

Cold Feeling

Rakim

[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'tizar
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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