

It's Been a Long Time

Rakim

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Rakim the microphone soloist Follow procedures the crowd couldn't wait to see this

Nobody been this long awaited since Jesus

Who wouldn't believe this I heard the word on the street is

I'm still one of the deepest on the mic since Adidas They said I changed the times from the rhymes that I thought
of

So I made some more to put the New World in Order

With Mathematics, put your status above the average

And help you rappers, make paragraphs with graphics 'Cause new days is dawnin', new ways of performin'

Brain stormin', I write and watch the night turn to mornin'

On and on and, I got the whole world respondin'

Rock, I keep it hot and blow the spot without warnin' The Emperor, well known for, inventin' a sentence

Full of adventure, turnin' up the temperature

Rush with adrenaline, how long has it been again

To be in the state of min'd that Rakim is in? It's been a long time

Rakim, the microphone soloist

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Rakim When I'm out proppin', either, hangin' or shoppin'

People see me stop and ask me when the album droppin'

The wait is over, information like a soldier

Like I told ya, greater stronger, now that I'm older I broke the, code of silence with overloads of talents

My only challenge, is not to explode in violence

I'm Asiatic, and blazin' microphones a habit

At least once durin' the course of a day, it's automatic In ghetto apparel, mind of a Egyptian Pharaoh

Far from shallow, thoughts travel like an arrow

Allah's monotony, so far they can't stop me

You know, Ra want property like Mumar Khadafi More thoughts than Bibles, recital, taught disciples

A sawed off mic, so words scatter like a rifle

Thoughts that's trifle, I'm bustin' these for you

Aiyyo, technical difficulties is through It's been a long time

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When I float at night, I show 'em new heights, I go to write
They know I strike with new prototypes to blow the mic
Critics and biters, don't know where my source of light is
Still leave authors and writers with arthritis
Cursed kids like the Pyramids when they found the style
First to ever let a rhyme flow down the Nile
The rebirth of hip-hop'll be dropped now
'Cause the crowd didn't hear the original in a while
So be alarmed, what you 'bout to see is the bomb
Like, 3-D in 'Nam, vivid like CD-Rom
Info kept like "Internet.com"
My notebook's my bond like the Holy Quran
Since I came in the door, said it before
But no I ain't down with Eric B no more
At night the open mic be invitin' me to rhyme
So yo I'm online, it's been a long time
It's been a long time
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