Eric B Is President

Eric B. & Rakim

Make 'em clap to this
To show our appreciation for your support
Make 'em clap to this
Thank you DJ's
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
I came in the door, I said it before
I never let the mic magnatize me no more
But it's biting me, fighting me, inviting me to rhyme
I can't hold it back I'm looking for the line
Taking off my coat clearing my throat
The rhyme will be kicking it until I hit my last note
My mind'll range to find all kinds of ideas
Self esteem makes it seem like a thought took years to build
But still say a rhyme after the next one
Prepared, never scared, I'll just bless one
And you know that I'm the soloist
So Eric B, make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
I don't bug out or chill or be acting ill
No tricks in '86, it's time to build
Eric B easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed
'Cause to me, MC means move the crowd
I made it easy to dance to this
But can you detect what's coming next from the flex of the wrist?
Saying indeed then I precede 'cause my man made a mix
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix
If they can get some around until there's no rhymes left
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death
He's kicking it because it ain't no half stepping
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept inside
It needs erupting just like a volcano
It ain't the everyday style of the same old rhyme

Because I'm better then the rest of them
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap
Go get a girl and get soft and warm
Don't get excited, you've been invited to a quiet storm
But now it's out of hand 'cause you told me you hate me
And then you ask what have I done lately
First you said, "All you want is love and affection"
Let me be your angel and I'll be your protection
Take you out, buy you all kinds of things
Make 'em clap to this
You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up
I'm scheming like I'm dreaming on a couch on my feet up
You scream I'm lazy, you must be crazy
Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
I made it easy to dance to this
But can you detect what's coming next from the flex of the wrist?
Saying indeed then I precede 'cause my man made a mix
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim, nasty
Make 'em clap to this
Drop your hands, drop your hands
Drop your hands to what he's doin'
Drop your hands to what he's doin'
Drop your hands, drop your hands
Drop your hands, drop your hands
Drop your hands to what he's doin'
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this
Make 'em clap to this

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