

Eric B. Is President

Eric B. & Rakim

I came in the door, I said it before
I never let the mic magnetize me no more
But it's biting me, fighting me, inviting me to rhyme
I can't hold it back, I'm looking for the line
Taking off my coat, clearing my throat
The rhyme will be kicking until I hit my last note
My mind remains refined, all kind of ideas
Self-esteem makes it seem like a thought took years to build
But still say a rhyme after the next one
Prepared, never scared, I'll just bless one
And you know that I'm the soloist
So Eric B make 'em clap to this I don't bug out or chill or be acting ill
No tricks in '86, it's time to build
Eric be easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed
Cause to me, MC means move the crowd
I made it easy to dance to this
But can you detect what's coming next from the flex of the wrist
Say indeed and I'll proceed cause my man made a mix
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix
His fingertips sew a rhyme until there's no rhymes left
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death
But he's kicking it cause it ain't no half stepping
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept in-
Side, it needs erupting just like a volcano
It ain't the everyday style or the same old rhyme
Cause I'm better than the rest of them
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim Go get a girl and get soft and warm
Don't get excited, you've been invited to a quiet storm
But now it's out of hand cause you told me you hate me
And then you ask what have I done lately
First you said all you want is love and affection
Let me be your angel and I'll be your protection
Take you out, buy you all kinds of things
I must have got you too hot and burned off your wings
You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up
I'm scheming like I'm dreaming on a couch with my feet up
You scream I'm lazy, you must be crazy
Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me

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