

# Eric B. & Rakim, Microphone Fiend

(feat. Eric B.)

I was a fiend before I became a teen  
I melted microphone instead of cones of ice cream  
Music orientated so when hip-hop was originated  
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated  
'Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say, "Yes y'all!"  
They tried to take it, and say that I'm too small  
Cool, 'Cause I don't get upset  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet  
Back to the lab ...without a mic to grab  
So then I add all the rhymes I had  
One after the other one, then I make another one  
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done  
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine  
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?  
I'm raging, ripping up the stage and  
Don't it sound amazing 'cause every rhyme is made and  
Thought of, Cuz it's sort of...an addiction,  
Magnatized by the mixing  
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, you're stuck in  
The mic is a drano, volcanoes erupting,  
Rhymes overflowing, gradually growing  
Everything is written in the cold, so it can coincide,  
my thoughts to guide,  
48 tracks to slide  
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim  
Spread the word, 'cause I'm in  
E-F-F-E-C-T  
A smooth operator operating correctly,  
But back to the problem, I gotta habit,  
You can't solve it, silly rabbit  
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when  
I fiend for a microphone like herion  
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix  
Gimme a stage and a mic and a mix  
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of  
unawareness? Beware, it's the reanimator!  
A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon  
An assassinator, if the people ain't stepping  
You see a part of me that you never seen  
When I'm fiending for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend...

[Verse 2:]

After 12, I'm worse than a Gremlin  
Feed me Hip-hop and I start trembling  
The thrill of suspense is intense, your horrified  
But this ain't the cinemas of "Tales From the Darkside",  
By any means necessary, this is what has to be done  
Make way 'cause here I come....  
My DJ cuts material....  
Grand imperial.  
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me,  
It's inherited, it's runs in the family  
I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back,  
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack.  
Now I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off  
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off!  
Ladies and Gentleman, You're about to see  
A pasttime hobby about to be  
Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see, I'm  
Hype as a hyperchondriac 'cause the rap be one-  
Hell of a antidote, something you can't smoke  
More than dope, you're trying to move away but you can't, you're broke

More than cracked up, you should have backed up  
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up  
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber  
One on one and I'm the remainder!  
So close your eyes and hold your breath,  
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death  
Before you go, you'll remember you seen  
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend

The microphone fiend...