

Rakim

"When I Be On The Mic"

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Hardcore, real ill niggas
I'm internationally known
When I be on the mic

Hardcore, real ill niggas
I'm internationally known, yo

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Hardcore, real ill niggas
So all hail the honorable

It's to my real ill niggas, heavyweight hitters
Dough getters, fifty ways to make figures
My niggas, that come on the spot to feel sisters
Like they hear real spitters and kids on the zigga-
ziggas

When it's ugly, then the club is lovely
Thugs be sipping Hennessey and bubbly
To my comrades that keep it flaming hot
On dangerous blocks, claiming spots

Where the goal is to be one of the top-ranked soldiers
Forty-five holders, one of the high rollers
Get respect in the hood, credit is good
Knock it down lumberjack style, baby, extra wood

Rock it all night long, the bang-a-thon baby
Keep hanging on, we like it with the lights on
Don't have to blow twenty thou' to get to know honey's
style
Show her the town, steal her heart, no money down

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How about some hardcore, yeah, we like it raw for sure
Broads on the floor, wall to wall

There's more at the door, players ball to score
'Cause this right here is for all of y'all

Rakim and Primo, yo I got what you need bro
You go see a show, smoke an' I, mean yo
And deejays play hits with hard bass kicks
And then they display tricks like the matrix

Make the record fly undetected by the naked eye
So just feel the vibe 'cause your ears never lie
Nowadays deejays bags of tricks, graphic
On some behind the back shit, catch it and scratch it

Classic, this kid got his craft mastered
Hands is mad quick like he mix with magic
Spin it back and forth and grab it and know just where it
is
There it is

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To my elite peeps with the murderous mystiques
I hit the streets with beats and they critique for weeks
They be like, "How that kid ra reach the peak? "
Pull out the heat and use my technique to speak

It's dangerous, sit calm and explain to kids
What part of the game this is and foreign languages
They hold Ra's events in different continents
Put my lyrical contents in monuments

In ghetto garments, I rock a towel like a pharaoh
Mind travel, design style like apparel
My fashions last long as a lifetime
'Cause I can see the future when the God write rhymes

They're mad 'cause I managed to reign so long
Like their chance to make money done came and gone
This is strictly for my listeners on the corners at night
And the sisters that be keeping this right when I be on
the mic

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