

when i be on the mic

Rakim

Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known
When I be on the mic Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known, yo Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known
When I be on the mic Hardcore, real ill niggas
So all hail the honorable Its to my real ill niggas, heavyweight hitters
Dough getters, fifty ways to make figures
My niggas, that come on the spot to feel sisters
Like they hear real spitters and kids on the zigga-ziggas When its ugly, then the club is lovely
Thugs be sipping Hennessey and bubbly
To my comrades that keep it flaming hot
On dangerous blocks, claiming spots Where the goal is to be one of the top-ranked soldiers
Forty-five holders, one of the high rollers
Get respect in the hood, credit is good
Knock it down lumberjack style, baby, extra wood Rock it all night long, the bang-a-thon baby
Keep hanging on, we like it with the lights on
Dont have to blow twenty thou to get to know honeys style
Show her the town, steal her heart, no money down Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known
When I be on the mic How about some hardcore, yeah, we like it raw for sure
Broads on the floor, wall to wall
Theres more at the door, players ball to score
Cause this right here is for all of yall Rakim and Primo, yo I got what you need bro
You go see a show, smoke an' l, mean yo
And deejays play hits with hard bass kicks
And then they display tricks like the matrix Make the record fly undetected by the naked eye
So just feel the vibe cause your ears never lie
Nowadays deejays bags of tricks, graphic
On some behind the back shit, catch it and scratch it Classic, this kid got his craft mastered
Hands is mad quick like he mix with magic
Spin it back and forth and grab it and know just where it is
There it is Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known
When I be on the mic To my elite peeps with the murderous mystiques
I hit the streets with beats and they critique for weeks
They be like, "How that kid ra reach the peak? "
Pull out the heat and use my technique to speak Its dangerous, sit calm and explain to kids
What part of the game this is and foreign languages

They hold Ras events in different continents
Put my lyrical contents in monuments
In ghetto garments, I rock a towel like a pharaoh
Mind travel, design style like apparel
My fashions last long as a lifetime
'Cause I can see the future when the God write rhymes
Theyre mad 'cause I managed to reign so long
Like their chance to make money done came and gone
This is strictly for my listeners on the corners at night
And the sisters that be keeping this right when I be on the mic
Hardcore, real ill niggas
Im internationally known
When I be on the mic

Songwriters

Chris Martin; William Griffin

Published by
EMI APRIL MUSIC, INC.; GIFTED PEARL MUSIC; EMI BLACKWOOD MUSIC INC.; EIGHTEENTH
LETTER MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>