

Rakim, Cold Feeling

[Intro: Rakim]

Yeah (allowed it)

Guess who (Raahaaaah)

Uhh, Ayatollah (allowed it)

From the song (Raaah)

[Verse 1: Rakim]

Let the games begin, it's nothing but pain for them

I - don't - play - I - win

I got plain again that's why I came again

It's the R-A-K-I-M

Come through in a by, lean low like I'm doin a crime

Empty ya nines and bend in the dime

Thoughts hard to find that's why I got 'em losin they mind

I'm bettin rhymes, til the end of times

Shame on some, can't wait til the fame is done

You can curse if you pray for the day to come

Stay with the gun, stay in the slum, stay number 1

To the day the earth drift away from the sun

I meditate and let the ancient spirits speak through the pen

So every word I display a true or a gem, or holdin the grim

Still shootin two in ya men

If you think the world's greatest can't do it again

[Chorus](4x)

There's a cold, cold feeling in my heart

[Verse 2: Rakim]

Yo, in the life for thuggin, we like to get high from puffin

Forty-five is bustin, like live percussion

Will them thighs be bobbin

That's why we try to stay alive in hustlin

But some of us die for nothing

Try to clock on the block, that's horn it with boats on it

With Ghetto Legends to America's Most Wanted

Lost souls in the crossroads of sidewalk

Life is soft when you live and die in New York

You've been wrong before

You'll be missin til your picture's on the wall

On the side of a corner store

Either flowin on tour, or goin to war

I was born to ball what the f**k is wrong wit y'all

I wrote the scripture

My lyrics just spoken with a flow

There's no vision whole hit in the motion picture

Watchin the style you see +Apocalypse Now+

And you can feel what I feel when I'm rockin the crowd

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Rakim]

From beyond the stars, it's the fiend Rah

With a God's spoon to bomb my 16 bars

So when they aks why you grievin huh

Doin my shit ain't bizar

Tell 'em you just seen God

Broads is panick cause Black Jesus is track divas

And packin fiend it's just like heaters, causin panick

Although I'm organic, my rap reaches to where the track

Devious speakers Ra's off the planet

Focus and click I'm unseen so you hope it's a glimpse

Foto reflexes of Total Eclipse

I put the world in a state of a let-up

The way I'm puttin in work

Yo, stay out the way or get hurt
As I mastercrash that allow me to stash the cash
This is the shit, they don't have to blast
So grab your glass, and your grass, and your hash
Cause this is just the beginning of the Aftermath

[Chorus]
No doubt
Word
Thug Baby
New York City