}

{*""Break it on down.."; - repeat 3X*}

{*""Hit me!"; - scratched repeatedly*}

(Paris)

By now you know Mad's made to mutilate
Crush and devastate, move and educate
weak wack watered-down welfare DJ's..
.. tryin to get what he plays
Call me Paris, sex check the Rolex
We came to stomp and chomp bones of broke necks
So smooth with the movement rhythm tracks
I'm not worried that you'll be back, just..
listen.. let him play..

{*Mad Mike scratches*}

Mad!.. shit.. yeah.. Mad..
Smooth..