

I Know

Rakim

Aye yo, who's the most explosive one yet?
The a roundest one left
Who flows express to them rhythm drum set ain't done yet?
Flow like a trumpet to your eardrum are deaf
Who pose a threat?
Yo, who's more ferocious, none yet
To the night damn set mic trends and life ends
In sight, I see the whole world through a tight lens
Rhymes I write wins and kept a white Benz
Spend G's like hundreds and hundreds like tens
I get paid, Black, but laid back with mild manners
When I flip it's the opposite of dark Bruce Banner
Out the lab with soul and melodies in your ear
And just when it all seem clear I disappear
All you gotta do is holler
Reappear like vol-la the street scholar
I'm 40 deep like Ali Baba
Give the mamas somethin' to talk about in the beauty parlor
Keep it hot like lava, yeah
It's Rakim Allah
I know you find it hard to believe that
I am the genie of the mic an
I can do anything you wish but
Right now I'm commandin' you to dance
Ready to dance y'all, my magic carpet's the dance floor
Last chance y'all even if you can't ball
What part don't you understand? Your wish is my command
And I'm a rock a jam by popular demand
You gone love this, it's marvelous, baby
It gotta thug's twist, it start to get crazy
It's off the meat rack, I can't keep my peeps back
I speak raps and I freak tracks for these cats
I got a fetish for puttin' together words and letters
It ain't all about the cheddars and y'all know where my head is
Ghetto scriptures for my little brothers and sisters
And still get vicious for the thugs and the Misses
What I don't do is talk about the same old thing
When I come through, I drop it, and they gone swing
I bring the ladies joy until' they make crazy noise

'Cuz the beat's bangin', I'm born to blaze, baby boy
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The editor-forever more the predator, I said it all
I spread a war, like never before
Spit lead at yours like a ghetto Braud raw at a?
She'll never pause with raw metaphors, I set it off
But I just begun the best is yet to come
Blessed with a majestic tongue since I was young
But I was stressed for funds and obsessed with guns
Test the one, let Allah protect your son
'Cause somethin' musical magician, the ageiathic author
The microphone magician when I have a magic marker, a mentor
You can explore, every sentence is a tour
The inventor is more than adventure
You'll be blown away and a zone to play
It's so ill, I still grab the microphone and say
One of my own displays like I'm known to blaze
And I bet rhyme pays until I'm old and gray
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