

# Rakim, It's The R

(1st verse)

Aye yo it's Mr. Low-key you need to go see  
the host by far a mostly o.t., with a brand new show but  
you know how the flow be.

Cause when I swerve, you observe it closely  
if you smoke trees, smoke more than an o-z.

Mix any kind of dope with me, you o-d.

You get the c-d, l-p c.o.d.

Poetry cause you to fully load the V.

Drop place to place be crazy over me.

Even different nationalities, over seas.

However do a don't emcee, you know me. G-o-d.

She know she d-o-e, so show me.

Even with no jewelry she call me goldie,  
like a Jacuzzi she overheat an o-g.

Like sushi swimin' in a open sea. I'm comin'.

(Instrumental Chorus)

(2nd verse)

She said it's the same since I came and rained it's still hard.

You can stimulate the brain, feel the god.

It's hard to go against the grain, it's real large.

Drive'em insane leave dames in silk bras.

Plus real cups spill, spill that bars.

What's the deal kids with Hennessy grills they feel charged.

And you know what time it is? It's still Ra's.

When I do a show real far they steal cars.

Stages of battle field reveal your scars.

Train hard, cause this is a game with ill squads.

Play with pain and gain a couple of yards.

And if you know the drear, you can deal the cards.

And appeal to broads with jobs and ov-e-ods.

Body parts like buns of steel and spa's.

Then we can kick tha blahzay blah, smoke a cigar.

While I get ma-na-massage.

I'm comin'.

(Instrumental Chorus)

(3rd verse)

From the inner city to the suburbs, the street poet.

The most jiggiest kid with words, and peeps know it.

They've read about it and heard, plus t.v. show it.

So how do I reserve my swerve? I low pro it.

Now there eager to know just how deep the flow get.

I don't know yet, sometime the flow be so wet.

Spit a tech that will effect quicker than moet.

Or high as anything you smoke yet, go ahead roll it.

Any microphone I hold, my heat blow it.

My emo is make more doe till I can't fold it.

Anything I see or touch, I wanna own it.

Drop a jewel in baby girl ear, now she my co-ed.

I re-load and she keep the candy coated,

and when she know she can't control it.

She tell me she about to blow at any moment.

Well go ahead baby I can't hold it. I'm comin'