

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

"When I'm Flowin"

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Yes yes y'all, check it out y'all (repeat 2X)

Chorus: Rakim

(Yo) I find a show, rhyme til it's time to go
I'm designed to blow, my mind's inclined to flow
Yo, my M.O., makin all kind of dough
From the info that Rakim show, y'know?

Verse One: Rakim

Yes yes y'all, I still fiend by any means
to flow, and I go through extremes don't intervene
My adventures show like a three dimensional screen
Cause I mention many things and I'm presentin many
scenes
Guess I'm telegraphic, motions energentic
Better tell em forget it, cause I'm telekinetic
Crowds is screamin, I choke the mic and keep squeezin
Styles seemin like I used a thousand words without
breathin
Bustin techs like Russian Roulette I doubt you win
Freestyles like hand grenades without the pin
Composin, then leave the mic full of corrosion
Don't test this, or best to expects this explosion
At shows I spit flows with seven deadly venoms
Killin syllables with poisonous synonyms in em
Ideas is blowin, mics is blowin
from what I'm showin, see it, I keep it goin when I'm
flowin

Chorus

Verse Two: Rakim

When I'm flowin, theoretically speakin like a drummer
I take you through the streets to the parks in the
summer
or illustrate, a time and place you never been in
and make you focus on the future after seein the
beginning

And my style wilds, like Miles on the trumpet
Volume dial was kind of low, need to pump it
Up another notch turn the dial til it stops
More watts you got, more things to watch
Third eye's wide open, you're focused on the theory
Keep scopin til you hear me, words is spoken clearly
It's no smokescreens on the scenes that I'm showin
Man I keep it goin, damn I keep it flowin

Chorus 2X

Verse Three: Rakim

Two pages cause panic, freestyles is frantic
Thoughts is organic, flow is aerodynamic
Mic is volcanic, rhymes spread across the planet
I send out the scribe now the vibes gigantic
Now, I'm internationally known, mental capacities
blown
I hope your microphone's accident prone
Raw footage is shown, but only showin scenes of my
own
Leavin your periphereal vision in a zone
But not the twilight, from the insight that I write
and recite, in my mic'll be bright, cause I like
the night glowin, it's out of sight when I'm showin
Man I keep it goin, damn I keep it flowin

Chorus 2X

Verse Four: Rakim

Yo, accurate tactics "Make Em Clap to This"
When I "Move the Crowd", my "Rhythm" still don't miss
Breeze through melodies cause "It's Been A Long
Time"
My "Lyrics" is "Fury" and rappers hate to hear me
rhyme
Every antidote that I quote, is "No Joke"
Nobody's smilin "In The Ghetto" from the notes I wrote
My high techniques wreck and disrepect beats
Have you "Follow-in The Leader" up and down the
streets
So "Kick Along" as I rip a song with pull
As the rhyme goes on I get "Paid In Full"
It's Rakim, I'm indicatin rhymes for the showin
Check it out y'all, I keep it goin when I'm flowin

Chorus 2X

Straight up, Rakim Allah the Fiend of the Microphone

still flowin
You know? One love to ? comin through your livin room
soon, straight up
?, one love
The whole tri-state, one love
Rakim Allah baby, y'know?
It's on, what, check it out y'all, check it out

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