Heat It Up

Rakim

(Take that microphone from that kid and heat it up)
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x2)
Mic check y'all
Then throw it to the floor
The crowd wanted more so I came in the door
The great Rakim, papermates to the pen
Knowledge is born and the light strikes again
Elements burst and gave birth to the first
Get the pen from the nurse and hook the mic up first
When it absolutely positively has to be there on time
I deliver a rhyme
The heckler of hip hop, hop to this one
I got more kid, they hate to miss one
Style got jazz and the crowd's out of control
Cause I've got the mic and I've got the soul
New York's own microphone technician
Thoughts'll give 'em visions
Style'll make you listen
Devastates the ear, my opponents can't see me
I gave 'em directions, but wrote it in graffiti
But they wanna know my m.o. ease back though
They want the exact flow, then study my steelo
Sketch the skit, but they still can't see what I did
I heat the mic up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)
Then I explode with a song with a original form
Or I'll perform it at high mode, they want the code
Destroyed the blueprints and documents and hits
Crews been, um, looking for clues ever since
Beats start brewing up, rhymes is rough
Stages and microphones self-destruct
And when you thought you had the format down pat
You get kicked back to the doormat with that
Cause I've got a high tech style with know-how
Select the file watch the crowd go wild

Bad beats to bless the females' finesse

Points shot stress causing cardiac arrest
Mics too hot for you to told in your hands
Now they sell 'em with fifteen fans and mic stands
Mine still overheats, if you touch it you can see what I did
I heat the mic up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)
If his opponents'll run a rap, tell 'em ease back
I've got a knapsack with hip hop attacks
Stacks of artifacts, formats in the act
Tracks after macs, and you can't relax
Rakim's equipped with penmanship
Left my penmate, I could graduate from Penn State
I could take any trade and make a high grade
Even get extra credit when the rhyme's displayed
As soon as I manifest, they cheat off my test
Surround my desk and then stress the progress
But they miss the point, forget the skit
I'll bust your lip if you rip the script
Brother's ain't cool and I'mma smoke up the room
And I've got a crew called the last platoon
Figure it out kid, problems coming
Emcees are running cause I'm the gunman
Extremely dangerous I bust rhymes into the crowd
And watch 'em all scream out loud
Aw man, and then I slam like a batteram
Ra got the plan with your favorite jam
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up kid
I keep the mic hot, I heat it up (x4)
The last platoon
Rakim
You know what I mean?
And I'm out

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