

## A Plea For Purging "Me & My Microphone"

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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 circumcission  
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

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