

A

"Me & My Microphone"

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featuring Q-Tip

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

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