

# Microphone Preem (feat. Slaughterhouse)

## PRhyme

This is the pick up line, I got to big up mine I'm handlin' you frauds  
These wounded ass niggas, I rap circles around 'em  
I'm bandages and gauze  
Crooked trap 'round clowns, this rap circus surrounds 'em  
But I'm havin' a menage  
Fuckin' with the rap game, and the trap game  
I'm managin' my odds  
Man these rappers out here reachin', your arms are too short  
Take the boxing gloves off, hand 'em to the gods  
Slaughterhouse, we the military in this bitch  
Fuck every Tom, Dick and Harry in this bitch, yeah  
Fuck your apology, I'ma be on astrology shit  
March into war like Aries in this bitch, yeah  
You call it light work, nigga this is my life's work  
I turn around and beat up a beat like I'm writin' Ike's verse  
Toe taggin' this mothafucka, I don't think Joe Jackson  
And Buster Douglas could ever do a mic worse  
I'm tryna murder the microphone  
I'm tryna murder the microphone  
If you are what you eat, how come I'm not pussy?  
That was part uno, this is part two though  
This the difference between y'all niggas and real rap  
The competition fell back, niggas ask  
How much did I use to drink  
I tell 'em off the top of my head about a gallon  
Kinda like Pharrell's hat  
But all jokes aside like I ordered fries  
I'm liable to store somebody's corpse in the closet, I'm organized  
Before police was interrogatin', I was livin' the story of my life  
And Morgan Freeman was narratin'  
(Say it again) I'm 5'9", not an inch taller  
'Fore all of the jewelry, I've been baller  
Before niggas was hypebeasts, my niggas was bike thieves  
You let it out your sight and they take it to sight see  
Same shit, another nigga gotta die today  
My bitch gone (why) we ain't ever goin' out on dates  
(Why) we ain't vacayin' out of state  
Whinin' all the time, all she do was holler  
We ain't like a Pagan holiday  
Rappers will, be actin' ill  
Knowing they daffodils  
I take the word "lyrical" and flip it backwards

And that says "laciryl"  
 And that's exactly how I feel  
 Shout out to Guru, I got the mass appeal  
 I'm tryna murder the microphone  
 I'm tryna murder the microphone  
 I'll give up drinkin' when she give her emotions up  
 (That was part uno, this is part two though)  
 Oh you don't, don't let me learn yah  
 I body the beat and watch it skip, call it m-murda  
 The nerve of anyone who ain't heard of  
 The gang that don't tweet simultaneous for the sake of the sermon  
 (House Gang what up!)  
 Other groups basic mergers  
 We extort 'em from a distance, takin' it further  
 Drama could be all yours, why you want a war for?  
 You can't go at uno, mothafucka, that's a draw 4  
 We started out as just a feature on a Joe joint  
 Fuck around now, you on the bleachers soon as Joe point  
 Brothers for real, I can honestly say  
 If you come at me, they'll be 3 dots on you while I'm still typin'  
 Meet fire, street fighters when this pen's writin'  
 Shady, you go through us to get to Em, Bison  
 (Come on, crook, you wildin' again)  
 Nah Joe, these niggas stupid, boy we do this shit  
 I'm tryna murder the microphone  
 I'm tryna murder the microphone  
 Too many frogs go "ribbet" but never leave lilies  
 (That was part uno, this is part two though) These niggas might play cray, try slay me  
 Off my mic vacay, call it right, it's mayday  
 Right footed melee, strapped a light AK  
 Every bar get in the face like Ice JJ  
 Do it for Em, my squad do it for bundles  
 Could've been copped the Phantom, bought the Benz bein' humble  
 Still, the nickel plate is known to get 'em situated  
 It's return fire, even when Joey initiate it  
 How I feel about these rap niggas? Fuck 'em all  
 Drake rhyme about these bitches, I just fuck 'em all  
 A hundred guns, jeans big enough to tuck 'em all  
 Banana clips, fully automatic, you can't duck 'em all  
 Cause when it's gats involved, bodies'll fall  
 From the sky, could really be rainin' cats and dogs  
 It's Joey, nicer than any rapper you rockin' to  
 Call a spade a spade, nigga try to follow suit  
 I'm tryna murder the microphone  
 Bring it back to life, I murder that microphone  
 Too many big dogs, not enough barkin' yet  
 (That was part uno, this is part two though)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>