

Microphone Killa (feat. Merkules)

Chris Webby

Yeah, quick to the draw like an animator
Laying down tapes like I'm Hannah Baker
Microphone assassinator
Rolling in a navigator
They just cannot load the data
Baby now they know I made it
(Baby now they know I made it)
Uh, better get ready to bust, Merk you ready or what?
I'm lighting the medical giving the heady a puff
Nobody heavy as us, venomous touch
Got 'em all bellying up
Better give up
Turning your city from metal to dust (click boom)
Make tombs for my adversaries
Make room or I'll have 'em buried
I'm cutting through all your capillaries
Give me, give me, all the god damn loot
With the trees on deck, baby I am Groot
So please
Give me some more space to breathe
They saying things about me but the thing about me is I never care what all these
motherfuckers think about me
Young and OG, spitting my game since '03
Feel a cold breeze whenever I speak to you
Speak the truth, living proof, I can reach the youth
And move a mountain, you?
You just move around it
Try to climb it but the climate got your movements clouded
See the room is crowded when I pack the show
All black bumblebee pull up at the door
Murdered out, when I'm burning out
Tryna get that money in absurd amounts, I'ma need a third account
I'm the one you heard about, listen
Campaign mode like a politician
Never laid low 'cause I got a vision
And I gotta bring that bitch into fruition
Got 'em wishing I would stop
But I never slow down like I'm running from the cops
Put some money in the pot (yah)
Got the pocket aces and I'll take it no debating
Give me everything you got, 'cause
I am the mic, the microphone killa

I grip the mic, like Mike I'm all thriller
Looking for a bigger dinner got the world up on my finger-tip like a fidget spinner bitches,
because you know that I'm the
I am the mic, the microphone killa
I am the one with the golden gun
I am the light, recite with no filla
Don't step to the best and expect respect
I'm on deck so it's best to protect your neck because
I am the mic, the microphone killa
I am the mic, the microphone killa
I am the mic, the microphone killa
I am the mic, the mic, the mic, the mic, the
The microphone killa
I'm the microphone killa with a gun on my waist
Fuck out my face, drink tequila out the jug with no chase
And running with apes, gorillas, fuck the love it's just hate
Snatching crumbs off your plate and ask if you got something to say, I doubt it
I'm feelin' violent, I've been a tyrant since Pokemon
My potion's strong I'm the OG like Obi-Wan
I'm going hard like a virgin's first booty call
Every verse will give them pins and needles like a voodoo doll
Now every single rapper Big Merk is taking doo doo's on
See me in a camo-balaclava when the news come on
Shout out Webby we the youngest with the juice
I got an army right behind me, we are hundred, strong salute, yeah
These bitches salty, they feeling froggy, well get up off me
What's in the coffee? I fold 'em up like I did the laundry
I'm Kurt Cobain, with a hint of Auzzie, my shit is haunting
I kill 'em softly, I'm ice-cold like I went to bargaining
Nevertheless I never fall off once
I'm Air Jordan in his prime and y'all are Walmart chucks
My fan base will keep growing like Paul Blart's gut
One bar in the booth will get these Pop-Tarts stuck, I'm saying
These ignoramuses think I'm famous, the shit is dated
I'm sipping Jameson thinking about which whip to blaze in
I feel the hate it's just motivation to get me paid with
So if they say they don't like me that means I fit the A-list
Hey bitch, why you mad at the kid? I've had it with this
You think you dope, but I'm actually sick
Hacking this shit, back in the mix, gargantuan shit
You think you slick you get slapped with a dick, no question
Everybody wants to head off Merk
It's R.I.P Prodigy, I'm bringing hell on Earth
We the truth, we the ones that you should bet on first
Yo Webby this shit's like a hundred and ten bar verse, let's get it
It's probably 'cause I've never wrote my shit in double time
Which means that now I have to go and add in just a couple lines
Fuck it's fine, we the illest right now
CT to Canada like how you feeling right now I am the mic, the microphone killa

I am the one with the golden gun
I am the light, recite with no filla
Don't step to the best and expect respect
I'm on deck so it's best to protect your neck because
I am the mic, the microphone killa
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I am the mic, the mic, the mic, the mic, the
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>