

L'école Du Micro D'argent (Version US)

IAM

L'Ecole Du Micro D'Argent

Yo... yo...

I made my name through dedication, Prodigal/Sunz of Man affiliation
Population Click rollin thick, legit, forty burnin spliffs
Initiation, I kill a whole fuckin nation
Demonstration, the year 2000, date of restoration
Burstin inflation, absorbin degrees
MC's, enemies get hung from trees
Brutalities, based on the adversary
I gets amped for my camp in the station
When I release frustration you'll be a fucked up situation
Now do you think, you could honestly fuck with me, G-O-D?
Set up slugs to your jug, I tried to warn you 'bout reality
Ack, saw what I see, too late to plea
Identity, chemistry, rotten in the cemetary
60 Second Assassion, seven days of fastin
Mentally everlastin, righteous with a passion
Competition, I feel they struck you with ammunition
Come at my position, then organize my liberation
You dare cross, defy my intellect? Disrespect my dialect?
Don't need to technical, son I'm nice with my knuckle check
I crusted condition, a mutilation
Your situation, after a Sunz of man confrontation [*echoes*]

"M.A.R.S." [*scratched*] "N.Y.C." "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." [*scratched*] "Q.U.E." "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." [*scratched*] "Brooklyn" "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." [*scratched*] "Je représente"

As we complete the impossible, me and Prodigal
What we assigned to do, sendin our opponents to the hospital
Of course I'm the obstacle, choppin you
Dreddy cut the fedi, fake apostles who ain't ready
Yeah we drop science that be heavyweight
We meditate to elevate, we confiscate wicked mindstates
Related to crime rates, you wack? Play the bench
As my lyrics touch the french
Over seas, dumb MC's could meet the Hell Razah's steez
Trees, Killa Bees'll make a nigga feel the breeze
Shake the fire in an ice hand, I am what I am a Sun of Man
Understand, Brooklyn's my home as I grab hold
Of a microphone, now we explode, we go gold
Peace to the Black Rose, and yo where my francs at?
Cash that shit, where the banks at?
Kill raps, take the whole earth back
Fuck that, Sunz of Man year, I make it happen
No rappin, no laughin, niggas get they face smashed in
All these lyrics that we've written in the basement
Your ass get erasement, erasement, we be your new replacements
You better face it

"M.A.R.S." [*scratched*] "N.Y.C." "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." "Prodigal Sunn" "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." "Hell Razah" "Je représente" "We represents"
"M.A.R.S." "Music from the Q.U.E." "Je représente" "We represents"
"Now" [*scratched*] "Now you get outta here"

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