

# New York To Cali

## Rakim

Yeah.

Word 'em up.

Ay, yo, turn the bass up a lil' bit, G.

Yeah, yeah.

(Rakim! Make 'em clap to this.) (X2)

Yo, check it out...

I come again, fun'll begin, when the drummer come in. Synonyms don't want to end. Rakim's gonna win.  
Always seem to come out at the right time with the right rhyme. Smooth in the day and sound rough at night  
time.

Just an echo, in every ghetto, meadow and valley, side-street and alley, from New York to Cali. I've been seen  
in every state, and between, on stage. They scream every phrase, I leave the city in a rage.  
It's off to the next one to bless one; that's my procedure. Leave ya in a deeper mind state than anesthesia. You'll  
catch a seizure if you try to stop the great, when I operate. Just let "The Crowd-Pleaser" drop the weight.  
This one is in gear, inform everyone from here to there. Ideas that you hear; severe to the ear. Never the less, I  
provide a world-wide request, and manifest. And this is from the East to the West....

From New York to Cali (to Cali.) (X2)

Coast to coast, I've been rippin' coliseums and clubs.

From New York to Cali (to Cali)

Rhymin' over dubs for thugs,

girls blow me kisses and throw me hugs.

Musical rides, I've memorized in my mental enterprise. Then improvise live with my supplies. You know the  
quota. Fashion new designs, and shine, the international kind, start to rhyme, time to motor.  
UniverSoul format. Adapt to wherever ya livin' at. From all four corners of the map. Whenever they play it, it  
gets interpretated, Hip-Hop related. Already dedicated to keep it heavy, populate it.  
Attract everybody that could rock. Do a block party, make it look like Woodstock. (Yeah, Rakim Allah.)  
Nothin's similar, to my seminar, they travel near from far, plus that's where the woman are.  
I like to ask 'em, "What's the best time to hear me rhyme?"

Never the less, I provide a world-wide request, and manifest.

And this is from the East to the West...

From New York to Cali (to Cali.) (X2)

Coast to coast, I've been rippin' coliseums and clubs.

From New York to Cali (to Cali)

Rhymin' over dubs for thugs,

girls blow me kisses and throw me hugs.

Coast to coast, I've been rippin' coliseums and clubs.

Rhymin' over dubs for thugs, girls blow me kisses and throw me hugs.

An expert at a concert on stage. I got classics, which means my smash hits won't age.

Ya sing along! I'll bring a song, I'll be swingin' long, we can do a thang till dawn, I came to bring it on. On

tour, stop at all the record stores across the nation. Flow at the radio station to show appreciation.  
Which reached for the streets, beats for the Jeeps. I reach incredible feats to get deep for my peep's. Propped for  
the unorthodox style I got, they couldn't wait for me to drop new stock for the block.  
Stalk kid's cassette decks, Walkman headsets. I come on, fly concepts that's high-tech. My first displays still  
converse with the days and slam, that's why the man's first jam still plays.  
So tell the neighborhood's I got the goods again.  
It's Rakim... Then again, that's how it should've been.  
Never the less, I provide a world-wide request, and manifest.  
And this from the East to the West...  
From New York to Cali (to Cali.) (X3)  
Coast to coast, I've been rippin' coliseums and clubs.  
From New York to Cali (to Cali)  
Rhymin' over dubs for thugs,  
girls blow me kisses and throw me hugs.

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