All Night Long

Rakim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I'm back, the God remains still at the end They sabotage the game, still I'm a win Rakim Allah's the name, and with a pen

No one can dodge the rain, kill 'em againIn a club or the streets I swerve, cool in the cut

Looking to see what occurs, crusin' the truck

Shorty got deadly curves, soothin' her up

If I must explain with words, I smooth as a fuckThe world's most greatest hip-hop's elite

You obsolete, you cannot compete, drop the beat

Keep ya ear to the ground when I rock the street

Cock the heat, we deep papi, got to eatSo cut on the mic and spit, I much rougher

Plenty of ice and a whip, plus a crusher

Because I don't like to stick or bust a brother

Long as they never forget I'm a ill muther fuckerSo if you love to get your party on

And you feel that your game is strong

And you get mad when the broads is gone

You like it all night longAnd when they love it when the place is warm

And they go out for their favorite song

They hate when the player game is wrong

They like it all night longMy caliber's out rated

Yeah player, so why hate it

My rhyme through out of control, when I say it

Spit back with a rap or gat, can I spray itHow can I say it? I leave it de-hydrated

I take aim, and he keep the place flamin'

Till the place cave in, aye yo this ain't a safe haven

[Incomprehensible] The best is yet to come, so they stay in

They keep the music loud, the lights is low

The kid with a different style, I like to flow

It's time to move the crowd, tonight's the showSee what it's all about, they like to go

Get Henny and Mo and Cris, the clothes, the platinum, gold, the wrist

Plenty of doe, and chicks who pose for flicks

Women who love roll their hips, when I'm holding thisSo if you love to get your party on And you feel that your game is strong

And you get mad when the broads is gone
You like it all night longAnd when they love it when the place is warm
And they go out for their favorite song

They hate when the player game is wrong

They like it all night longMy mic's equipped with a microchip, with a million Meg's

Bite this I might flip, spread a billion plagues

Put medicine in it before I kill ya dead

You can get away, if you can fill your legsCould you walk? No, at least you though though Auto fours blow a hole in your torso

Damage his brain with more flow until he talk slow

Try to say something now? I thought soI leave Emcee's bleeding, while I'm fleeing across sea-in Start breeding, double my Swiss cheese in Sweden

Free on the weekend, come back, see if he breathing

They breathing, somebody left his brains beat in A deadly attack is rare, style will be raw

Be ready to rap you'll hear, as wild as before

If I bust a gat in the air, watch the galaxy fall

And the world will be splat on the floor, that'll be allSo if you love to get your party on

And you feel that your game is strong

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