

# Put Your Hands Together

OJay

Clap your hands, put your hands together  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
This is for thousands of people who came  
A show from road to road you're entertained  
I don't even have to say my name  
'Cause when the place is ripped in half, I'm to blame  
Masses of posses packed up schemin'  
Ladies lovely and keep on screamin'  
Go Rakim, go Rakim, go  
It won't be long then it's on with the show  
I'm late, so hit the brakes and park the Benzito  
Double O seven, incognito  
Sneak in the back door, lookin' for the stage  
When I get on you react in a rage  
People from side to side and front to back  
Won't dance, if the MC's whack  
The crowd go psycho even if I don't move  
Some like the groove 'cause I'm so smooth  
Then somethin' happens, feet start tappin'  
You can't hold back when Rakim's rappin'  
The man you've been waitin' for, rougher than ever  
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
I create 'em, take 'em, shake 'em, then make 'em clap to this  
Most of you rappers, can't even rap to this  
I made it faster, you tried to master  
Syncopated styles, words flowin' after  
Measures of metaphor definitions of more than one  
Take it both ways, I'll be here when you're done  
Remember as the rhyme goes on it's rougher  
Soon as I stop, you had enough of  
Followin' footsteps, you better turn back soon  
Sucker MC's suck rhymes like vacuums  
The style remains the same, the words is changed  
Bitten, re-written, recited and re-arranged

Sing along if your tongue is strong, it gets sore  
Sing when I'm gone and it'll break your jaw  
Wisdom flows so swift, I'm Asiatic  
Is it a gift, or automatic?  
Static, I don't cling  
I got a tip of my own and I don't sing  
Don't understand, here's an example  
And why MC's and DJ's sample  
'Cause we don't have a band, it's just my voice and his hands  
That's what hip-hop was, it still stands  
The records we use are from mom's and pop's collection  
Find a break from a dope selection  
And go to the store, then buy one more  
So my DJ can mix 'cause that's what his hands are for  
Years later hip-hop got contracts  
The chance to put actual facts on wax  
A mind's the coach, the physical form's the team  
The top's the destination, I'm the cream  
And still I rise with somethin' pumpin' and somethin' clever  
Ladies and gentlemen, put your hands together  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands, clap 'em, clap 'em  
Clap your, clap your, clap your hands  
Now who's the man with the master plan?  
With stacks of verbal attacks so clap your hands  
Rhyme written in graffiti, xeroxed on blueprints  
Students influenced are now a nuisance  
You couldn't fight it, you had to clap to this  
You got excited, you almost snapped your wrist  
The rhymes was written for the crowd's enjoyment  
When I'm with this you can't toy with  
The def jam juicer rough rhyme producer  
Loads of lyrics get you loose, then looser  
The man so smooth and world so rough  
Eric is throwin' and sewin' rippin' re-stitchin' the cuts  
Microphone your majesty, no one's bad as me  
Seems the tragedy, Rakim had to be  
Thinkin' of some def view of a video  
Visions are vicious, and I'll let the city know  
Whoever's frontin' they know, nothin' to say though  
So lay low, musical forms are kickin' like Kato  
Don't get near it, hard as you ever hear it  
I know it's fearified, but don't fear it  
And try to predict which rhyme you can kick

You're quick to pick your best, for the mic is lit  
Instead of goin' with the flow like you're supposed to go  
And enjoy the show and yo, put your hands together  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, put your hands together  
Clap your hands, clap your hands  
Clap your hands, clap your hands

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