

# Eric B. & Rakim, Let The Rhythm Hit 'Em (12" Vo

Let the rhythm hit 'em

I'm the arsenal  
I got artillery, lyrics of ammo  
Rounds of rhythm  
Then I'm 'a give 'em piano  
Bring a bullet-proof vest  
Nothin' to ricochet  
ready to aim at the brain  
~Now what the trigger say  
Tempos triflin'  
Felt like a rifle  
Massage 'n' melodies  
Might go right through  
Simultaneously like an Uzi  
Nothin' can bruise me  
Lyrics let up when lady say don't lose me  
So re-load quickly  
And you better hit me  
While I'm lettin' this fifi get wit me  
You steppin' with .007  
Better make it snappy  
No time to do your hair, baby  
Brothers are bustin' at me  
Beats and bullets pass me  
None on target  
They want the R hit  
But wtch the god get  
Quicker, the tongue is the trigger  
'Cause I'm real fast  
Let off some rhythm at 'em  
Let 'em feel the blast  
Penetrate at a crazy rate  
This ain't no .38  
Hit 'em at point blank range  
And watch 'em radiate  
Runnin' out of ammunition  
I'm done wit' em  
You ask me how I did 'em  
I let the rhythm hit 'em

I push a power that's punishable  
Better be a prisoner  
The hit man is the  
Brother wit' charisma  
Showing you that I have  
Powerful paragraphs  
Followers will become leaders  
But without a path  
Ya mentally paralyzed  
Crippled ya third eye  
Rhymes are blurred  
Then it occurred that you heard I  
Reduced the friction with crucifixion  
Let loose the mix then  
Boost the piston  
Eric hit 'em with' some of that  
Cut like a lumberjack  
And me gettin' hit back  
It won't be none of that  
I'm untouchable  
You see me in 3-D  
When I let the rhythm hit another M.C.  
Lyrics made of lead

Enters your head  
Then eruptions of a mass production  
Will spread when  
Music is louder  
Full of gunpower  
Microphone machinery  
When I see a crowd of  
Party people pumpin'  
Their fist like this  
Ya hide in the back  
Thinkin' that I might miss  
But the R is accurate  
Plus I'm packed up with  
Educated punch lines that  
I have to hit  
Whatever I aim at  
I line 'em up  
Ya body is weak, feel with pain  
That time is up  
You been hit with somethin'  
Different, isn't it?  
Rakim is gonna radiate and nothing's equivalent  
Nothin' can harm me  
Why try to bar me  
You couldn't come around to rob with a army  
You'll get wrecked by the architect  
So respect 'em  
I disconnect 'em, soon as I inject 'em  
With radiation  
Put 'em by the basement  
Bust his chest open  
Bash his face in  
Let it split 'im  
Since he brought his main man wit' 'im  
He ask me how I did 'im  
I let the rhythm hit 'im  
Let it hit 'im

Dance floor's dangerous  
Packed in like a briefcase  
Rhyth with ral rough rhyme  
Beats with deep bass  
Girls with tight pants  
Maybe they might dance  
Tonight if the Rs on the mike  
There's a slight chance  
The crowd is crucial  
M.C.'s grounds are neutral  
Now that you're here let me introduce you  
Get ready  
I'm hard read like graffiti but steady  
Science I drop is real heavy  
Radiant energy, that'll be the penalty  
Touch the third rail on the pain of remedy  
The prescription's one every hour  
Now it's a havoc  
If ya need another hit from the freestyle fanatic  
Attention: follow directions real close  
Keep out of reach of children  
Beware of overdose  
Too many milligram  
But what made a iller jam  
My rhyme is the rhythm of thoughts  
That kill a man  
I deas for the ear to fear

Might split 'im  
He'll never forget 'im  
He'll rest in peace wit' 'em  
At least when he left he'll know what hit 'im  
The last breath of the words of death  
Was the rhythm

Now throw you hands in the air and yo, go  
Rakim will do the rest of this slow  
If I speed they know you'll blow the hell up  
If I slow up, catch up, hell no  
Wicked as I kecked it  
Don't need to remix it  
'Cause I prefixed it  
Reversed and switched it  
To perform to perfection  
Section for section  
Rhymes keep connectin'  
Ya guessin' what's next an'  
Blood pressure rise as ya damn near lost it  
Ya hit the ground burnin' and woke up frostbitten  
'Cause when I explained ya can't complain for pain  
Travel through the brain hit a vein  
Then remain, let it radiate  
Vibes will vibrate  
Why did you violate  
Now I'm 'a have to let the style brak  
Moans now the tone is ingrown  
After this here's thrown, gimme another microphone  
Before I get that fifi I met  
Whisper I wanna reach your intellect  
Kiss her 'cause I wanna give her the most respect  
So I shine and let the write reflect  
Hold 'er, mold 'er, make 'er feel older  
Lay her on my shoulder  
EEverything I told her  
Makes her feel secure whenever I'm wit' 'er  
And you know how I did 'er  
Me and the rhythm hit 'er