

# Golden Mic

Aceyalone

Yeeees, man  
But I'm not a yes-man  
Who am I?

I'm that nigga with the golden mic, I hold it tight  
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic  
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight  
Golden mic, I hold it tight  
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic  
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight

Now it don't really matter  
Who's the first or the second batter  
What you got mixed in your batter  
I'm finna drop that fatter data  
Look, I ain't really ever told y'all this  
But I got a hit with the ultimate twist  
Looka here, listen up clear  
Niggas been bitin my shit for years  
Mousekateer turned muskateer wanna bust in here  
I don't think so, the golden mic belongs to me  
The flow sounds dope but the song is free  
Damn, these fools sound wrong to me  
What's the definition of a strong MC?  
Let's take MC such-and-such  
Wanna freestyle but he doin too much  
Here's another blunt, take another puff  
Keep on smokin till you high enough  
Maybe y'all can fall in y'all zone  
If all y'all got a little more stoned  
Ring-ding-ding - what's callin? The phone  
Hello, who this? (It's Aceyalone)  
"Aceyalone? What to do?  
Hang up on the motherfucker, fuck that fool"  
Said he wants all the styles you took  
Nigga actin like he wrote the book  
By the tone of his voice he soundin shook  
Then he put the phone back on the hook  
One of these things I've grown to learn  
A lotta fools choke when it's on they turn  
I know that I shouldn't even be concerned  
But I gotta lotta MC's to burn  
Could be you or the one you with  
When it comes to this you ain't runnin shit  
When I come through the sun is lit  
And when I come through I come to spit

On the golden mic, I hold it tight  
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic  
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Now who done put they fingers in my candy jar?  
Now I know I ain't the man from Mars  
Let's go upon on em, there they are

Hey you, yeah you, with the micro  
Where the hell you get that tight flow?  
He said, "Ah, this just hydro  
Still tryina get that nitro"  
Psycho-alpha-disco-beta  
I'm South of Frisco in South Central  
Servin perpetrators  
I guess I'm a fanatic  
You want that shit, I have it  
See, I don't want no static  
But it's a-u-t-o-matic  
See, you you wanna play boss hog  
Runnin 'round like a lost dog  
Comin up short like a pollywog  
Go crawl back  
Thinkin it's all good when it's all bad  
Projectile blow this  
You see, my style's the oldest  
I give em what they need, I plant that seed  
And watch it grow like a lotus  
See, it told y'all this in the scripture  
Right after I slipped ya  
Some of this dope, I took your picture  
To remember how I ripped ya  
See, I'm aimin while it's rainin  
And see, you just complainin  
Sayin when my boat gon' come in?  
Muthafucka, it already came in  
When I get this mic adjusted  
Watch how I bust it  
Get these niggas disgusted  
It's a reason why I'm trusted

With the golden mic, I hold it tight  
When it's open mic it's like it's broken mic  
Smokin mic, the word is spoken tight  
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Let's drop it, same topic  
Yo, come on, homie, now stop it  
Why should I put the mic in yo hands if you can't even rock it?  
You gotta dig in deep, no time to sleep  
When they play the beat, gotta bring in the heat  
Tell em what they know, what they don't know  
What they wanna hear, what they fear, what they want, need  
You can be down, just don't deceive  
Got a whole lotta tricks up my sleeve  
Might say somethin that you don't believe  
But the show ain't over until I leave  
I don't need no intro, no outro, in essential  
Just my utensils and my instrumental  
Understood, now overstood  
It's about 50 rappers per hood  
Bring the woodpecker, I bring the wood  
And we can chop it up like you know we should  
Cause in these last days I'ma watch these rappers cascade  
You need first aid when the verse is laid  
All over your mascarade  
So let this be a lesson  
To all you fools that's flexin  
You want next in

Better come with perfection

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Yeah

Ha-ha

Now

We are

Have always been

Have always had the champion sound

The originators

Of this here

Now y'all can have it now

Y'all can go take it and spread it out to the industry

But this where it started

Freestyle Fellowship, Project Blowed

Massmen

And I am

Aceyalone

Ace One!

And ya don't stop

Ha-ha

A-and you don't stop

Fatjack

Always comes with the fat tracks

We cater to the deejays

We cater to the emcees

We cater positivity

We cater to the love of hip-hop

Alright, righteous

YEEEEES MAN

But I'm not a yes-man