

Blazin' Squad, Mic Check

CHORUS

A lotta people wanna hate cos we still in our prime
And don't notice all the skill of our rhymes
We keep on goin not livin with the conscience mind
And life's changed since the day we signed.
Now, we back don't be on a whole new grime
Listen to the album I'm sure you'll find something you like
Yep but before we start give me a mic check check
1 2 come on

Spike-E

I grew from a kid to a adult
I moved out the shadows now I'm livin life flyin like an arrow
Watchin my face on the box and other tv channels
Is my flow hot?
Pass it to the panel
Dismantle a MC animal
A boom cannibal standin tall
Wots da mood fool
Riddem on my trophy wall
Now I'm livin life like I was at school
But this time I'm the teacher nice to meet ya
Senorita my flow holds no bars no meters
Other MCs fink twice I'm not nice
I'll beat ya wait
Wait w w w wot did e say
I'l r r r repeat cos ur feelin kinda grazed
Stay away from ma face when I'm up in a rave
Cos I'm up in this place looking for girls 2 chase
And I'm bang on your case if you're watchin my face
If its beef then its on but my mic's check ay!

Melo-D

Yo spittin lyrics in the booth is ma passion
I'm tearin beats up every day as if its goin outta fashion
You rele need to understand the dealins of my mind
So when I'm spitin on the track if you don't get it press rewind.
In the booths I'm like a predator n u gona b the prey
So when I spit in your direction boy get on your knees and pray.
We no put together one hit back like Hear'say
We dun this on our like it or not we're here to stay
Cos they all doubted us and said that this would fail from the start
But then their love was there when we declared our lyrical art
So now we aim high n settle for nuffin but the best
I'm only writin what I'm feelin very deep in my chest
So hearin people talking bout us sayin how we ain't real
That we dun changed completely cos we got us a deal
Got 10 of us so when we're rollin through the club it's on
Just need a mic check check 1 2 come on!

CHORUS

Strider

Yo uh
Man I flow like a riddle□
I'm hittin sweet sounds like a fiddle
Focus from the middle gainin sounds just like a rebel
Watch me trickle through the fickle fields of ritical comments getting mowed
by my promsie I'm honest agen
Respect for being real not a fake manufactured TV deal
I will make or break but still

It's Weighty Plates with the beats
I'm lickin off the fool☐
Hit you feel the rhymes I speak
When I rip the mic to Reep

Reepa

I'm learning from mistakes made
Learnin how the game's played☐
Takin a different view on life to see how the game's changed☐
I keep my mind on women it's like
A race against my enemies but still I'm winnin
When I walk out my career I'm gona walk out blingin
Still singin the same song that I walked in singin
And clinchin same mic and the same old tools
So to you mic check check

Kenzie

I'm wot holdin it down see I'm a pro take no shit
Me and my whole clique
Bound to be seen in the town from the East
Chicks crowd round now I stand proud
Cos the life be highly you like me I might be high off a hardcroe attack
if ya find me remind me that I mighta caught a bit of luck
When your eyes light up just admit that you're starstruck!
I don't talk about violence I don't need to
I can silence your crew with the rhymes that I breathe through
I'm lethal spittin at people I need no intro
You know we win
Yo shout the name
Makin claims that we're plain or we're vain
A piss take cos we got fame that you hate
Shine down on your town with a cape round my neck
Mic check 1 2 you'll expect nuffin less

CHORUS