

Microphone Fiend

Eric B. & Rakim

I was a fiend before I became a teen
I melted microphone instead of cones of ice cream
Music orientated so when hip hop was originated
Fitted like pieces of puzzles complicated
'Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say, yes y'all
They tried to take it and say that I'm too small
Cool 'cause I don't get upset
I kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug then I jetBack to the lab without a mic to grab
So then I add all the rhymes I had
One after the other one, then I make another one
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?
I'm raging, ripping up the stage and
Don't it sound amazing 'cause every rhyme is made andThought of, 'cause it's sort of an addiction
Magnetized by the mixing
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, just stuck in
The mic is a Drano, volcanoes erupting
Rhymes overflowing, gradually growing, everything is written in the cold
So it can coincide, my thoughts to guide, forty-eight tracks to slide
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim, spread the word, 'cause I'm in
E F F E C T, a smooth operator operating correctlyBut back to the problem, I gotta habit
You can't solve it, silly rabbit
The prescription is a hyper tone that's thorough when
I fiend for a microphone like heroin
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix
Give me a stage and a mic and a mix
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of unawareness?
Beware, it's the reanamatorA menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon
An assasinator, if the people ain't stepping
You see a part of me that you never seen
When I'm fiending for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend
After twelve, I'm worse than a Gremlin
Feed me Hip hop and I start trembling
The thrill of suspense is intense, you're horrified
But this ain't the cinemas of 'Tales From the Dark Side'By any means necessary, this is what has to be done
Make way 'cause here I come, my DJ cuts material, grand imperial
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me
It's inherited, it's runs in the family

I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack
Now I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off Ladies and Gentleman, you're about to see
A past time hobby about to be
Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see
I'm hype as a hyperchondriac 'cause the rap be one
Hell of a antidote, something you can't smoke
More than dope, you're trying to move away but you can't, you're broke
More than cracked up, you should have backed up
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber
One on one and I'm the remainder
So close your eyes and hold your breath
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death
Before you go, you'll remember you seen
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend The microphone fiend
The microphone fiend
The microphone fiend
The microphone fiend

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