

Sara Evans and Warren Brothers**"I Ain't No Joke"**

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[Rakim]

I ain't no joke, I use to let the mic smoke
Now I slam it when I'm done and make sure it's broke
When I'm gone, no on gets on, cause I won't let
nobody press up, and mess up, the scene I set
I like to stand in the crowd, and watch the people
wonder "Damn!"
But think about it, then you'll understand
I'm just an addict, addicted to music
Maybe it's a habit, I gotta use it
Even if it's jazz or the quiet storm
I hook a beat up, convert it into hip-hop form
Write a rhyme in grafitti and, every show you see me in
Deep concentration, cause I'm no comedian
Jokers are wild, if you wanna be tamed
I treat you like a child, then you're gonna be named
Another enemy, not even a friend of me
Cause you'll get fried in the end, when you pretend to
be
competing, cause I just put your mind on pause
And I complete when, you compare my rhyme with
yours
I wake you up and as I stare in your face you seem
stunned
Remember me? The one you got your idea from
But soon you start to suffer, the tune'll get rougher
When you start to stutter, that's when you had enough
of
biting it'll make you choke, you can't provoke
You can't cope, you shoulda broke, because I ain't no
joke {*echoes*}

[Eric B. scratches]

[Rakim]

I got a question -- it's serious as cancer
Who can keep the average dancer
hyper as a heart attack, nobody smilin
Cause you're expressin, the rhyme that I'm stylin
This is what we all sit down to write
You can't make it so you take it home, break it and bite

Use pieces and bits of all my hip-hop hits
Get the style down pat, then it's time to switch
Put my tape on pause, and add some more to yours
Then you figured, you're ready for the neighborhood
chores
A E-M-C-E-E don't even try to be
When you come up to speak, don't even lie to me
You like to exaggerate, dream and imagine
Then change the rhyme around, that can aggravate me
So when you see me come up, freeze
Or you'll be one of those seven MC's
They think that I'm a new jack, but only if they knew that
they who think wrong are they who can't do that
style that I'm doin, they might ruin
Patterns of paragraphs, based on you and
your offbeat DJ, if anything he play
sound familiar, I'll wait 'til E. say
"Play 'em," so I'ma have to diss and bro
you can get a smack for this, I ain't no joke {*echoes*}

[Eric B. scratches]

[Rakim]

I hold the microphone like a grudge
B'll hold the record so the needle don't budge
I hold a conversation cause when I invent
I nominated, my DJ, "The Presdient"
When I see you I'll, kick a freestyle, goin steadily
So pucker up, and whistle "My Melody"
But whatever you do, don't miss one
There'll be another rough rhyme after this one
Before you know it, you're followin and fiendin
Waiting for the punchline, to get the meanin
Like before, the middle of my story I'm tellin
Nobody beats the R, so stop yellin
Save it, put it in your pocket for later
Cause I'm "Moving the Crowd," and B'll wreck the fader
No interruptions 'til the mic is broke
When I'm gone... then you can joke!
Cause everything is real on a serious tip
Keep playin, and I get furious quick
And I'll take you for a walk through hell
Feed your dome -- then watch your eyeballs swell
Guide you out of triple stage darkness
When it get dark again... then I'ma spark this
microphone, cause the heat is on, you see smoke
And I'm finished when the beat is gone, I'm no joke
{*echoes*}

[Eric B. scratches to the end]

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