

# Mic Check

## Sheek Louch

Microphone check, one two  
Mic-microphone check, one two (is this thing on?)  
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Aiiyo Mr. Magic playing, big old boombox  
Way before D-Block, a little before LOX  
Krush Groove and Beat Street, spell my name out  
Fat Boys, remember Disorderlies came out?  
I remember Reverend Run was Tougher Than Leather  
New laces and he wore the mob hats together  
So who's the next Jam Master Jay? Is it Flex? Is it Felli Fel?  
Is Hova the next Melle Mel?  
Is LOX the new Cold Crush, Furious Four?  
New hood mink plus one more  
A dying breed, yes indeed  
But right now we what Hip Hop needs, aiiyo engineer  
Aiiyo cars, fashion, jewelry dripping  
What color you wearing, what drink you sipping?  
It's a new generation of Hip Hop  
Now it's more money involved, so it's Hip Hop  
And they expect you to change or get dropped  
And you can listen or be mad when your shit flop  
I like it though, all that just keep me on  
Nowadays they say Sheek got a slick ass tongue  
And I ain't old or young, I fit right in between  
Still a player but it's only right I made her my queen  
You don't come for my Beem', I don't come for yours  
Let's get money and do some tours, hey yo engineer  
I know well I could sell more with Usher on the hook  
Instead I make something to do a juk, look  
It's no good without bad  
It wouldn't be history if Shan didn't get mad  
Listen, niggas battle to say the least  
It's life, we go to war, we make peace  
And they said that rap was the Devil's play  
But it was cool when them boys made 'Walk This Way'  
Now look, you got Nelly with Garth Brook, Diddy with the Pussycats  
Some rap dudes, different hats  
And we ain't going nowhere

Mr. if you got ears, this is all you gon' here, hey yo engineer

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>