

# Microphone Fiend

Eric B. & Rakim

I was a fiend before I became a teen  
I melted microphone instead of cones of ice cream  
Music orientated so when hip hop was originated  
Fitted like pieces of puzzles complicated  
'Cause I grabbed the mic and try to say, yes y'all  
They tried to take it and say that I'm too small  
Cool 'cause I don't get upset  
I kick a hole in the speaker pull the plug then I jet

Back to the lab without a mic to grab  
So then I add all the rhymes I had  
One after the other one, then I make another one  
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done  
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine  
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?  
I'm raging, ripping up the stage and  
Don't it sound amazing 'cause every rhyme is made and

Thought of, 'cause it's sort of an addiction  
Magnetized by the mixing  
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, just stuck in  
The mic is a Drano, volcanoes erupting  
Rhymes overflowing, gradually growing, everything is written in the cold  
So it can coincide, my thoughts to guide, forty-eight tracks to slide  
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim, spread the word, 'cause I'm in  
E F F E C T, a smooth operator operating correctly

But back to the problem, I gotta habit  
You can't solve it, silly rabbit  
The prescription is a hyper tone that's thorough when  
I fiend for a microphone like heroin  
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix  
Give me a stage and a mic and a mix  
And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of unawareness?  
Beware, it's the reanimator

A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon  
An assassinator, if the people ain't stepping  
You see a part of me that you never seen  
When I'm fiending for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend  
After twelve, I'm worse than a Gremlin  
Feed me Hip hop and I start trembling  
The thrill of suspense is intense, you're horrified  
But this ain't the cinemas of 'Tales From the Dark Side'

By any means necessary, this is what has to be done  
Make way 'cause here I come, my DJ cuts material, grand imperial  
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me  
It's inherited, it's runs in the family  
I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back  
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack  
Now I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off  
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off

Ladies and Gentleman, you're about to see  
A past time hobby about to be  
Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see

I'm hype as a hyperchondriac 'cause the rap be one  
Hell of a antidote, something you can't smoke  
More than dope, you're trying to move away but you can't, you're broke  
More than cracked up, you should have backed up  
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up

Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber  
One on one and I'm the remainder  
So close your eyes and hold your breath  
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death  
Before you go, you'll remember you seen  
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend

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