

# 2Pac, The Case Of The Misplaced Mic

2pac (DJ Bizzy)

They finally did it (whats that?)  
They stole the mic i grip  
Now that its Gone (whats wrong?)  
I'm feelin' tired and sick  
(How did they do it?) I don't know I wasnt sleepin that long  
When i woke up (what happened brotha?)  
My Microphone was gone  
First I panicked (how?)  
I put the cops on the case  
But they was stumped (damn)  
Without a clue or a trace  
So as sure a smoking cigarettes is bad for your health  
If i want my microphone back I'll find it myself  
So I picked up the phone (For what?)  
I called Dizzy (Whats up?)  
My Mics gone (Wurd?)  
Lets get Busy  
Before I told Dizzy what I wanted to Do  
He was over at my house with the TMS crew  
He said (Word is out on every mouth on the street  
Now that its gone its not long 'til your beat)  
And then it hit me (DAMNNN)  
I got a battle at 6  
With out my microphone  
I'm guaranteed to get whipped  
Ya might think its unbelievable  
But word to the strength  
When it comes to rockin rhymes  
Im a musical nimth  
They Gave me other mics  
But yo it wasn't no use  
I tried to rock it (one-two one-two)  
But I couldn't get loose  
I said forget it  
Ya microphone or not  
And I got to do this  
Give it all that I got (Yo what if ya loose?)  
It'd be the first time I lost  
But if I beat 'em it'd finally prove that I'm the boss  
I grabbed my leather jacket  
Walked through the streets  
Was hopin and payin  
Strictly dope won't get beat  
I begin to get hyped  
I was ready to fight  
Yo I was confident that I win  
To hell with the mic!  
I hop on to the stage  
Dizzy started the beat  
The sucka shivered  
Because he tasted defeat  
Then I signaled to Dizzy  
Bust a rhyme wit my head  
Perpetrator fell back (HA!)  
And then he was dead  
I was happy as hell  
'Cause I was lucky that night  
Put my hand in my pocket  
And there was my mic  
haha