

# Rakim, Eric B. Is President

I came in the door, i said it before  
I never let the mic magnetize me no more  
But it's biting me, fighting me, inviting me to rhyme  
I can't hold it back, I'm looking for the line,  
Taking off my coat, clearing my throat  
My rhyme will be kicking it until I hit my last note  
My mind'll range to find all kinds of ideas  
Self-esteem makes it seem like a thought took years to build  
But still say a rhyme after the next one  
Prepared, never scared, I'll just bless one  
And you know that I'm the soloist  
So Eric B, make 'em clap to this

I don't bug out or chill or be acting ill  
No tricks in '86, it's time to build  
Eric B easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed  
Cuz to me, MC means move the crowd  
I made it easy to dance to this  
But can you detect what's coming next from the flex of the wrist  
Saying indeed that I precede cuz my man made a mix  
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix  
If they can get some around until there's no rhymes left  
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death  
But he's kicking it because it ain't no half stepping  
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept in-  
Side, it needs erupting just like a volcano  
It ain't the everyday style of the same old rhyme  
Because I'm better then the rest of them  
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim

Go get a girl and get soft and warm,  
Don't get excited, you've been invited to a quiet storm  
But now it's out of hand cuz you told me you hate me  
And then you ask what have I done lately  
First you said all you want is love and affection  
Let me be your angel and I'll be your protection  
Take you out, buy you all kinds of things  
I must of got you too hot and burned off your wings  
You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up  
I'm scheming like I'm dreaming on a couch wit my feet up  
You scream I'm lazy, you must be crazy  
Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me

Funky...