

# Rakim, Skit - (dialogue) \*

Rakim... Clark Kent bring it on  
What you wanna say to make me stay awhile  
What you wanna say to make me wanna stay  
(repeat 2X)  
Just me and my peeps we gettin buzzed lookin for clubs  
Misses with kisses and hugs lookin for love  
She gotta be nice with hers even with cookin some grub  
Once I'm in I meet her friends then I'm hookin my thugs  
We'll be blowin hundreds always knowin where the fun is  
Roadrunners findin more spots than Columbus  
Pocket full of phone numbers from some of the world wonders  
I take my time, and find where the right one is  
Smooth as jazz but more than a half, ready for math  
And on a steady path, like Betty Shabazz  
And when I see the wiz I'ma step to my biz  
And there she is, let's see if she pass the quiz  
It's appropriate we go get soakin wet  
Toast, we met, become close associates  
The place is ours by now I can embrace your style  
So much flavor I can taste your smile, stay awhile  
Why don't you, stay a little while  
Stayyyayyy, stay a little while, child  
Baby, why don't you, stay a little while  
Stayyyayyy, ayyayyy, stay a little while, child  
Baby, why don't you  
We on the low matin, infiltratin, negotiatin  
We both be makin moves and dough, M.O.'s relatin  
She ain't takin I want it but yo I know she waitin  
I throw the bait in, and before you know we datin  
I want the format, to the doormat  
Contacts fast, callbacks and all that  
Your deepest ecstasy see you wear accesory  
Your secret recipes to your bear necessities  
She real exotic body feel like Lucile Roberts  
Name brand closets, culturized products  
Claws like a scorpion caught me in deeper  
But juice sweeter, enough to buy a two seater  
Every mile I plan to have your mind beguiled  
Til it informs me more than you would normally allow  
Raised more than an eyebrow with a flagrant style  
By now I can taste your smile, stay awhile  
Chorus  
Sometimes it's hard to fight it and not let her see me get excited  
But she know I like it, she know the deal like a psychic  
Mind is haunted, because I always find her on it  
She know what I want, where I want, when I want it  
Blowin up my Motorola, daddy you comin over?  
She on the sofa, holdin a remote controller  
Candles burnin lower, favorite dish gettin colder  
She hot as solar, cause I told her I wanna hold her  
But her mission she sittin in one position like Yoda  
A TV show is on to top it off she dead sober  
Then I open the door up, and kiss her on the shoulder  
She say I'm rollin, like Mr. Lover Lover  
We had a hard day, ready to parlay  
My thirsts they obey everything that God say  
Okay let's play awhile and I'll embrace your style  
So much flavor I can taste your smile, stay awhile  
Chorus w/ variations to end