

# Eric B & Rakim, I Ain't No Joke

I ain't no joke I use to let the mic smoke  
Now I slam it when I'm done and make sure it's broke  
When I'm gone I wrote this song cuz I won't let  
Nobody press up and mess up to seen I set  
I like to stand in a crowd and watch the people wonder damn  
Bu think about it then you'll understand  
I'm just an addict addicted to music  
Maybe it's a habit I gotta use it  
Even if it's jazz or the quiet storm  
I hook a beat up convert it in a hip-hop form  
Write a rhyme in graffitti in every show you see me in  
Deep concentration cuz I'm no comedian  
Jokers are wild if you wanna be tame  
I treat you like a child then you're gonna be named  
Another enemy, not even a friend of me  
Cuz you'll get fried in the end if you pretend to be  
? Can be? cuz I just put your mind on pause  
And I can beat you when you compare my rhyme wit yours  
I wake you up and as I stare in your face you seem stun  
Remember me, the one you got your idea from  
But soon you start to suffer but you only get rougher  
When you start to stutter that's when you had enuff of  
Biting it, I make you choke, you can't provoke  
You can't cope, you should of broke cuz I ain't no joke

I got a question, it's serious as cancer  
Who can keep the average dancer  
Hyper as a heart attack nobody smiling  
Cuz you're expressing the rhyme that I'm styling  
This is what we all sit down to write  
You can't make it so you take it home, break it and bite  
Use pieces and bits of all the hip-hop hits  
Get the style down pack then it's time to? swit?  
Put my tape on pause and add some more to yours  
Then you figure you're ready for the neighborhood chores  
The E-M-C-E-E don't even try to be  
When you come up to speak, don't even lie to me  
You like to exaggerate, dream and imagnate  
Then change the rhyme around, that can aggravate me  
So when you see me come up, freeze  
Or you'll be one of those 7 MC's  
They think that I'm a new jack but only if they knew that  
They who think wrong are they who can't do that  
Style that I'm doing, they might ruin  
Patterns of paragraphs based on you and  
Your offbeat DJ, if anything he play  
Sound familiar, I'll wait til E say  
Play 'em, so I'ma have to dis and broke  
You could get a smack for this, I ain't no joke

I hold the microphone like a grudge  
B'll hold the record so the needle don't budge  
I hold a conversation cuz when I invent  
I nominated my DJ the presdient  
When I'm see I'll, people freestyle, going steadily  
So pucker up and whistle my melody  
But whatever you do, don't miss one  
They'll be another rough rhyme after this one  
Before you know it, you're following and fiending  
Waiting for the punchline to get the meaning  
Like before the middle of my story I'm telling  
Nobody beats the R so stop yelling  
Save it, put it in your pocket for later  
Cuz I'm moving the crowd and be a record fader

No interruptions and the mic is broke  
When I'm gone, then you can joke  
Cuz everything is real on a serious tip  
Keep playing and I varies quick  
And take you for a walk through hell  
Feed your dome then watch your eyeballs swell  
Guide you out of triple stage darkness  
When it get dark again then I'ma spark this  
Microphone cuz the heat is on, you see smoke  
And I'm finish when the beat is gone, I'm no joke