

# A, Me my microphone

Yeah son

Im the true son

What you wanna do son

Yo this a story about me and my first love nah mean?

Yeah son hit it off

We hooked up at a party it been then ever since

When I first stepped to her I was nervous and tense

Didnt know was bout to kick, I went freestyle

Straight off the top, with suckas on the side just clocked

She musta liked my flow, cuz after that we got close

Spending long weekends freakin up and down the east coast

We got intimate, deep as the pacific

The chemistry was meant to be so then we ran without the ministry

Up in this industry tryin to get this platinum

Many rappers tried to tap her, it wasnt happenin

I watched her from afar, starin at her like a fan

And now I got her in the palm of my right hand

Forever, as long as we can stick together

I guarantee you we blow up, cuz wit em Im a trend setter

We signed a contract said yo, its me and you

Meet you at the top of the charts, where the skys blue

[Chorus]

[Q-Tip] Yo yo yo God bless a child that can hold his own

[A ] Its just me, myself and my microphone

[Q-Tip] Yo you gotta stick wit it dun you cant leave it alone

[A ] Its just me, myself and my microphone

[Q-Tip] No matter where you plug it on the road or at home yo

[A ] Its just me, myself and my microphone

[Q-Tip] Yo God bless a child that can hold his own

My girl cant understand all this time we spend together

I tried to tell her

Its strictly business, she said she had a witness

Who saw us comin out the hotel

Nosy people always gotta run and go tell

But it was just a tour date I had to do a show

So next time tell your friend to talk what she know

I wouldnt trade this shit for the world

In fact you better check yourself, cuz I can always find another girl

The microphone is my first love my true companion

When I rap into it people think that Im romancin

Im havin visions, Im foldin it tight

Just me and you a phat trackll lead the spotlight

[Q-Tip] Right

[A ]

We been through the ruckus together

Handle that beef

MCs got damaged in cyphers on they own streets

So ladi dadi, forget a shotty

I put a hole in your body wit my lyrics when I rock it uhh

[Chorus]

I hit her in the back of a club and no one showed her love

In fact it was a seminar you know how some women are

Takin up my time, I tried to stay committed

Kedar and the Smith brothers made me stick wit it

Now we politicn, on a mission tryin to make decisions

To keep her on the cut and work just like a circumcision

Static in our relationship, its all distorted

The lines of communication, they got shorted

I cant ignore it, you know I couldnt afford it

To have this world tour planned for us abort it

Now Im on some shit, rollin wit my clique

The mic is my companion thats all and thats it baby

[Chorus]

Like that one time for your mind

For real son, keep it real son  
Me and my microphone stayin together forever  
A and Q-Tip like this  
Smith brothers in the spot you know what Im sayin