Rakim, Real Shit

Yeah
It's the paragraph ambassador
The wild style fashioner
It's the god Rakim, the master
Feel this

(1st verse)
This is that lost ass track off-the-rack kind of a track
You forced to rap, remember that? It's that
You know where I'm at, there go the gat
Pass me a bat, the kill-or-be-killed kind of attack
Steamin' ___, speedin' navigatin' the map
Negotiating with a chick, she got her head on your lap, ya hand on your gat
Premeditated plan of attack, with two of your most deadliest mens in the back
Comb the block, stop in the zone that's hot
Get out like you own the spot, home or not
It's that no mood to play, move out the my way
Yo, I been whistlin' this tune from throughout the day
Hey, yo, this is that ol' y'all niggas don't wanna battle
Turn it up loud make the whole block rattle
Boom boom- this one is gettin' blazin' hot
Boom boom- make you bust another shot from the Glock

(Chorus)
From the streets below to everything above
To the heart that pumps Ra-kim Allah's blood
I swear I kick a hole in your speaker and pull the plug
You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues
From the streets beneath my feet to the sun
I'm number one and competition is still none
And I'm gonna keep kicking holes in your speakers and pullin' plugs
You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

(2nd verse)
Here we come now
Turntable spin like a merry-go-round
Never slow down, depending on how good your stereo sounds
Set it, up in the hood where we go surround
Tearin' through towns, turn 'em into burial grounds
This is the track that made Theodore wanna scratch
The track that caused the first kid to spin on his back
And then we saw, kids spray-painting the wall
While some of y'all was waitin' for war breakin' the law
It's no antidote it's what you can't provoke
So just relax with your girls or your mans and smoke
And take a real hit, soon as it bang you feel quick
It's real thick, this is that ol' real shit
This is the description of designs for you to listen to
Reminiscin' the times and nothin' in particular
Keep you goin' just like a whole pot of coffee
Have you and your shorty doin' 80 in a 40

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(3rd verse)
You know what this is
Yeah kid, give up your riches

Vicious, visions is not for motion pictures
Unstoppable, rollin' witcha sickest clique of niggas
Or witcha missus, gettin tropical kisses
Makin' faces, anticipatin' places her tongue hits
Suck her neck or just peck, better to funk it
The EP is in effect from dusk to sunset
She want a rim shot all over her drum set
Jump the bed rubbin' your head- it's rough sex
50 ways to keep a love wet
Down and up the steps with crazy positions left till she upset
"Damn, baby, you ain't come yet?"
Hell, no- doomstick big as a elbow
Gel soft, well blow, give him a minute, he'll grow
And all you gotta do is play the track again
I'm ready and revived, baby, back again

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[Canibus]
Yo!
Check it, Yo!

I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert
in twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen
It takes me thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest'em,
and fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines
So ask yourself a question?(What question?)
Can the Canibus rhyme?
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind
My rhymes, confuse niggas
Like somebody try to gang-bang
Wearin' a blue shirt and red pants, throwin' up signs with there left hand
Standin' out on the corner of wetlands with a confederate flag for a headband
God dam eggplants, niggas getting' me vexed man
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav
And I can't seem to get away from it
I dreamed that I stabbed leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin'
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line
While the art of emceeing is steady dieing
Canibus and Rakim Allah is still in there prime!

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