

# Rakim, Move The Crowd

Verse one:

Standing by the speaker, suddenly I had this  
Fever, was it me or either summer madness  
Cuz I just can't stand around  
So I get closer and the closer I get, the better it sound  
My mind starts to activate, rhymes collaborate  
Cuz When i heard the beat, I just had to make  
Something from the top of my head  
So I fell into the groove of the wax and I said  
How could I move the crowd  
First of all, ain't no mistakes allowed  
Here's the instruction, put it together  
It simple ain't it but quite clever  
Some of you been trying to write rhymes for years  
But weak ideas irritate my ears  
Is this the best that you can make?  
Cuz if not and you got more, I'll wait  
But don't make me wait too long coz I'm a move on  
The dancefloor when they put something smooth on  
So turn up the bass, it's better when it's loud  
Cuz I like to move the crowd  
Move the crowd...

Verse two:

Imagine me wit the heat that's made by solar,  
It gets stronger everytime I hold a  
Microphone, check the tone to get started  
The line for the microphone is departed  
So leave it up to me, my DJ is mixing  
Everyone is moving or eager to listen  
Your hands in the air, your mouth, shut!  
Cuz I'm on the mic and Eric B is on the cut  
For those that know me, indeed I like to flow  
Especially when the music's going slow  
It gives me a chance to let everybody know  
It's time to bust out the Rakim show  
I'm the intelligent wise on the mic I will rise  
Right in front of your eyes cuz I am a surprise  
So I'ma let my knowledge be born to a perfection  
All praise due to Allah and that's a blessing  
Wit knowledge of self, there's nothing I can't solve  
At 360 degrees, I revolve  
This is actual fact, it's not an act, it's been proven,  
Indeed and I proceed to make the crowd keep moving  
Move the crowd...