

'Twas the height of the night
and I was deep in my sleep
in the middle of REM like Michael Stipe
my sheets were soaking wet
covered in sweat
abruptly awakened
my hands were shaking when I realized there was nothing left
they robbed me blind
but left a note with a location and time
the last line said "bring your dopest rhyme"
my eyes slowly shifted with delight to my golden mic
designed specifically for a night like tonight
ya damn right

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check

Jumped in my ride with my golden mic at my side
thinkin' me and my mic were like bonnie and clyde
out on a mission
turned on the ignition
repositioned my side view mirrors
flipped on my wipers
checked my rear and began to drive
then to my surprise right before my eyes
the mic handed me a blunt and said "try this on for size"
I smiled wide with pride
'cause I knew we'd be alright
I put my game face on and screamed out loud "let's ride!"

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check

I live to rip apart a bitch MC
I reign supreme like the knowledge in BDP
in a battle of minds free
busted right through the diaphragm
impregnating the mic with a desire to understand
that I might have a higher plan

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check