

# What's On Your Mind

[Eric B. & Rakim](#)

I seen her in the subway on my way to Brooklyn  
Hello good looking is this seat taken  
On the A train picking at her brain  
I couldn't get her number I couldn't get her name  
I said I still like your style of fashion  
But I hate your hostile 'itty attitude wit a passion  
Is it because brothers like to hawk a lot  
Is it because your sign don't talk a lot  
She turned away no play I said OK  
You don't really look good, I hope you have a bad day  
Sat back, relaxed though the ride was tight  
I was thinking of the rhymes I wrote last night  
Next stop was mine, a familiar scene  
I was meeting my friend, killer Ben in Ft Green  
Where the girls are real, they tell ya how they feel  
If you're soft, you're soft, or if you're hard like steel  
See I don't bend and I won't rust  
And I don't break and I won't bust  
Stomped up the street and did I hear a treat?  
Hard high heels tappin' on the concrete  
I took a peek, it was the girl from the train behind me  
Did she live in the area, was she trying to find me?  
Hm, I didn't want to play myself out  
I played it off, stopped and I bought a Guinness Stout  
Now was she shy, she didn't walk by  
She came in the store then she even said hi  
Curiosity at a high velocity  
Maybe possibly she had the hots for me  
I said if we're playing games then we're gonna play mine  
I'm a lay the rules 'cause it ain't much time  
If you hide your feelings, and they hard to find,  
I want to know what's on your mind About a week went by and I called her, "Hello"  
I said yo, can I speak to, um, she said no  
Hey yo, I know I didn't call, I didn't want to stress you  
Go out my way to impress you, press to undress you  
See I want to get to know you so I can show you  
What a strong relationship can grow to  
But you gotta trust me and you're gonna love me  
Squeeze the phone and hug me, use your mind to rub me

Now how does it feel when my mental, massage ya temple  
Telephone's hot from the vibes that I sent you  
Now tell me your inner thoughts and deepest emotions  
Next you see ecstasy's explosions  
Now I'm coming to see you to spend some time  
I'm a romantic warrior but is it a crime  
And if you hide your feelings and they hard to find I want to know what's on your mind  
I want to know what's on your mind Now it's been months and it's smooth and lovely  
I'm in your head so you'll be thinking of me  
So we met in Queens and went to Valley Streams  
And, uh, couldn't remember the movie we just seen  
But it's Wednesday, take the train uptown  
How do the 125th street sound

Songwriters

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