

Strong Island

Rakim

One two
Yeah uhh yeah
Yeah it's the God baby
Long Island's own
Barbarian of the microphone
It's for y'all niggaz And the streets just a couple of miles East of Mecca
Where peeps touch nuttin but style heat and cheddar
Compete witcha livelihood to eat better
And ain't nuttin sweet but the ladies who speak wetta
With a torn smile, tryin to get my song on file
It's on now, the whole town done gone wild
Kick rhymes off my heartbeat as a unborn child
Then developed a strong style on Long Isle
Won't be long now, I started rhymin young
I designed for fun, knowin my time would come
I started, payin dues DJin with crews
Learnin the inner city rules, conveyin the news
Soon as the jam start the man's art'll jam parks
Slam so hard it remains a landmark
The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin
But Like any G.O.D., loose on a spree for new degrees
Things to do and see until nuttin is new to me
A true MC usually be into a breeze
And I can still see New York City through the trees
My advance slams put you outside lookin in
Or the other way around, that depends, look again
Took a pen so you could zero in on my book of gems
It extends from the Hamptons to Brook-lyn
Through every hoodie in town, to learn the Boogie Down
Til every DJ around, wanted to put me down
Rhymes got rougher til I was ready to blast off
And harass all from Suffolk County to Nassau
Where we keep the money pilin, keep the honies smilin
Keep the heater just in case kids start whylin
The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin Grew up in Wyndanch, formerly known as Crime-Danch
Me and my mans we travel lands to find jams
Where violence usually ends in sirens
By all means, we all fiend for finance
We make cash on the street called straight path

We take class, build with the Gods with great math
Everyday true to the street, and never fronted
Along the way, learned from the best that ever done it
Bein exposed to life's highs and lows
Got my flows ready for shows, I'm ready for the pros
I put it on a tape and then the city I tested
Then on the radio the R's requested
Now the whole world's whylin, all the girls smilin
You know, it's on, soon as they let the crowd in
The rhyme that I'm stylin, smooth as a violin

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