As The Rhyme Goes On (Chad Jay In Effect)

Eric B. & Rakim

Knowledge will begin until I finish this song
'Cause the rhyme gets rougher as the rhyme goes on
You sweat as you step about to get hype
Or should you just listen to the man on the micYou're physically in this with me but how could you tell
If it's meant to be hip hop if you're not mentally as well
Ready to absorb the rhyme that I just poured
Into the mic and so unite and this won't be so boredIf you just keep kickin' listen, to the mix
And think you'll sink into the rhyme like quicksand
Holds and controls you 'til I leave
You fall deeper in the style, it's hard to breatheThe only time I stop is when somebody drop and then
Bring 'em to the front 'cause my rhymes' the oxygen
Then wave your hands, when you're ready I'll send you
Into your favorite dance so let the rhyme continueAnd so on and I'ma go on simultaneously
And even if I stop, the rhyme remains to be
Rising to the top, and I came to drop it
Catch it and quiz it, is my topicUniversual 'cause I move everybody to come
By exercising your mind you'll coincide as one
You look around and see how packed the party starts to get
I draw a crowd, like an architectThe five borroughs react and all the islands attract
And every state can't wait, so they attack
Off a spot on the floor, squeeze in 'cause it's packed
It'll be more room if MC's play the backI'm the are the A to the K-I-M
If I wasn't, then why would I say I am
The microphone fiend if I was a fake
Whoever said it's just buggin' off the rhymes I makeI had you biting your tongue for what I brung and recite
Sung it on stage some said it don't sound like
The voice on the record, I see what you mean
Because the system was wack, so I had to screamSo just, give me a mic if it's loud I'll blow it
If not, into the crowd I'll throw it
Pull out my cordless mic and entertain you well
Before I let go I'ma spark your brain cellsI took time to write, tonight I will recite
So poetically inclined when the mic is held tight
Rhymes start flowin' kisses are blowin
MC's are knowin' that's why they're goinHome to tell a friend when the party ends
"Yo, man you know Rakim? That brother struck again"
'Cause mic by mic and stage by stage,
Tape by tape and page by page,When the crowd is moving I compete with the mix
The rougher the cuts, the rougher the rhyme gets
Deeper and Deeper, I hope you understand it

I made it up myself and I planned itFor other MC's who waste time
Writing jokes, riddles, and maybe a rhyme
I cross my arms and I was waiting, but I was hating
The rappers on the microphone was fronting, just fakingThey wasn't breakin', which means I was achin'
To get up on the microphone and then start takin'
Control of the mic, uptight when I grabbed it
So hug the speaker, your ear's a magnetAttracted to a freestyle put in effect
You listen to my man while you're sippin' Moet
So Eric, pick up the needle (yeah) put it in the middle (ahhight)
Give me a scratch, turn my Mic up a little,I want you to hear this perfectly clear
Catch what I'm sayin'? You get the idea?
I hope you knowledge the beginning 'cause I'm finished this song
The rhyme gets rougher as the rhyme flows on...

Songwriters
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