

# As the Rhyme Goes On

Eric B. & Rakim

Pump it up home boy, pump it up home boy  
Knowledge will begin until I finish this song  
'Cause the rhyme gets rougher as the rhyme goes on  
You sweat as you step about to get hype  
Or should you just listen to the man on the mic  
You're physically in this with me but how could you tell  
If it's meant to be hip-hop, if you're not mentally as well  
Ready to absorb the rhyme that I just poured  
Into the mic and so unite and this won't be so bored  
If you just keep kickin' listen to the mix  
And think you'll sink into the rhyme like quicksand  
Holds and controls you 'til I leave  
You fall deeper in the style, it's hard to breathe  
The only time I stop is when somebody drop and then  
Bring 'em to the front 'cause my rhymes' the oxygen  
Then wave your hands, when you're ready, I'll send you  
Into your favorite dance, so let the rhyme continue  
And so on and I'ma go on simultaneously  
Even if I stop, the rhyme remains to be  
Rising to the top and I came to drop it  
Catch it and quiz, it is my topic  
Universal 'cause I move everybody to come  
By exercising your mind you'll coincide as one  
You look around and see how packed the party starts to get  
I draw a crowd like an architect  
The five boroughs react and all the islands attract  
And every state can't wait, so they attack  
Off a spot on the floor squeeze in 'cause it's packed  
It'll be more room if MC's play the back  
I'm the R the A to the K I M  
If I wasn't, then why would I say, I am  
The microphone fiend if I was a fake  
Whoever said, it's just buggin' off the rhymes I make  
I had you biting your tongue for what I brung and recite  
Sung it on stage some said it don't sound like  
The voice on the record, I see what you mean  
Because the system was wack, so I had to scream  
So just give me a mic if it's loud, I'll blow it  
If not, into the crowd I'll throw it  
Pull out my cordless mic and entertain you, well  
Before I let go I'ma spark your brain cells  
I took time to write, tonight I will recite  
So poetically inclined when the mic is held tight  
Rhymes start flowin' kisses are blowin'  
MC's are knowin' that's why they're goin'  
Home to tell a friend when the party ends  
Yo, man you know Rakim? That brother struck again  
'Cause mic by mic and stage by stage  
Tape by tape and page by page  
When the crowd is moving I compete with the mix  
The rougher the cuts, the rougher the rhyme gets  
Deeper and deeper, I hope you understand it

I made it up myself and I planned it  
For other MC's who waste time  
Writing jokes, riddles, and maybe a rhyme  
I cross my arms and I was waiting but I was hating  
The rappers on the microphone was fronting, just faking  
They wasn't breakin', which means I was achin'  
To get up on the microphone and then start takin'  
Control of the mic, uptight when I grabbed it  
So hug the speaker, your ear's a magnet  
Attracted to a freestyle put in effect  
You listen to my man while you're sippin' Moet  
So Eric, pick up the needle, yeah, put it in the middle, alright  
Give me a scratch, turn my Mic up a little  
I want you to hear this perfectly clear  
Catch, what I'm sayin', you get the idea  
I hope you know the beginning 'cause I'm finished this song  
The rhyme gets rougher as the rhyme flows on  
Pump it up home boy, pump it up home boy  
Pump it up home boy, pump it up home boy  
Pump it up home boy, pump it up home boy

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