

Rakim, When I Be On The Mic

[DJ Premier scratches hook]

(Hardcore...real ill niggas)

(I'm internationally known)

(When I be on the mic)

(Hardcore...real ill niggas)

(I'm internationally known, yo)

(Hardcore...real ill niggas)

(I'm internationally known)

(When I be on the mic)

(Hardcore...real ill niggas)

(So all hail the honorable)

It's to my real ill niggas, heavyweight hitters

Dough getters, fifty ways to make figures

My niggas, that come on the spot to feel sisters

Like they hear real spitters and kids on the zigga-ziggas

When it's ugly, then the club is lovely

Thugs be sipping Henessey and bubbly

To my comrades that keep it flaming hot

On dangerous blocks, claiming spots

Where the goal is to be one of the top-ranked soldiers

Forty-five holders, one of the high rollers

Get respect in the hood, credit is good

Knock it down lumberjack style, baby, extra wood

Rock it all night long, the bang-a-thon baby

Keep hanging on, we like it with the lights on

Don't have to blow twenty thou' to get to know honey's style

Show her the town, steal her heart, no money down

(Hook)

How about some hardcore, yeah we like it raw for sure

Broads on the floor, wall to wall

There's more at the door, players ball to score

'Cause this right here is for all of y'all

Rakim and Primo, yo I got what you need bro

You go see a show, smoke an L, mean yo

And deejays play hits with hard bass kicks

And then they display tricks like The Matrix

Make the record fly undetected by the naked eye

So just feel the vibe 'cause your ears never lie

Nowadays deejays bags of tricks, graphic

On some behind the back shit, catch it and scratch it

Classic, this kid got his craft mastered

Hands is mad quick like he mix with magic

Spin it back and forth and grab it, and know just where it is...

There it is

(Hook)

To my elite peeps with the murderous mystiques

I hit the streets with beats and they critique for weeks

They be like "How that kid Ra reach the peak?"

Pull out the heat and use my technique to speak

It's dangerous, sit calm and explain to kids

What part of the game this is and foreign languages

They hold Ra's events in different continents

Put my lyrical contents in monuments

In ghetto garments, I rock a towel like a pharaoh

Mind travel, design style like apparel

My fashions last long as a lifetime

Cause I can see the future when the god write rhymes

They're mad cause I managed to reign so long

Like their chance to make money done came and gone

This is strictly for my listeners on the corners at night

And the sisters that be keeping this right, when I be on the mic

(Hook)