

Eminem, R.A.K.I.M.

Ra! (*repeat 7X*)

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

R: Rugged and rough that's how I do it

A: Allah who I praise to the fullest

K: Keep it moving,

I: Stand alone

M: It's my crown, my world, my throne

[Verse 1]

Aiyyo when Rakim Allah attack, it's a wrap y'all relax

The arm in that, you show me where the party's at

Seminars and tracks, hors, comas, and cardiacs

Broads and cats screaming "Oh my God he's back"

Just imagine, I hit the lab and get it crackin'

A thousand styles in one verse, rhythms will switch patterns

Chicks get stabbed in the back, till they get spasms

Known to spit a magnum, or split an atom

Who woulda known that Jesus would come back to the ghetto

On that level, and that thorough, like a black hero

And pack metal, so rap rebels, will back pedal

The pharaoh of five boroughs, and take over the rap world

Gettin' bizarre, hardcore, this is for y'all

The crib or the park, play it when you get in the car

Chill at the bar, sip somethin' or split a cigar

Get with your dogs, don't be alarmed, this kid is the bomb

[Chorus]

[Verse 2]

Uh, yeah yo, I used to paint this flow, on ancient scrolls

And learn ta, make this dough, where gangstas roll

Think like the late great Capone when the bank is closed

It's cats that claim they bold, but they ain't this cold

I'm from New York City even pretty chicks act up

Niggas get clapped up, you stack up, they stick that up

Put the strap up, you think my name was "Kid back up"

Big niggas (spittin' noise) pick that up, or lift that up

Raised by gangstas and gamblers, hustlers, con artists

And convicts, killers and dons

Drug dealers, playas and pimps, smooth talkers

Stick up kids, thugs, real niggas and gods

Haunted by every soul that lay dead in the turf

Close by every spirit, that never made it to birth

Since the Moon separated from Earth

That's why they say I'm the greatest that ever orchestrated a verse

It's the

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

Ay yo, we toast to that, it's the cat that broke backs

To a soul slap, a smoke a track, how dope is that

Poet for rap, wrote backs that most slack,

That know rap before they turned coke to crack

To my dogs hearin' sirens on and firearms

Outcome die in wars or behind iron bars

The boulevard, tire frauds when I evolve

Try and rob, my dialogue, I am God

Chicks moan just to get next to my throne

And sniff my cologne and get Ra alone

Sex spot's at home, I'm testosterone

Caress spots, stress drops, bedrock's the bone

Hit the floor, it's hot for 2003

Hit's galore, who rock a style as wild as me

Rest assure, when I rock dance crowds and scream

Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim it's the

[Chorus] - 6X