

Rakim

"Word On The Sreet"

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I left the set...
They need me, like, "Where he go?" ...To bed.
He's still off the heezy, yo! The kid spit, weezy. But,
easy? No.
I make it, hard to read me, graffiti flow...

East to West, the world wanna see me blow.
Syndicated, like your favorite T.V. show. I get respect,
and get a check, from cd's sold. The President, Record
Exec', from C.E.O.

Ra's still killin' 'em. Block's; still fillin' 'em. Knots; still
peelin' 'em. (HOT!) Still reelin' 'em. Real as them. Drop!
Sell millions. Seventh Seal, here it come. Ra's chillin',
top buildin' spot's still feelin' him.

Papi in Puerto Rico, UK's King Harold. The Bronx; I'm
Carlito, the block; I'm Raw Ghetto. Jamaica; I'm Ja', and
Rio' know my M.O. Japan; It's, (Kwa tachi gua la Kimo.) -
(Japanese??)

It don't matter where you at, O.T. or on the same block I
rep'.
(You know!) All come from the same Struggle. (I know!)
You understand my lingo. So, no matter, wherever, I
know you got my back. (Yes.) And if it ever pop off, I'm
gone' react! You see, the word on the streets...
.. Is the world got our back, so we NEED... To send LOVE
wherever we go!

When I'm flowin', my master craft is demographic, it's
growin'. I check the status, then let 'em have it. The
chosen; Rakim is classic, time, so far past it. Masses
won't grasp it, till I'm in the casket.

When I'm zonin'...
I've seen it all, like, "Casualties of War" before it
happened. Perhaps, my pen is magic. Unloadin'. Mic
chokin', smoke, keep clappin', till it's broken. Pop open,
like emptyin' a ratchet.

Black-Berry Benzino. Guts is red. Black and Cherry

Timb's, and feet, so stuffed with bread. The lee-low.
Seein' ya group, like I'm duckin' the Fed's. Ra's still on
fire, like I puff with dreads.

"Studio-Gangster-Talk-Tough" is dead. My 16's a slug
stuck in your head... Enough said. This is for fans, and
neighborhood's, celeb's. Baby girl, let's hit the club.
Hurry up, get dressed. So, let's go!

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It's Hip-Hop, when DJ's throw it on in the club, and
watch... Mami's drop and start warmin' it up. They get
hot. Bartender puts some more in the cup. Thugs hear
it outside, start stormin' the club.

It Don't Stop! Once it's on, we enjoyin' the buzz. Inhale
the song in your lungs, it's as strong as a blunt, or raw
rocks off of the block. The audience bump, till the cops
run in the spot, like I'm wanted for drugs.

I party with Mami's, with Bacardi and they zombies.
Sophisticated hotties, that ride with me on Ducatis.
Fit bodies in they Armani's, mix Karate with Pilates.
Yeah, they hobby's with Papi put tsunami's in their
punanys.

The God stay fly, it ain't hard to aim high. Like I'm
armed with a launcher, or a Don on they grind. Ra'
displays rhymes, it's the crime, dark or day time. Like a
mobster sprays 9's, I'm a monster, ain't I?

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New York City.
Detroit.
ATL.

The Westcoast.
The Midwest...
.. Across seas.

R. A. K. I. M.

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