

Puff Daddy F/ Mase, Carl Thomas, Notorious B.I.G.

"R.A.K.I.M"

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Ra! (*repeat 7X*)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

R: Rugged and rough that's how I do it

A: Allah who I praise to the fullest

K: Keep it moving, I: Stand alone

M: It's my crown, my world, my throne

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo when Rakim Allah attack, it's a wrap y'all relax

The arm in that, you show me where the party's at

Seminars and tracks, hors, comas, and cardiacs

Broads and cats screaming "Oh my God he's back"

Just imagine, I hit the lab and get it crackin'

A thousand styles in one verse, rhythms will switch
patterns

Chicks get stabbed in the back, till they get spasms

Known to spit a magnum, or split an atom

Who woulda known that Jesus would come back to the
ghetto

On that level, and that thorough, like a black hero

And pack metal, so rap rebels, will back pedal

The pharaoh of five boroughs, and take over the rap
world

Gettin' bizarre, hardcore, this is for y'all

The crib or the park, play it when you get in the car

Chill at the bar, sip somethin' or split a cigar

Get with your dogs, don't be alarmed, this kid is the
bomb

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Uh, yeah yo, I used to paint this flow, on ancient scrolls

And learn ta, make this dough, where gangstas roll

Think like the late great Capone when the bank is
closed

It's cats that claim they bold, but they ain't this cold

I'm from New York City even pretty chicks act up

Niggas get clapped up, you stack up, they stick that up

Put the strap up, you think my name was "Kid back up"

Big niggas (spittin' noise) pick that up, or lift that up
Raised by gangstas and gamblers, hustlers, con artists
And convicts, killers and dons
Drug dealers, playas and pimps, smooth talkers
Stick up kids, thugs, real niggas and gods
Haunted by every soul that lay dead in the turf
Close by every spirit, that never made it to birth
Since the Moon separated from Earth
That's why they say I'm the greatest that ever
orchestrated a verse
It's the

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ay yo, we toast to that, it's the cat that broke backs
To a soul slap, a smoke a track, how dope is that
Poet for rap, wrote backs that most slack,
That know rap before they turned coke to crack
To my dogs hearin' sirens on and firearms
Outcome die in wars or behind iron bars
The boulevard, tire frauds when I evolve
Try and rob, my dialogue, I am God
Chicks moan just to get next to my throne
And sniff my cologne and get Ra alone
Sex spot's at home, I'm testosterone
Caress spots, stress drops, bedrock's the bone
Hit the floor, it's hot for 2003
Hit's galore, who rock a style as wild as me
Rest assure, when I rock dance crowds and scream
Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim it's the

[Chorus] - 6X

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