

# 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  
Imitatin' 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)