

## The Case of the Misplaced Mic

2pac

They finally did it (what's that?) They stole the mic I grip  
Now that it's gone (what's wrong?) I'm feelin' tired and sick  
(How did they do it?) I don't know I wasn't sleepin' that long  
When I woke up (what happened brother?)

My microphone was gone

At first i panicked (how?) I put the cops on the case  
But they were stuck (damm?) Without a clue or a trace  
So sure as smokin' 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

Dizzy: what's up?

My mic is gone

Dizzy: Word?

Let's get busy

Before I could tell Dizzy What I wanted to do  
He was over at my house with the TMS crew  
He said

Dizzy: Word is out in every mouth

In the street now that your mic is gone  
It's not long yill your beat And then it hit me (Damm)  
I got a battle at six

Without my microphone I'm guaranteed to get whipped  
U might think it's unbelivable But word to the strenght  
when it comes to rockin' rhymes I'm a musical nymph  
They gave me other mics But yo it wasn't no use  
I tried to rock One two one two

But I couldn't get loose I said forget it

My microphone or not I gotta do it

Give it all that I go (What if u loose?) It be the first time I  
lost

But if I beat 'em I'll finally prove I'm the boss  
I grabbed my leather jacket Walked through the streets  
Suckers was hopin' and preyin Strictly Dope would get beat  
I begin to get hyped I was ready to fight  
Yo I was confident that I'd win  
To hell with the mic

I hopped up to the stage Dizzy started the beat  
suckers shivered cause he Tasted defeat  
Then I signaled to Dizzy Bust a rhyme off my head  
Perpetrator fell back (Huh?) And then he was dead  
I was happy as hell Cause I was lucky that nite  
Put my hand in my pocket And there was my mic

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STRICTLY DOPE IN THE HOUSE