

Tu Pac**"The Case Of The Misplaced Mic"**

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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 (DAMNNNN)

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

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