

## **Greensboro Ln.**

### **"This is How it Should Be Done"**

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[ The E ]

OG Style is in the house  
My man Ed Jack is in the house  
And Rap-A-Lot Records is in the house  
MC Devine is in the house  
The King Lil J is in the house  
My man Cliff Blodget is in the house  
We got Big Chief in the house  
My man Doug King go turn it out  
Yo  
Hey yo Boss, yo, we gettin ready to get funky  
You know what I'm sayin  
On the tip of gettin crazy paid  
Droppin the funky Payback album  
So yo, why don't you rock some funky stuff and eh  
I'ma rock some freestyle lyrics and eh  
we gon' do it like that  
Come on, come on

(This is how it should be done) -> Rakim

[ VERSE 1: The E ]

I'm not the sucker imitator with rhymes that sound  
conventional  
It's the E and it's my intention to  
Innovate your mind, not to waste your time  
To compete you needn't speak, I'm controllin the rhyme  
Is it the lyrics that I'm usin, the suckers I'm abusin?  
If you think about it you'll come to this conclusion  
The E, your MC, the elected to be  
The independent, not contended, always cause a  
controversy  
With the rhymes that I say, the style that I use  
Vocabulary at its peak, I'm bound to confuse  
All those suckers like you which have been mislead  
Make a dollar here and there, that ain't really no bread  
I'm a scholar, people holler everytime I speak  
The words I say when I play make the song complete  
I'ma freelance, the way I rhyme some call me a poet  
I intrigue those who study me, not braggin, I know it  
I'm the classiest act when the party is packed

Suckers step to the back, it's the style that they lack  
But I'm tryin, defyin, denyin those who thought they will  
beat me  
Defeat me, but now they're gonna wish they coulda  
chilled  
Relax, it's the suckers I wax  
If they try to talk back, yo, they get a smack

[ VERSE 2: The E ]

Universally known as the king of the throne  
I'm like a lion, I'm a killer, the stage is my own  
I'm ( ? ) and DJ Boss rides the crossfade  
I devour suckers with my lyrical lay  
I'm cool plus my momentum which is one of the  
symptoms  
Of being elite, I'm down, you think you want some?  
Tough to the letter, keep you warm like a sweater  
You think that you're good, I'm better  
However, my tip-top condition helps the transition  
You wanna battle but you're no competition  
On the real tip I rock you, well yo, you know my records  
sell  
My rhymes are intractable, laced with a gel, hell  
Still I'm inclined with the funky rhyme  
Heaven-sent to present with a cool design

[ VERSE 3: The E ]

A microphone magician, MC tactician  
Down with OG and got plenty ambition  
Those who intrude seem blunt but rude  
But I annihilate rappers that seem confused  
So don't irk me or jerk me or try to overwork me  
Or publish my material just to aggravate me  
Son, cause I'm second to none  
No razzle dazzle, just E rhymin over a cool drum  
Sent to propel and raise some hell  
Reactivate what I demonstrate to make you yell  
My ( ? ) performance will impose the inferior  
Cause I'm super, short for superior  
Too cool to be a wanna be, yo, so I'ma have to be  
No matter what it adds up to, you can't get with me  
Bad to the bone, the title E I own  
I'm rulin this throne, so leave me alone

(This is how it should be done)

Yo Boss, I think the check is in the mail, gee  
Get funky  
Yeah, and I wanna send peace to my main man Ant  
Jack  
You know what I'm sayin?

He gets busy  
Yeah  
And OG Style, we Audi 5000

(This is how it should be done)

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