I Know You Got Soul

Eric B. & Rakim

It's been a long time I shouldn't have left you
Without a strong rhyme to step to
Think of how many weak shows you slept through
Time's up I'm sorry I kept you
Thinkin' of this you keep repeatin' you miss
The rhymes from the microphone soloist
And you sit by the radio hand on the dial soon
As you hear it pump up the volume
Dance wit the speaker 'till you hear it blow
Then plug in the headphone 'cause here it go
It's a 4 letter word when it's heard, it control
Your body to dance, you got it soul
Ditects the tempo like a red alert
Reaches your reflex, so let it work
When this is playin', you can't get stuck wit
The steps, so get set and I'm a still come up wit
A gift to be swift, follow the leader, the rhyme will go
Def wit the record that was mixed a long time ago
It can be done but only I can do it
For those that can dance and clap your hands to it
I start to think and then I sink
Into the paper like I was ink
When I'm writing, I'm trapped in between the lines
I escape when I finish the rhyme, I got soul
You got it, you got it
You got it, you got it
I know you got soul
Picture a mic, the stage is empty
A beat like this might tempt me
To pose, show my rings and my fat gold chain
Grab the mic like I'm on Soul Train
But I'll wait 'cause I mastered this
Let the others go first so the brothers don't miss
Eric B. break the sticks, you got it
Rakim will begin when you make the mix
I'll experiment like a scientist
You wanna rhyme, you gotta sign my list
'Cause I'm a manifest and bless the mic I hold
You want it next? Then you gotta have soul

'Cause if you ain't got it, I'm a make an encore
Take the mic, make the people respond for
The R, 'cause that's the way it'll have to be
If you wanna get on after me
Think about it, wait, erase your rhyme
Forget it and don't waste your time
'Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin' it
Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin' it
This is how it should be done
This style is identical to none
Some try to make it sound like this but you're gettin' me
So upset that I'm wet 'cause you're sweatin' me
I drip steam like a microphone fiend
Eager to MC is my theme
I get hype when I hear a drum roll
Rakim is on the mic and you know I got soul
You got it, you got it
You got it, you got it
You got it
I got soul, you got it that's why I came
To teach those who can't say my name
First of all, I'm the soloist, the soul controller
Rakim gets stronger as I get older
Constant elevation causes expansion
I write my rhyme while I cool in my mansion
Then put it on tape and in the city I test it
Then on the radio the R's requested
You listen to it, the concept might break you
'Cause almost anyone can relate to
Who ever's out of hand, I'm give him handles
Light 'em up, blow 'em out like candles
Or should I just let him melt?
Then give him a hand so they can see how it felt
I'm not bold just 'cause I rock gold
Rakim is on the mic and you know I got soul
Now I'm a stop to see what you got
Get off the mic before I get too hot
I want to see which posse can dance the best
It should be easy 'cause the beat is fresh
Now if your from Uptown, Brooklyn bound
The Bronx, Queens, or Long Island Sound
Even other states come right and exact
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at
Since you came here, you have to show and prove
And do that dance until it don't move

'Cause all you need is soul self-esteem will release
The rest is up to you, Rakim I'll say peace

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