

# Eric B. & Rakim, Of Fury

Verse one:

I'm rated "r";...this is a warning, ya better void,  
Poets are paranoid, dj's d-stroyed,  
'cause I came back to attack others in spite-  
Strike like lightnin', it's quite frightenin'!  
But don't be afraid in the dark, in a park,  
Not a scream or a cry, or a bark, more like a spark;  
Ya tremble like a alcoholic, muscles tighten up,  
What's that, lighten up! you see a sight but,  
Suddenly you feel like your in a horror flick,  
You grab your heart then wish for tomorrow quick!  
Music's the clue, when I come your warned,  
Apocolypse now, when I'm done, ya gone!  
Haven't you ever heard of a mc-murderer?  
This is the death penalty, and I'm servin' a  
Death wish, so come on, step to this  
Hysterical idea for a lyrical professional!  
Friday the thirteenth, walking down elm street,  
You come in my realm ya get beat!  
This is off limits, so your visions are blurry,  
All ya see is the meters at a volume,  
Pumping lyrics of fury!

It's a ....fearified freestyle!

Terror in the styles, never error-files,  
Indeed I'm known-your exiled!  
For those that oppose to be level or next to this...  
I ain't a devil and this ain't the exorcist!  
Worse than a nightmare, you don't have to sleep a wink,  
The pain's a migraine every time ya think,  
Flashbacks interfere, ya start to hear:  
The r-a-k-i-m in your ear;  
Then the beat is hysterical,  
That makes eric go get a ax and chops the wack,  
Soon the lyrical format is superior,  
Faces of death remain,  
Mc's decaying, 'cause they never stayed,  
The scene of a crime every night at the show,  
The fiend of a rhyme on the mic that you know,  
It's only one capable, breaks-the unbreakable,  
Melodies-unmakable, pattern-unescapable,

A horn if want the style I posses,  
I bless the child, the earth, the gods and bomb the rest,  
For those that envy a mc it can be,  
Hazardous to your health so be friendly,  
A matter of life and death, just like a ethch-a-sketch,  
Shake 'till your clear, make it disappear, make the next,  
After the ceremony, let the rhyme rest in peace,  
If not, my soul'll release!  
The scene is recreated, reincarnated, updated, I'm glad you made it,  
'cause your about to see a disasterous sight,  
A performance never again performed on a mic:  
Lyrics of fury!

A fearified freestyle!

The "r" is in the house-too much tension!  
Make sure the system's loud when I mention  
Phrases that's fearsome...  
You want to hear some sounds that not only pounds but please your eardrums;

I sit back and observe the whole scenery,  
Then nonchalantly tell you what it mean to me,  
Strictly business I'm quickly in this mood,  
And I don't care if the whole crowd's a witness!  
I'm a tear you apart but I'm a spare you a heart,  
Program into the speed of the rhyme, prepare to start,  
Rhythm's out of the radius, insane as the craziest  
Musical madness mc ever made, see it's  
Now an emergency, open-heart surgery...  
Open your mind, you will find every word'll be  
Furier than ever, I remain the furture,  
Battle's tempting...whatever suits ya!  
For words the sentence, there's no resemblance,  
You think you're ruffer, then suffer the consequences!  
I'm never dying-terrifying results,  
I wake ya with hundreds of thousands of volts,  
Mic-to-mouth resuscitation, rhythm with radiation,  
Novicane ease the pain it might save him,  
If not, eric b.'s the judge, the crowd's the jury...  
How do I plead to homicide?  
Lyrics of fury!

They're getting furier! a fearified freestyle!