How I Get Down

Rakim

Before the dough came, my whole aim, was blow like propane
Control the whole domain, and then show no shame
Make rappers go [unverified] and they so lame, playin' with no game
Put 'em on the lil plane 'til they can't claim no fame
I got, the range, better, stay in the slow lane
I make the flow change from hurricanes to a slow rain
Your thoughts are so plane, I rearrange your whole frame
Until my whole name grow out your brain like Romaine
Letter by letter, I put words together
Once merged, apart never, they be heard forever
And then I grab a pen and stab him in his abdomen
And smash him in, throw his mic like a javelin
Then I explain verses, that remain on the surface
At times it get deep, but I never defeat the purpose
Never go out, to go the dough route, forever hold out
I never sold out, for any amount, no doubt
That's how I get down, so tell me how you like that
I hit the town, hold it down on a tight track
I start a party now everybody like rap
Haters are mad 'cause they gave the R the mic back
That's how I get down, so tell me how you like that
I hit the town, hold it down on a tight track
I start a party now everybody like rap
Haters are mad 'cause they gave the R the mic back
I like to hang where e'rythang seem to happen at
(Y'know?)
It's Ra's habitat, I'm like that czar Arafat
And yes I have a gat, snap like a Israeli
A terrorist I never miss blowin' up kids daily
I step to writers, and let my virus hurt the closest
I'm sick as hepatitis and worse than tuberculosis
Pull out a pen, like a grenade, and drop it quick
I strike again and I'ma get paid, exotic shit
You know the God ra be, hot as the Mojave
Swing like King Usabi, my posse be kamikaze
On the corners like I'm homeless and I, don't know where home is
The bonus, is where the next open microphone is
Me and my team, vision like a radar screen
Intervene and yo, cut the mic off, 'cause Ra fiend

To show the whole world some of the things I seen
Then blow it up, like Edi Amin, yaknahmean?
That's how I get down, so tell me how you like that
I hit the town, hold it down on a tight track
I start a party now everybody like rap
Haters are mad 'cause they gave the R the mic back
I do a thang thang, I write the songs they sing
Make sure that they swing, from New York to Beijing
Put your thoughts in the sling and your brain is gangrene
Pull in the ring, repeatin' and sayin' the same thing
Xerox, zero, no match, you ditto
Copy machine, couldn't reprint my [unverified]
My new style, that I produce now's beyond two-thou'
I knew how, since a juvenile, to make a ka-pow
When the night's fallin', I can hear the mic callin'
I like ballin', I cut back like Mic Jordan
This is for y'all while I'm spittin' literatures
Lyrics'll ball like Allen Iverson dribble the ball
They hopeless, whoever approaches my high explosives
My vision sadicious, and freestyle's ferocious
I wrote this, words flew over my head like a locust
I turned the beat up, sat back, and stayed focused
That's how I get down, so tell me how you like that
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