

Soundtracks

"Rakim - R.A.K.I.M"

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CHORUS

R - Rugged and rough thats how I do it
A - A Law who I praise the fullest,
K - keep it moving
I - stand alone
M - its my crown, my world, my throne..

(Repeat)

Verse 1

hey yo we rockin a log shack,
its a rack, ya all relax, the almanac,
just show me where the parties at,
simmin all of that, call, coma's and cardiac's
bra's and cats screamin on my god he's back,
just imagine, I hit the lab and get it crackin,
a thousand styles in one verse, riddled to switch
patterns,
chicks get stabbed in the back, till they get spasm,
known to spit a magnum or split an atom,
who would have known that jesus would come back to
the ghetto,
on that level and that ferral, like a black hero,
with pack medals, so black rebels, who backpedal,
ta ferral with five levels and take over the rap world,
gettin bizarre, hardcore, this is for yall,
get over the park, playing when you get in the car,
chill at the bar, sip something but split a cigar,
get with ya dawgs, i'm gettin on, schemin the bar, its
the...

CHORUS

Verse 2

yeah, yo, I used to make things blow when makin
stroll's, (??)
and learn ta make this dough where gangsta's roll,
think like the late, great ca pone, when the bank is
closed,
its cash-in (??), claim they bold but they aint this cold,
i'm from the dog city, even pritty chicks act up,

cause they get claped up and stack up, they stick that
up,
put the strap up, you think my name was kid, back up,
big nigga's (Huck), pick that up or lick that up,
raised by gangsta's and scandlers, hustlers,
con artists and convicts, killers and dawgs,
drug dealers, players and pimps, smoothe talkers,
stick up kid, thugs, real nigga's and god's,
haunted by any, swallen, lay dead in the turf,
cursed by every spirit that never made it to birth,
since the moon seperated from earth, thats why they
saying,
i'm the greatest that ever orchistrated a verse, its the...

CHORUS

Verse 3

hey yo, toast to that, its the cat, it burns back to a soul
clap,
a smoker track, how dope is that, po-per rap, rope
backs, demo stacked,
and know that before they turn coke to crack,
to my dawgs, settin sirens on and firearms, out come
die'in wars,
and behind iron bar, to pull above entire brows with
iron ball, (??)
tryin rob, my dialog, I engolf,
chicks know this and get next to my thrown and sniff
my calone,
and get right along, sex pots at home and
testosterone,
corress, ice, dress drops, and my bed rocks the room,
hit the floor, its time for two thousand three, its galore,
who rock the style as wild as me, rest ashore,
when I rock dance crowds, they scream, dis malore,
I rock my album Rakim, its the...

CHORUS x 2

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