

## Microphone

This ain't a microphone; it's a microscope  
It's like a slideshow of my whole life up close  
This ain't a microphone; it's a microwave  
Ultraviolet blazes inside this cave  
This ain't a microphone; it's a microchip  
A device to flip memory bites through my lips  
It's nothin' but a mic, though, when I go home  
It's the cyclone life of the microphone

This mic dangles loose at the end of a black chord  
Like a hangman's noose in front of the dance floor  
Each night paying dues I stand on a trap door  
And I'd like to thank the muse at the plentiful rap source  
'Cause my slang and language use is gonna pass the course  
So crank the juice and let the energy blast forth  
I'm gonna be forced to take advantage of this amplification  
To state my plans for this planet's emancipation  
I understand if your wastin' away, waitin' for the chance to take an  
Extended vacation, spendin' your pay-cheque  
Spinnin' in place in a panic, anticipatin'  
The end of creation; man, I've been in that state and  
I've managed the transformation to a standing ovation  
With this mic in my hand facin' crowds of people, just trustin'  
That we can work out beef with nothin' but speech and percussion  
Peaceful discussion and powerful beat production

Weak speakers crack when this mic feeds back  
Screeches travel through the tweeters jacked up with each pass  
And when people react to these unique speech acts  
It creates an equally fast species of feedback  
I need that positive twist to write these raps  
The props that I get increase my peak capacity  
And my abilities increase the props that I get  
It's a simple and deep fact of cause and effect  
When the tree sap's runnin', I ain't stoppin' for breath  
The only problem is stress and system overload  
If they're not given proper rest microphones can blow  
The equipment connected; it's a risk the poet knows  
And I've got to accept it when I'm kickin' my poems  
Most are written at home, long before they enter the light  
Hand printed and typed songs invented at night  
Eventually might get launched into the mic

I used to suffer 'mic lust', and drool when I saw them

But when I touched and tried to bust, I knew I was rotten  
So I withdrew from performin' and kept writin' new songs  
Not the type to rush to rock a mic tattoo on my arm  
Now I finally feel like I'm just movin' along  
With no excuses or those wrong-headed abuses of charm  
That people use to get on stage, replacin' the real  
Relationships built with microphones based on skill  
It's more than just the taste of a meal that makes it appeal  
It's more than just the shape or the face on the bill  
That dictates its place in the till or the amount of it  
Beware of counterfeit poets at shows who don't know how to spit  
The mic proudly sits above MCs' debates  
Power-trips and picks out victims like the Three Fates  
But the system predates the green age of the icon  
In days bygone poets rhymed without mics on

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