

# 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  
Word up I wanna give a big up to Long Island stompin grounds f'real  
Crime-Danch one love baby word up  
I wanna give a crazy shout out to all the DJ's back in the day  
Who used to let me smoke they microphones, ya knah mean?  
Big up to DJ Maniac, DJ Teddy Tuff, and DJ Cool Breeze  
Word up

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