

Microphone Mathematics

Quasimoto

(I'm glad you all made it to my show
By the way:? music is in the house
Understandin' microphone mathematics
It's Lord Quas droppin' shit like some horses
Imitatatin' your mindstate have you split like divorces of course
s
The new breed fuckin' up the mainstream
Plus we gon' gain cream
Keep doin' the same thing
Elevatin' styles beyond explication
Turned up the notch increase the amplification
Madlib got ya bumpin' in your upper story
While I drop the microphone mathematics
Like when I used to smack chicks
It's like some people ain't got no mental sight
You try keepin' it real
(yet you should try keepin' it right
It's understandin' microphone mathematics) x4
Quas, drop that number thing
I got five brothers we lived up on 9th street
On the 22nd of December
My pops shot 6 cops, I remember
In the 12th grade thinkin' about million dollar riches
On the 3-4, I broke about a dozen mics
On the 1, 2s, I took out a hundred crews
365 days to a year, subtract it off your life
In 2000, that's the end of strife
It's like some people ain't got no mental sight
You try keepin' it real (yet you should try keepin' it right)
(it's understandin' microphone mathematics)