

# Let The Rhythm Hit Em

Eric B. & Rakim

Let the rhythm hit 'em  
I'm the arsenal, I got artillery, lyrics of ammo  
Rounds of rhythm, then I'm 'a give 'em piano  
Bring a bullet-proof vest, nothin' to ricochet  
Ready to aim at the brain, now, what the trigger say

Tempos triflin', felt like a rifle  
Massage 'n' melodies, might go right through  
Simultaneously like an Uzi, nothin' can bruise me  
Lyrics let up when lady say don't lose me

So re load quickly and you better hit me  
While I'm lettin' this Fifi get wit me, you steppin' with 007  
Better make it snappy, no time to do your hair, baby  
Brothers are bustin' at me, beats and bullets pass me

None on target, they want the R hit, but watch the god get  
Quicker, the tongue is the trigger, 'cause I'm real fast  
Let off some rhythm at 'em, let 'em feel the blast  
Penetrate at a crazy rate, this ain't no 38

Hit 'em at point blank range and watch 'em radiate  
Runnin' out of ammunition, I'm done wit' em  
You ask me how I did 'em, I let the rhythm hit 'em

I push a power that's punishable, better be a prisoner  
The hit man is the, brother wit' charisma  
Showing you that I have, powerful paragraphs  
Followers will become leaders, but without a path

Ya mentally paralyzed, crippled ya third eye  
Rhymes are blurred, then it occurred that you heard I  
Reduced the friction with crucifixion, let loose the mix then  
Boost the piston, Eric hit 'em with' some of that

Cut like a lumberjack and me gettin' hit back  
It won't be none of that, I'm untouchable  
You see me in 3-D, when I let the rhythm hit another M.C.  
Lyrics made of lead, enters your head

Then eruptions of a mass production  
Will spread when music is louder, full of gun power  
Microphone machinery, when I see a crowd of  
Party people pumpin', their fist like this  
Ya hide in the back, thinkin' that I might miss

But the R is accurate, plus I'm packed up with  
Educated punch lines that, I have to hit  
Whatever I aim at, I line 'em up  
Ya body is weak, feel with pain, that time is up

You been hit with somethin' different, isn't it?  
Rakim is gonna radiate and northin's equivalent  
Nothin' can harm me, why try to bar me  
You couldn't come around to rob with a army

You'll get wrecked by the architect, so respect 'em

I disconnect 'em, soon as I inject 'em with radiation  
Put 'em by the basement, bust his chest open  
Bash his face in, let it split 'im

Since he brought his main man wit' 'im  
He ask me how I did 'im  
I let the rhythm hit 'im, let it hit 'im

Dance floor's dangerous, packed in like a briefcase  
Rhythm with Aral rough rhyme, beats with deep bass  
Girls, with tight pants, maybe they might dance  
Tonight if the R's on the mike, there's a slight chance

The crowd is crucial, M.C.'s grounds are neutral  
Now, that you're here let me introduce you, get ready  
I'm hard read like graffiti but steady  
Science I drop is real heavy

Radiant energy, that'll be the penalty  
Touch the third rail on the pain of remedy  
The prescription's one every hour, now it's a havoc  
If ya need another hit from the freestyle fanatic

Attention, follow directions real close  
Keep out of reach of children, beware of overdose  
Too many milligram but what made a iller jam  
My rhyme is the rhythm of thoughts that kill a man

I deas for the ear to fear, might split 'im  
He'll never forget 'im, he'll rest in peace wit' 'em  
At least when he left he'll know what hit 'im  
The last breath of the words of death, was the rhythm

Now, throw you hands in the air and yo, go  
Rakim will do the rest of this slow  
If I speed they know you'll blow the hell up  
If I slow up, catch up, hell no

Wicked as I kecked it, don't need to remix it  
'Cause I prefixed it, reversed and switched it  
To perform to perfection, section for section  
Rhymes keep connectin', ya guessin' what's next an'

Blood pressure rise as ya damn near lost it  
Hit the ground burnin' and woke up frostbitten  
'Cause when I explained ya can't complain for pain  
Travel through the brain hit a vein

Then remain, let it radiate, vibes will vibrate  
Why did you violate, now, I'm 'a have to let the style brak  
Moans now the tone is ingrown, after this here's thrown  
Gimme another microphone, before I get that Fifi I met

Whisper I wanna reach your intellect  
Kiss her 'cause I wanna give her the most respect  
So I shine and let my light reflect

Hold 'er, mold 'er, make 'er feel older  
Lay her on my shoulder, everything I told her  
Makes her feel secure whenever I'm wit' 'er  
And you know how I did 'er, me and the rhythm hit 'er