

Cuff Links

"Once Upon a Rhyme in Japan"

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[VERSE 1: Rakim]

Aiyo, once upon a rhyme, but way across the maps and seas

In a time that's hard, all we have is dreams

In a place surrounded by casualties

B-boys and girls wear caps and jeans

They have to fiend, infected by rap's disease

But prepared to die for all of rap's beliefs

They love real hip-hop, real tracks and MC's

And can't stand cats that like to rap for cheese

It ain't all about the gat to squeeze

VS-1's or SUV's or even stacks of g's

They love thuggin but still they like to catch a breeze

They love clubbin so they go and crash the scene

Where the queens treat their men like kings, Your Majesties

DJ's trickery spins the wax with ease

On the dancefloor spinnin on they backs and freeze

Where MC's kick rhymes in Japanese

[CHORUS: Rakim (2X)]

So Japan

Let me see you wave your hand

Yo Japan

Let me see you wave your hand

It's the J to the a to the p-a-n

The R to the a to the k-i-m

[VERSE 2: Rakim]

They said, "I heard Ra was comin to town I hope he'll show

We know he can flow, open the show so he can blow for Tokyo"

Nobody shut the whole town down since Godzilla

Think of the sickest thing you even seen - Ra's iller

I brought the drama for Yokohama, I rock a party

For Osaka and Hiroshima and Nagasaki

(??) until they hear us over in Russia

Yo, who's that clutchin the mic, the club rusher

The man you've been askin for after all

You can't ask for more, it's the ambassador

Rap's diplomat with Japan's welcome mat
Rap well over tracks, I get welcomed back
It's a honor that I'm the one you'd call to rhyme
So when I write I'ma always keep y'all in mind
And I'ma keep spittin like this all the time
But right now this is the time for y'all to shine

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Rakim]

[Japanese], rock the instrumentals
Think I hear one now, stop the limo
Roll down the window and follow the Indo
Women go, "Ooh ah [Japanese] there Rakim go"
Do I love the way y'all get down? Man, listen
This is the land of the turntable technicians
With a can graffiti artists can make a wall glisten
And rhymes, it's a whole new language that y'all spittin
I told my peeps in New York City that y'all ghetto
I told Cali to spread the world: y'all thorough
From Chi-Town and the Dirty South they all shouted
Told my rollies down in New Orleans that y'all bout it
And peace to N-i-g-o, you move crowds
To my man with the magic marker, Futura 2 thou
We all make sure it's new styles to learn
Until then - Rakim shall return

[CHORUS]

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