

Eric B And Rakim, Don't Sweat The Technique

Don't sweat the technique (2x)

Let's trace the hints and check the file,
let's see who bit to detect the style.
I flip the scripts so they can't get foul,
at least not now, it'll take a while.
I changed the pace to complete the beat,
I dropped the bass so MC's get weak.
For every word they trace is a scar they keep
cause when i speak, they freak
and Sweat the Technique.
I made my debut in 86',
with a melody and a presidents mix.
And i will stay on target
and refuse to miss.
And i still make hits with beats,
parties, clubs, 4 cars, and Jeeps.
My underground sounds vibrate the streets.
MC's wanna beef, then i play for keeps...
When they Sweat the Technique.

Don't Sweat the Technique

They wanna know how many rhymes i've ripped and rep.
But researchers haven't found all the pieces yet.
Scientists try to solve try to solve the context,
philosophers are wondering what's next.
Pieces are took to last who observe them.
They couldn't absorb them, they didn't deserve them.
My ideas are only for the audience ears.
For my opponents, it might take years.
Pencil's and Pens are swords.
Letters put together form a key to chord.
I'm also a sculpture, born with structure.
Because of my culture, I rip and destruct the,
difficult styles that'll be for technology.
Complete the sights and new heights after i get deep.
You don't have to speak, just seek.
And peep the technique.

But don't sweat the technique.

I speak in discreet, cause talk is cheap.
Then i get deep and the weak then complete their
pull with a seat, never weak or obsolete.
they never grow old, techniques become antiques.
Better than something brand new, cause this is radiant.
And the wild style'll have much more volume.
Classical, too intelligent to be radical.
Masterful, never irrelevant: mathematical.
Here's some soothing souvenirs for all the years.
They fought, and sought, the thoughts and ideas.
It's cool when you freak to the beat,
But Don't Sweat the Technique.

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