

## **Eric B. & Rakim "Know The Ledge"**

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Sip the juice, I got enough to go around  
And the thought takes place uptown  
I grew up on the sidewalk where I learned street talk  
And then taught to hawk New York  
I go to Queens for queens to get the crew from  
Brooklyn  
Make money in Manhattan and never been taken  
Go Uptown and the Bronx to boogie down  
Get strong on the Island, recoupe, and lay around

Time to bulid my juice back up  
Props back up, suckers get smacked up  
Don't doubt the clout, you know what I'm about  
Knocking niggaz off, knocking niggaz out  
Shaking 'em up, waking 'em up  
Raking 'em up, breaking 'em up  
Standing on shaky grounds too close to the edge  
Let's see if I know the ledge

Corners' trifling 'cuz Shorty's here  
I get cock-d liffin' forty's of beer  
Here's a sip for the crew that's deceased  
If I get revenge, then they rest in peace

Somebody's got to suffer, I just might spare one  
And give a brother a fair one  
Stay alert and on "P's"  
And I do work with these like Hercules  
Switch to southpaw, split your right jaw  
'Cuz I don't like y'all, I'm hype when night fall  
Smooth but I move like an army  
Bulletproof down in case brothers try to bomb me

Putting brothers to rest like Elliot ness  
'Cuz I don't like stress  
Streets ain't a place for innocent bystanders to stand  
Nutting's gonna stop the plan  
I'll chill like Pacino, kill like DeNiro  
Black Gambino, die like a hero  
Living on shaky grounds too close to the edge  
Let's see if I know the ledge

Shells lay around on the battleground  
Dead bodies are found throughout the town  
Tried to put shame in my game to make a name, I'm a  
Put it on a bullet, put it in your brain  
Rip the block like a buckshot  
Who cares where it goes, just keep the casket closed  
No remorse when a life is lost  
I paid my dues, paid the cost

And my pockets are still fat  
Wherever I'm at, I get the welcome mat  
Even if my crew steep with one deep  
I attract attention, people like to peep  
So come, say, hi, to the badguy  
Don't say goodbye, I don't plan to die  
'Cuz I get loose and I got troops  
And crazy juice

In control of many like Ayatollah Khomeini  
Hang out wit Smith and Wesson, don't try to play me  
I'm at war alot, like Anwar Sadat  
But no warning shot, my gun is warm alot  
When I cook beef, the smoke will never clear  
Areas in fear but this here's a fear  
Living life too close to the edge  
Hoping that I know the ledge

A brand new morn, no time to yawn  
Shower's on, power's on  
Late for school, I catch the train  
Girls sip "Cristal" and whisper my name  
I push up like an exercise  
Check the intellect and inspect the thighs  
Select the best one, pull her to the side  
Keep her occupied for the rest of the ride  
Read my resume she's know I'm 'ready cool  
Just meet me after school

We can moan and groan until your mom come home  
And you be calling me Al "dope" Capone  
Sweatin' me, she didn't want to let me loose  
Come get me, that's if you want to sip the juice  
'Cuz the streets await me, so I take my gun off safety  
'Cuz alot of niggaz hate me  
Coming out of the building, they set me up  
Sprayed wit automatics, they wet me up  
In a puddle of blood, I lay close to the edge  
I guess I didn't know the ledge

