

Real Shit

Rakim

Yeah

It's the paragraph ambassador

The wild style fashioner

It's the god Rakim, the master

Feel this

(1st verse)

This is that lost ass track off-the-rack kind of a track

You forced to rap, remember that? It's that

You know where I'm at, there go the gat

Pass me a bat, the kill-or-be-killed kind of attack

Steamin' ____, speedin' navigatin' the map

Negotiating with a chick, she got her head on your lap, ya hand on your gat

Premeditated plan of attack, with two of your most deadliest mens in the back

Comb the block, stop in the zone that's hot

Get out like you own the spot, home or not

It's that no mood to play, move out the my way

Yo, I been whistlin' this tune from throughout the day

Hey, yo, this is that ol' y'all niggas don't wanna battle

Turn it up loud make the whole block rattle

Boom boom- this one is gettin' blazin' hot

Boom boom- make you bust another shot from the Glock

(Chorus)

From the streets below to everything above

To the heart that pumps Ra-kim Allah's blood

I swear I kick a hole in your speaker and pull the plug

You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

From the streets beneath my feet to the sun

I'm number one and competition is still none

And I'm gonna keep kicking holes in your speakers and pullin' plugs

You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

(2nd verse)

Here we come now

Turntable spin like a merry-go-round

Never slow down, depending on how good your stereo sounds

Set it, up in the hood where we go surround

Tearin' through towns, turn 'em into burial grounds

This is the track that made Theodore wanna scratch
The track that caused the firs

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