

## **Eric B. & Rakim "I Ain't No Joke"**

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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 one gets on 'cuz I won't let  
Nobody press up and mess up the scene I set  
I like to stand in a 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 in to hip-hop form  
Write a rhyme in graffiti in, every show you see me in  
Deep concentration 'cuz I'm no comedian  
Jokers are wild if you wanna be tame  
I treat you like a child then you're gonna be named  
Another enemy, not even a friend of me  
'Cuz you'll get fried in the end when you pretend to be

Competing 'cuz I just put your mind on pause  
And I can beat you when you compare my rhyme wit'  
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 should of broke because I ain't no  
joke

I got a question, as serious as cancer  
Who can keep the average dancer  
Hyper as a heart attack, nobody's smiling  
'Cuz you're expressing the rhyme that I'm styling  
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 the hip-hop hits  
Get the style down packed then it's time to switch

Put my tape on pause and add some more to yours

Then you fake it, you're ready for the neighborhood  
chores  
The 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 doing, they might ruin  
Patterns of paragraphs based on you and  
Your offbeat DJ, if anything he play  
Sound familiar, I'll wait till E say  
Play 'em, so I'ma have to dis and bro  
You could get a smack for this, I ain't no joke

I hold the microphone like a grudge  
B'll hold the record so the needle don't budge  
I hold a conversation 'cuz when I invent  
I nominated my DJ the president  
When I'm see I'll, people freestyle, going steadily  
So pucker up and whistle my melody  
But whatever you do, don't miss one  
They'll be another rough rhyme after this one

Before you know it, you're following and fiending  
Waiting for the punch line to get the meaning  
Like before the moral of my story I'm telling  
Nobody beats the R, so stop yelling  
Save it, put it in your pocket for later  
'Cuz I'm moving the crowd and B a record fader  
No interruptions till the mic is broke  
When I'm gone, then you can joke

'Cuz everything is real on a serious tip  
Keep playing and I get furious quick  
And I take you for a walk through hell  
Freeze 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 'cuz the heat is on, you see smoke  
And I'm finish when the beat is gone, I'm no joke

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