

## **Eminem**

### **"R.A.K.I.M. - (Rakim)"**

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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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