

I Aint No Joke

Eric B. & Rakim

I ain't no joke, I used to let the mic smoke
Now I slam it when I'm done and make sure it's broke
When I'm gone no one gets on cause I won't let
Nobody press up and mess up the scene I set
I like to stand in a crowd and watch the people wonder damn
But think about it then you'll understand
I'm just an addict addicted to music
Maybe it's a habit, I gotta use it
Even if it's jazz or the quiet storm
I hook a beat up convert it in a hip-hop form
Write a rhyme in graffitti in every show you see me in
Deep concentration cause I'm no comedian
Jokers are wild if you wanna be tame
I treat you like a child then you're gonna be named
Another enemy, not even a friend of me
Cause you'll get fried in the end if you pretend to be
Competing cause I just put your mind on pause
And I can beat you when you compare my rhyme wit yours
I wake you up and as I stare in your face you seem stun
Remember me, the one you got your idea from
But soon you start to suffer but you only get rougher
When you start to stutter that's when you had enough of
Biting it, I make you choke, you can't provoke
You can't cope, you should of broke cause I ain't no joke I got a question, it's serious as cancer
Who can keep the average dancer
Hyper as a heart attack nobody smiling
Cause you're expressing the rhyme that I'm styling
This is what we all sit down to write
You can't make it so you take it home, break it and bite
Use pieces and bits of all the hip-hop hits
Get the style down pack then it's time to switch
Put my tape on pause and add some more to yours
Then you figure you're ready for the neighborhood chores
The e-m-c-e-e don't even try to be
When you come up to speak, don't even lie to me
You like to exaggerate, dream and imagine
Then change the rhyme around, that can aggravate me
So when you see me come up, freeze
Or you'll be one of those 7 mc's

They think that I'm a new jack but only if they knew that
They who think wrong are they who can't do that
Style that I'm doing, they might ruin
Patterns of paragraphs based on you and
Your offbeat dj, if anything he play
Sound familiar, I'll wait til e say
Play 'em, so I'mma have to dis and broke
You could get a smack for this, I ain't no joke I hold the microphone like a grudge
B'll hold the record so the needle don't budge
I hold a conversation cause when I invent
I nominated my dj the president
When I'm senile, people freestyle, going steadily
So pucker up and whistle my melody
But whatever you do, don't miss one
They'll be another rough rhyme after this one
Before you know it, you're following and fiendin'
Waiting for the punchline to get the meaning
Like before the middle of my story I'm telling
Nobody beats the r so stop yelling
Save it, put it in your pocket for later
Cause I'm moving the crowd and b a record fader
No interruptions and the mic is broke
When I'm gone, then you can joke
Cause everything is real on a serious tip
Keep playing and I get furious quick
And take you for a walk through hell
Feed your dome then watch your eyeballs swell
Guide you out of triple state darkness
When it get dark again then I'mma spark this
Microphone cause the heat is on, you see smoke
And I'm finish when the beat is gone, I'm no joke

Songwriters

ERIC BARRIER, WILLIAM GRIFFIN Published by

Lyrics Â© Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>