

Rakim, In The Ghetto

Planet Earth was my place of birth
Born to be the sole controller of the universe
Besides the part of the map I hit first
Any environment I can adapt when it gets worse
The rough gets goin the goin gets rough
When I start flowin the mic might bust
The next state'll shake from the power I generate
People in Cali used to think it was earthquakes
Cause times is hard on the boulevard
So I bogard and never get scared I'm god
But it seems like I'm locked in hell
Lookin over the edge but the R never fell
Or tripped or slipped cause my Nikes got grip
I stand on my own two feet and come equipped
Any stage I'm seen on the mic I feind on
I stand alone and need nothin to lean on
Goin for self with a long way to go
So much to say but I still flow slow
I come correct and I won't look back
Cause it aint where you from it's where you at
Even the "Ghetto"
I learn to relax in my room and escape from New York
Take a trip through the womb of the world as a thought
Thinkin how hard it was to be born
Me being cream with no physical form
Millions of cells with one destination
To reach the best part that's life's creation
Nine months later a job well done
Make way cause here I come
Since I made it this far can't stop now
There's a will and a way and I got the know-how
To be all there is to be and more
To see all there is to see before
I'm called to go back to the essence
It's a lot to learn so I studied my lessons
I thought the ghetto was the worst that could happen to me
I'm glad I listened when my father was rapping to me
Cause back in the days they lived in caves
Exiled from the original man and strayed away
Now that's what I call hard times
I'd rather be here to exercise the mind
Then I take a thought around the world twice
From knowledge the form back to knowledge precise
Across the desert that's hot as the Arabian
But they couldn't cave me in cause I'm the Asian
Reaching for the city of Mecca visit Medina
Visions of Nefertiti then I seen her
Mind keeps travelin I'll be back after I
Stop and think about the brothers and sisters in Africa
Return the thought through the eye of a needle
For miles I fought and I just fought the people
Under the darks skies on a dark side
Not only there but right here's an apartheid
So now is the time for us to react
Take a trip through the mind and when you get back
Understand your third eye seen all of that
It aint where you from it's where you at
Even the "Ghetto"
No more props I want property in every Burrough
Nobody's stoppin me because I'm thorough
Rhymes I make give me real estate for me to own
Where ever I bless a microphone
Double O seven is back and relaxin
On point and reactin and ready for action

I'm so low key that you might not see me
Incognito and takin it easy
Quiet is kept on a hush hush
In front of a crowd I get loud as a bum rush
But calm keep a low pro and play the background
Hoping the wack rappers put the mic back down
So rip it break it in half go ahead and slam it
Cause when it's time to build I'm a mechanic
I'm bondin and mendin attachin and blendin
So many solos there is no ending
People in my neighborhood they know I'm good
From London to Hollywood where ever I stood
Footprints remain on stage ever since
Sidewalks and streets I leave fossils and dents
When I had sex I left my name on necks
My Trademark was left throughout the projects
I used to get rich when I played c-lo
When I rolled 4,5,6 they go we know
So I collect my cash then slide
I got my back my gun's on my side
It shouldn't have to be like that
I guess it aint where you from it's where you at
Even the "Ghetto"