

When I hold a mic in my hand, it's devotion  
Then I began flowing in a smooth steady motion  
Cause I'm contented to know that I've invented  
Poetry which has been highly complimented  
Thus how I rhyme is what I feel on stage  
And from a fraction of a thought I can write a whole page  
I'll just pull a notebook from off the shelf  
And like Salt-N-Pepa I express myself  
To make most of you know me, and some of you don't  
But when it comes to cold challenging, I bet none of you won't  
Arrange a battle, improve your style  
Against a brother with a totally different profile  
Most of you flake cold front ya flex  
And hesitate on rhymes that should've been Memorex  
But you forgot I remember you're an amateur  
Mystery worshipper, now I prefer  
That I remind you or tease ya on who's the boss  
Cause you suffer amnesia, that's memory loss  
Well get this just as quiet as it's kept  
MC's on the chart from the start has slept  
Let's shake them, wake them, they should be woke  
For what? They take MC'ing for a practical joke  
You don't have what it takes to be an MC  
Ya just as phony as ya wanna be

You present yourself to be the quiet storm  
You're a sneaky littlesnake in a devilish form  
But as they say, yo, to each its own  
And to each one who plays with a microphone  
Abbreviate microphone and M.I.C.  
Meaning what, Myself, I, you see  
I invite those to battle me then they're through  
Bust it, I'm not prejudiced you're invited too  
The rap convention or the MC show  
I have rhymes to block those who hit below  
The belt, that means biting a rhyme  
Yes, I'll wax you, tax you and plus save time  
Now who is known to uphold his own  
And words are heard like a strong baritone  
Freestyle techniques that's wild and bold  
That'll smile in your face and still come so cold  
That I'll freeze you to the point of non-defrost  
Now you're trapped in the Land Of The Lost  
Should I, could I, would I lose  
When it's a selfish sore loser like you I choose  
To roll your big eyes and suck your buck teeth  
Because you're upset that you ever caused beef  
Yo homeboy, I never meant to tease  
But it's a slaughter, can someone help him please  
Feeling uncomfortable, then loosen your belt  
Once The Genius gets heated up, suckers will melt  
Then after ya melt, ya start dripping like water  
Then you can say this was a Goddamn slaughter  
You don't have what it takes to be an MC  
Ya just phony as ya wanna be

Ain't no rhymes like the one I got  
They put competitors in a trance, y'all  
Radio stations ran them a lot  
They made children play and dance y'all  
How dare ya mention you're an MC  
When the crowd disagrees on who claim to be  
Cause your battle piece are the rhymes you release  
And that only make the crowd boos increase  
Hey, may I say I'll stay a DJ  
MC who try to defeat me or portray  
One who claims he gain much respect  
But in a battle, straight up and down ya getting wrecked  
Cause getting with me is definitely a slaughter  
Or diving in a pool head first without water  
So don't set yourself up to get brutalized  
That only happens when you're not energized  
Bit I'm so damn energized, I'm energetic  
That I can wreck a microphone 'til it's pathetic  
Oka, got it in your head, correct  
That I'm victorious on any subject  
You disbelieve, then huh, call the title  
Then after one rhyme you'll be calling me your idol  
It's like..zap...another one on my jock strap  
Now you walk around praising my name  
Cause I'm slamming and I make you feel the pain  
You don't have what it takes to be an MC  
Ya just phony as ya wanna be

