

# I Know You Got Soul

Eric B. & Rakim

It's been a long time I shouldn't have left you  
Without a strong rhyme to step to  
Think of how many weak shows you slept through  
Time's up I'm sorry I kept you

Thinkin' of this you keep repeatin' you miss  
The rhymes from the microphone soloist  
And you sit by the radio hand on the dial soon  
As you hear it pump up the volume

Dance wit the speaker 'till you hear it blow  
Then plug in the headphone 'cause here it go  
It's a 4 letter word when it's heard, it control  
Your body to dance, you got it soul

Ditects the tempo like a red alert  
Reaches your reflex, so let it work  
When this is playin', you can't get stuck wit  
The steps, so get set and I'm a still come up wit

A gift to be swift, follow the leader, the rhyme will go  
Def wit the record that was mixed a long time ago  
It can be done but only I can do it  
For those that can dance and clap your hands to it

I start to think and then I sink  
Into the paper like I was ink  
When I'm writing, I'm trapped in between the lines  
I escape when I finish the rhyme, I got soul

You got it, you got it  
You got it, you got it  
I know you got soul

Picture a mic, the stage is empty  
A beat like this might tempt me  
To pose, show my rings and my fat gold chain  
Grab the mic like I'm on Soul Train

But I'll wait 'cause I mastered this  
Let the others go first so the brothers don't miss  
Eric B. break the sticks, you got it  
Rakim will begin when you make the mix

I'll experiment like a scientist  
You wanna rhyme, you gotta sign my list  
'Cause I'm a manifest and bless the mic I hold  
You want it next? Then you gotta have soul

'Cause if you ain't got it, I'm a make an encore  
Take the mic, make the people respond for  
The R, 'cause that's the way it'll have to be  
If you wanna get on after me

Think about it, wait, erase your rhyme  
Forget it and don't waste your time  
'Cause I'll be in the crowd if you ain't controllin' it

Drop the mic, you shouldn't be holdin' it

This is how it should be done  
This style is identical to none  
Some try to make it sound like this but you're gettin' me  
So upset that I'm wet 'cause you're sweatin' me

I drip steam like a microphone fiend  
Eager to MC is my theme  
I get hype when I hear a drum roll  
Rakim is on the mic and you know I got soul

You got it, you got it  
You got it, you got it  
You got it

I got soul, you got it that's why I came  
To teach those who can't say my name  
First of all, I'm the soloist, the soul controller  
Rakim gets stronger as I get older

Constant elevation causes expansion  
I write my rhyme while I cool in my mansion  
Then put it on tape and in the city I test it  
Then on the radio the R's requested

You listen to it, the concept might break you  
'Cause almost anyone can relate to  
Who ever's out of hand, I'm give him handles  
Light 'em up, blow 'em out like candles

Or should I just let him melt?  
Then give him a hand so they can see how it felt  
I'm not bold just 'cause I rock gold  
Rakim is on the mic and you know I got soul

Now I'm a stop to see what you got  
Get off the mic before I get too hot  
I want to see which posse can dance the best  
It should be easy 'cause the beat is fresh

Now if your from Uptown, Brooklyn bound  
The Bronx, Queens, or Long Island Sound  
Even other states come right and exact  
It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at

Since you came here, you have to show and prove  
And do that dance until it don't move  
'Cause all you need is soul self-esteem will release  
The rest is up to you, Rakim I'll say peace