

The Mic

MF DOOM

Feel the magnetism between us (The mic)
Growing stronger and stronger (The mic)
Why don't we do it? (The mic)

I was in a case out of state
She was thirteen and good we had a hotter date
It was just a number she never told she was knocked up
By the end of the summer chick almost had me locked up
My aunt came and got me and steadied the block
We bounce to the yeti and I'm ready to rock
With no attachments feelin a little loose
Blowin up in every spot we had a little juice
Probably the Dom or the Afghani bud in me
We played the stage standin by the speaker and suddenly
Who tapped me I'm bout to get real ill
Already ripped the whole club with metal face's steel wheel (The mic)
What a sweet surprise her with the fly eyes
And fine she pulled me to the sidelines
The mystery shot up with strong words
She was an intelligent wisdom and a song bird
I met her last week at the same place
She stepped to me the same way at a no shame pace
I'm off guard her game had me choked up
Checkin me play testin me (The mic) till I spoked up
Seven whole days and nights and not a word from you (Not a word)
I was worried I thought I woulda heard from
Stranger you know I never get enough of you
How you be comin through (The mic)
Myself and two a alike's had ran through this crew of three
In my earlier days they showed me things new to me
So we knew mad brothers who they had hit off
They even used to watch each other just to rock they shit off
When slovenly two smile and I'm scopin her
Switchin off three times a night made them more opener
So you could love Allah or leave him the hell alone
Message from my god father solid gold telephone
Many of my men went up in smoke
While trickin with these chickens I ended up broke
You find out who's ya mans when you broke
Like a bad joke it's funny when you on you got mad folk
I played the middle man in every little scam
Some as complex as a hip hop album riddle jam
I find it's quite intriguing as I think about rappers
Walk upon me speaking with stinkin mouth (About what?)
About this and that from sneakers to hats to gats
Freak chicks with the cooty cat raps
And it's that [?]
I'm at a black tie affair with a diva with the fatty fat
I play the back steady on the humble
But be right up front when we get ready to rumble
I gave her breath control ask her who she learned off
Coulda took her back to the crib somehow was turned off
Me and you was overdue
From gettin together baby
I always knew our love was meant to beee (The Mic)

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(The mic)
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(The mic)
(The mic)
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