# Cold Feeling

## Pretty Lights

[Intro: Rakim]Yeah (allowed it)
Guess who (Raahaaaah)
Uhh, Ayatollah (allowed it)
From the song (Raaah)
[Verse 1: Rakim]Let the games begin, it's nothing but pain for them
I - don't - play - I - win
I got plain again that's why I came again
It's the R-A-K-I-M
Come through in a by, lean low like I'm doin a crime
Empty ya nines and bend in the dime
Thoughts hard to find that's why I got 'em losin they mind
I'm bettin rhymes, til the end of times
Shame on some, can't wait til the fame is done
You can curse if you pray for the day to come
Stay with the gun, stay in the slum, stay number 1
To the day the earth drift away from the sun
I meditate and let the ancient spirits speak through the pen
So every word I display a true or a gem, or holdin the grim
Still shootin two in ya men
If you think the world's greatest can't do it again
[Chorus](4x)
There's a cold, cold feeling in my heart
[Verse 2: Rakim]Yo, in the life for thuggin, we like to get high from puffin
Forty-five is bustin, like live percussion
Will them thighs be bobbin
That's why we try to stay alive in hustlin
But some of us die for nothing
Try to clock on the block, that's horn it with boats on it
With Ghetto Legends to America's Most Wanted
Lost souls in the crossroads of sidewalk
Life is soft when you live and die in New York
You've been wrong before
You'll be missin til your picture's on the wall

On the side of a corner store
Either flowin on tour, or goin to war
I was born to ball what the fuck is wrong wit y'all
I wrote the scripture
My lyrics just spoken with a flow

There's no vision whole hit in the motion picture
Watchin the style you see +Apocalypse Now+
And you can feel what I feel when I'm rockin the crowd
[Chorus][Verse 3: Rakim]From beyond the stars, it's the fiend Rah
With a God's spoon to bomb my 16 bars
So when they aks why you grievin huh
Doin my shit ain't bizar
Tell 'em you just seen God
Broads is panick cause Black Jesus is track divas
And packin fiend it's just like heaters, causin panick
Although I'm organic, my rap reaches to where the track
Devious speakers Ra's off the planet
Focus and click I'm unseen so you hope it's a glimpse
Foto reflexes of Total Eclipse
I put the world in a state of a let-up
The way I'm puttin in work
Yo, stay out the way or get hurt
As I mastercrash that allow me to stash the cash
This is the shit, they don't have to blast
So grab your glass, and your grass, and your hash
Cause this is just the beginning of the Aftermath
[Chorus]No doubt
Word
Thug Baby
New York City

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