

# Rakim, Musical Massacre

(Take that microphone from that kid and heat it up)  
I keep the mic hot I heat it up kid  
I keep the mic hot I heat it up (x2)  
Mic check y'all  
Then throw it to the floor  
The crowd wanted more so I came in the door  
The great Rakim papermates to the pen  
Knowledge is born and the light strikes again  
Elements burst and gave birth to the first  
Get the pen from the nurse and hook the mic up first  
When it absolutely positively has to be there on time  
I deliver a rhyme  
The heckler of hip hop, hop to this one  
I got more kid, they hate to miss one  
Style got jazz and the crowd's out of control  
Cause I've got the mic and I've got the soul  
New York's own microphone technician  
Thoughts'll give 'em visions  
Style'll make you listen  
Devastates the ear, my opponents can't see me  
I gave 'em directions, but wrote it in graffiti  
But they wanna know my m.o. ease back though  
They want the exact flow, then study my steelo  
Sketch the skit, but they still can't see what I did  
I heat the mic up kid  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)  
Then I explode with a song with a original form  
Or I'll perform it at high mode, they want the code  
Destroyed the blueprints and documents and hits  
Crews been, um, looking for clues ever since  
Beats start brewing up, rhymes is rough  
Stages and microphones self-destruct  
And when you thought you had the format down pat  
You get kicked back to the doormat with that  
Cause I've got a high tech style with know-how  
Select the file watch the crowd go wild  
Bad beats to bless the females' finesse  
Points shot stress causing cardiac arrest  
Mics too hot for you to hold in your hands  
Now they sell 'em with fifteen fans and mic stands  
Mine still overheats, if you touch it you can see what I did  
I heat the mic up kid  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)  
If his opponents'll run a rap, tell 'em ease back  
I've got a knapsack with hip hop attacks  
Stacks of artifacts, formats in the act  
Tracks after mics, and you can't relax  
Rakim's equipped with penmanship  
Left my penmate, I could graduate from Penn State  
I could take any trade and make a high grade  
Even get extra credit when the rhyme's displayed  
As soon as I manifest, they cheat off my test  
Surround my desk and then stress the progress  
But they miss the point, forget the skit  
I'll bust your lip if you rip the script  
Brother's ain't cool and I'mma smoke up the room  
And I've got a crew called the last platoon  
Figure it out kid, problems coming  
Emcees are running cause I'm the gunman  
Extremely dangerous I bust rhymes into the crowd  
And watch 'em all scream out loud  
Aw man, and then I slam like a batteram

Ra got the plan with your favorite jam  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid  
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)  
The last platoon  
Rakim  
You know what I mean?  
And I'm out