

# Eric B Is President

## Rakim

I came in the door, I said it before  
I never let the mic magnetize 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 until I hit my last note  
My mind remains refined, all kind 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 I don't bug out or chill or be acting ill  
No tricks in '86, it's time to build  
Eric be 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  
Say indeed and I'll proceed cause my man made a mix  
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix  
His fingertips sew a rhyme until there's no rhymes left  
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death  
But he's kicking it cause it ain't no half stepping  
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept in-  
Side, it needs erupting just like a volcano  
It ain't the everyday style or the same old rhyme  
Cause I'm better than the rest of them  
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim 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  
I must have got you too hot and burned off your wings  
You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up  
I'm scheming like I'm dreaming on a couch with my feet up  
You scream I'm lazy, you must be crazy  
Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me

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