

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/>