

Mic Checka

Das EFX

Riggidy-raow, Ziggidy Gadzuks, Here I go, so
Fliggedy-flame on, g-geronimo, yo
I biggedy-burn riggedy-rubber when I blabber great
I miggedy-make the Wonder Twins deactivate
It's crazy, I'm biggedy-breakin' backs and bustin' lips
I friggedy-freaked Gladys Knight and those freakin' Pips
Shrimps, I miggedy-make enough noise like Bamm-Bamm
Throw boulders from Bedrock you'll get dropped, I slam man
So check it
I riggedy-wreck it quick, aw shucks
I giddedy-got the big ducks like Daddy Warbucks
I riggedy-rocked the coca-cabana
Banana split
{HACK-THO} Spit, so sit
I friggedy-freak it from here to Bangladesh
I riggedy-rippin' flesh plus I get fresh like this
Swish, swiggedy-swooshed kid, you'll get it done
Swooshed for fun, I riggedy-rhyme like no one
I biggedy-bum riggedy-rush chiggedy-chumps, I'm savage
I shake 'em up and down like the Down Jones Average
I'm cocky, like Rocky, I biggedy-bangs the best
So tiggedy-tell your friend, chump, 'cause here comes Das EFX

A-higgedy-hoy there matey, I giggedy-gots to flow
My Saturday nights are live-er than Joe Piscopo
So yo, siggedy-save the bait for Charlie Tuna
See I be the boogie banger, like Esiason's the Boomer
I'm higgedy-hots to trot, I giggedy-gots the motts
Jewels plus dreads, so toots, call me Goldilocks
I ciggedy-catch the scoop from Peter Jennings
Do a spin like the mag and I slide like Peggy Fleming
Or a smiggedy-smack a fag and choke 'em up until he squeals
I Hawiian punched the Captain and now I'm maxing with Tenille
I piggedy-pack steel, I got a big gun
I'm freaking the track from Brooklyn, yo, 'cause Brooklyn's where I'm from

Tiggedy-time to get buck wild
Call me Butterfingers, 'cause I dippedy-drop 'nuff styles
Iggedy eeny meeny miney moe
Shiggedy-bop, bap I'll snatch a rapper by his toe
I riggedy-write my pages when I figgedy-feel the flavor
I fliggedy-fly the friendly skies, so now I be a sky pager
I friggedy-freaked the funka
The rough Nestle Cruncher, word to Arch Bunker
Give me the mike and I'll liggedy-light it up like Uncle Fester
Microphone checka, one two checka
I tiggedy take no shorts, I'm not the fella
I can even act: Stella, Stella
Yo Stella, here ciggedy-comes the bum rush, maybe
No Static, I niggedy-knows more kids than um, Bebe
So higgedy-hey hey hey not Dwayne but I got props
I biggedy-bust rhymes like Slick Rick busts shots
So when I friggedy-freaks the funk, I'll be the ill funk freaka
I stiggedy-stole an apple from this bum named Bonita
So riggedy-rub-a-dub I got the lip to make ya flip
Bustin heads with Erik Sherman and my man Parish Smith

Kiggedy-kiss my grits, check the jingle
I diggedy-don't bruise but snooze like Rip Van Winkle
So twinkle, twinkle, twinkle little star
I sliggedy-slam dunk like Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
Numbskull, I piggedy-pump up like Reebok Pumps
I friggedy-freak the stuff that makes a camel lose his humps, chumps
So wiggedy-where's the beef, um chief
He figgedy-fits the mold like the gold that's on his teeth
I rocks 'em, I socks 'em, I drops 'em, ah-choo
So riggedy-ready sit down, hut one, hut two
I diggedy dot my i's, and cross my tiggedy-t's, bro
I swiggedy-swing more action than Hawaii Five-O