

Rakim f/ Lil' Fame

"I'm Back"

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[Rakim]

Yeah, with no further adieu
You know who it is
Uh, ghettos across the world
Yo this is what they want
New York City, it's what they need
East Coast to West Coast, it's what it is
Across seas, worldwide baby

[Verse 1 - Rakim]

Aiyyo we stuck in a time of drought, nothin to rhyme to
about
Ghetto of crime on the grind, pull an iron out
Industry cryin out, major labels buyin out
Who put the fire out? Real Hip Hop is dyin out
Sound like the perfect time for Ra to set off the new
beginnin
Let me finish where Nas left off
I went to L.A. to get with Dre, we tried to bridge the gap
and
Take night, mix it with day, I guess it wasn't meant to
happen
My move, a lotta dudes hope I lose but it's cool baby
I'm like Ray, I make it "Do what it do" baby
Bounce like medallions till it's off the chain
And I remain up in the lab till it's engulfed in flames
Just call me "Too Hot", the same old hood look like a
new spot
A new block, like Times Square and Forty Doo Wop
Without the gun on my Hip, I bring the new Hop
For Scott LaRock, Freaky Ty, L Eye, Biggie Smalls and
Tupac

[Hook - Lil' Fame]

So where my goons at? - Stand up! We right here!
Where my thugs at? - Stand up! We right here!
And all the OGs - Stand up! We right here!
Bounce for yourself homie, make yourself be heard
But you don't have to dance, play it cool and listen
Cause you know what this is, we give 'em the business
Your crew is number 1 if not best and better

Here's a hit, The 18th Letter

[Verse 2 - Rakim]

This is hell and hell is where the storm is, drugs sellers
killed for cornets

Death is here to haunt us, the president's still in office
The heavens hear the horrors, and let us feel what war
is

Deadly weather spill before us, to sever seals upon us
Rakim up here begin to fear the end is here, your
goners

Stiff as Rigarmortis, now let 'em feel the chorus
The God spit, I'm still here y'all, stick for real
performance

Record deals and tourin, my rep is still enormous
I hit the block or party and mommies be watching
pappy

The show get smashed, photographed by the
paparazzi

My army's on it highly, don't bring no drama by me
It's deadly, period, point-blank slash kamikaze

The alpha and omega, no doubt an innovator
In front of your bodega it's the style originator
You doubters and you haters, Ra bout to end your data
With writer's block, I'm off the top without the pen, no
paper

The archaeologist let y'all acknowledge it
Then I start the apocalypse, then watch the god
demolish it

I heard the news, there's a dude they wanna hear from
Take it from square one, lace up them air ones
Then bring the new commandments to the planets
For livin life in the hood and for the music fanatics
It's for dimes and dons and for my love of writing
songs

When the club mic is on I'm on my justice cipher, hold
back

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