It's Been A Long Time

Rakim

It's been a long time
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It's been a long time
Rakim the microphone soloist
Follow procedures the crowd couldn't wait to see this
Nobody been this long awaited since Jesus
Who wouldn't believe this I heard the word on the street is
I'm still one of the deepest on the mic since Adidas
They said I changed the times from the rhymes that I thought of
So I made some more to put the New World in Order
With Mathematics, put your status above the average
And help you rappers, make paragraphs with graphics
'Cause new days is dawnin', new ways of peformin'
Brain stormin', I write and watch the night turn to mornin'
On and on and, I got the whole world respondin'
Rock, I keep it hot and blow the spot without warnin'
The Emperor, well known for, inventin' a sentence
Full of adventure, turnin' up the temperature
Rush with adrenaline, how long has it been again
To be in the state of min'd that Rakim is in?
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When I'm out proppin', either, hangin' or shoppin'
People see me stop and ask me when the album droppin'
The wait is over, information like a soldier
Like I told ya, greater stronger, now that I'm older
I broke the, code of silence with overloads of talents
My only challenge, is not to explode in violence
I'm Asiatic, and blazin' microphones a habit
At least once durin' the course of a day, it's automatic
In ghetto apparel, mind of a Egyptian Pharaoh
Far from shallow, thoughts travel like an arrow
Allah's monotony, so far they can't stop me
You know, Ra want property like Mumar Khadafi
More thoughts than Bibles, recital, taught disciples

A sawed off mic, so words scatter like a rifle
Thoughts that's trifle, I'm bustin' these for you
Aiyyo, technical difficulties is through
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When I float at night, I show 'em new heights, I go to write
They know I strike with new prototypes to blow the mic
Critics and biters, don't know where my source of light is
Still leave authors and writers with arthritis
Cursed kids like the Pyramids when they found the style
First to ever let a rhyme flow down the Nile
The rebirth of hip-hop'll be dropped now
'Cause the crowd didn't hear the original in a while
So be alarmed, what you 'bout to see is the bomb
Like, 3-D in' 'Nam, vivid like CD-Rom
Info kept like "Internet.com"
My notebook's my bond like the Holy Quran
Since I came in the door, said it before
But no I ain't down with Eric B no more
At night the open mic be invitin' me to rhyme
So yo I'm online, it's been a long time
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