

# Rakim, How I Get Down

[Rakim]

Before the dough came, my whole aim, was blow like propane  
Control the whole domain, and then show no shame  
Make rappers go ? and they so lame, playin with no game  
Put em on the lil plane til they can't claim no fame  
I got, the range, better, stay in the slow lane  
I make the flow change from hurricanes to a slow rain  
Your thoughts are so plane, I rearrange your whole frame  
until my whole name grow out your brain like Rogaine  
Letter by letter, I put words together  
Once merged, apart never, they be heard forever  
and then I grab a pen and stab him in his abdomen  
and smash him in, throw his mic like a javelin  
Then I explain verses, that remain on the surface  
At times it get deep, but I never defeat the purpose  
Never go out, to go the dough route, forever hold out  
I never sold out, for any amount, no doubt  
Chorus: Rakim (repeat 2X)

That's how I get down, so tell me how you like that  
I hit the town, hold it down on a tight track  
I start a party now - everybody like rap  
Haters are mad cause they gave the R the mic back

[Rakim]

I like to hang where e'rythang seem to happen at (y'know?)  
It's Ra's habitat, I'm like that czar Arafat  
And yes I have a gat, snap like a Israeli  
A terrorist I never miss blowin up kids daily  
I step to writers, and let my virus hurt the closest  
I'm sick as hepatitis and worse than tuberculosis  
Pull out a pen, like a grenade, and drop it quick  
I strike again and I'ma get paid, exotic shit  
You know the God ra be, hot as the Mojave  
Swing like King Usabi, my posse be kamikaze  
On the corners like I'm homeless and I, don't know where home is  
The bonus, is where the next open microphone is  
Me and my team, vision like a radar screen  
Intervene and yo, cut the mic off, cause Ra fiend  
to show the whole world some of the things I seen  
then blow it up, like Edi Amin, yaknahmean?

Chorus

[Rakim]

I do a thang thang, I write the songs they sing  
Make sure that they swing, from New York to Beijing  
Put your thoughts in the sling and your brain is gangrene  
Pull in the ring, repeatin and sayin the same thing  
Xerox, zero, no match, you ditto  
copy machine, couldn't reprint my ??  
My new style, that I produce now's beyond two-thou'  
I knew how, since a juvenile, to make a ka-pow  
When the night's fallin, I can hear the mic callin  
I like ballin, I cut back like Mic Jordan  
This is for y'all while I'm spittin literatures  
Lyrics'll ball like Allen Iverson dribble the ball  
They hopeless - whoever approaches my high explosives  
My vision sadicious, and freestyle's ferocious  
I wrote this, words flew over my head like a locust  
I turned the beat up, sat back, and stayed focused  
Chorus