

Rakim, Microphone Fiend

I was a fiend before I became a teen
I melted microphone instead of cones of ice cream
Music orientated so when hip-hop was originated
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated
'Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say, "Yes y'all!"
They tried to take it, and say that I'm too small
Cool, 'Cause I don't get upset
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet
Back to the lab ...without a mic to grab
So then I add all the rhymes I had
One after the other one, then I make another one
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?
I'm raging, ripping up the stage and
Don't it sound amazing 'cause every rhyme is made and
Thought of, Cuz it's sort of...an addiction,
Magnatized by the mixing
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, you're stuck in
The mic is a drano, volcanoes erupting,
Rhymes overflowing, gradually growing
Everything is written in the cold, so it can coincide,
my thoughts to guide,
48 tracks to slide
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim
Spread the word, 'cause I'm in
E-F-F-E-C-T
A smooth operator operating correctly,
But back to the problem, I gotta habit,
You can't solve it, silly rabbit
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when
I fiend for a microphone like herion
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix
Gimme a stage and a mic and a mix
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of
unawareness? Beware, it's the reanimator!
A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon
An assassinator, if the people ain't stepping
You see a part of me that you never seen
When I'm fiending for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend...
(Verse 2:)
After 12, I'm worse than a Gremlin
Feed me Hip-hop and I start trembling
The thrill of suspense is intense, your horrified
But this ain't the cinemas of "Tales From the Darkside",
By any means necessary, this is what has to be done
Make way 'cause here I come....
My DJ cuts material....
Grand imperial.
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me,
It's inherited, it's runs in the family
I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back,
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack.
Now I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off!
Ladies and Gentleman, You're about to see
A pasttime hobby about to be
Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see, I'm
Hype as a hyperchondriac 'cause the rap be one-
Hell of a antidote, something you can't smoke
More than dope, you're trying to move away but you can't, you're broke
More than cracked up, you should have backed up
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber

One on one and I'm the remainder!
So close your eyes and hold your breath,
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death
Before you go, you'll remember you seen
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend
The microphone fiend...