

'Twas the height of the night  
and I was deep in my sleep  
in the middle of REM like Michael Stipe  
my sheets were soaking wet  
covered in sweat  
abruptly awakened  
my hands were shaking when I realized there was nothing left  
they robbed me blind  
but left a note with a location and time  
the last line said "bring your dopest rhyme"  
my eyes slowly shifted with delight to my golden mic  
designed specifically for a night like tonight  
ya damn right

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check

Jumped in my ride with my golden mic at my side  
thinkin' me and my mic were like bonnie and clyde  
out on a mission  
turned on the ignition  
repositioned my side view mirrors  
flipped on my wipers  
checked my rear and began to drive  
then to my surprise right before my eyes  
the mic handed me a blunt and said "try this on for size"  
I smiled wide with pride  
'cause I knew we'd be alright  
I put my game face on and screamed out loud "let's ride!"

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check

I live to rip apart a bitch MC  
I reign supreme like the knowledge in BDP  
in a battle of minds free  
busted right through the diaphragm  
impregnating the mic with a desire to understand  
that I might have a higher plan

1,2,1,2, it's a mic check, 1,2,1,2, microphone check