

# Eric B Is President

Eric B. & Rakim

Make 'em clap to this  
To show our appreciation for your support  
Make 'em clap to this  
Thank you DJ's

Make 'em clap to this  
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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 it until I hit my last note  
My mind'll range to find all kinds 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

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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 B 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?  
Saying indeed then I precede 'cause my man made a mix  
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix

If they can get some around until there's no rhymes left  
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death  
He's kicking it because it ain't no half stepping  
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept inside

It needs erupting just like a volcano  
It ain't the everyday style of the same old rhyme  
Because I'm better then the rest of them  
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim

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Make 'em clap

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  
Make 'em clap to this

You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up  
I'm scheming like I'm dreaming on a couch on 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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Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim, nasty

Make 'em clap to this  
Drop your hands, drop your hands  
Drop your hands to what he's doin'  
Drop your hands to what he's doin'

Drop your hands, drop your hands  
Drop your hands, drop your hands  
Drop your hands to what he's doin'

Make 'em clap to this  
Make 'em clap to this  
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