

## Run For Cover

Eric B. & Rakim

Here I go again, ready to flow again  
Better HOPE my mic don't blow again  
Warned by alarms when the mic gets warm  
Crowd'll get critical, can't keep calm  
Jet for the exit, why hang around?  
Words that I found make the mic melt down  
If you stay, better cooperate, cuz I amputate  
And whoever don't break, I'm a suffocate  
Leave 'em with asthma, you better pass the  
Mic to the massacre master who has the  
Power to build and destroy at the same time  
So track the wack at the right, and exact could  
Shine  
Meant to beat overheat, but I won't stop  
So evacuate the spot when the mic's hot  
Switch it from one hand to another  
And that's a hint, my brother, run for cover  
Cuz I'm armed, my brain contains a bomb  
As if I escaped from Vietnam  
Some people label me lethal, lyrics I made then put  
Beats to  
Format, collapse your lungs twist your tongues  
You can't bump your gums off of none of the drums  
Words that I made'll create an iller scene  
Eric B. is the fly human being on the guillotine  
Hook 'em up to a respirator, cuz it's the Mista  
Suffocator  
What I write is like shovin' a mic down your  
Windpipe  
Don't let him bite rhymes Rakim write  
No mic to mouth resuscitation is necessary  
No obituary, and NOTHING LEFT TO BURY  
As it strikes on the same mic twice and then  
Cut it on, and I'm a strike again  
I meditate off the breaks, till the place shakes  
Then I make rain, hail, snow and earthquakes  
Speak the truth, tear the roof off the mother  
The stage is stompin' grounds, run for cover

Evacuate the building, danger, cuz I came to  
Explain the  
Strategy that'll be tragic automatically  
Havin' me to cause another catastrophe  
All you gotta do is give Rakim the  
Microphone and the crowd'll yell, Timber  
Buildings collapsin', rappers gettin' trapped in  
Areas closed off, no one gets back in  
So set up roadblocks, barrIcade the doors  
Fade, put a detour sign on the stage  
Hold my microphone as evidence, the weapon I use  
And been usin' ever since  
The days in the park when, rap was an art then  
Plus I was dominant, determined and dark skinned  
Makin' it hard to walk the streets at night  
For those who talk the weak beats on the mic  
Whoever's livin' large better wear camouflage  
Prepare to be bumrushed when I yell charge

Surround by sound of the beat-down another brother  
This is stompin' grounds, run for cover  
Wheels or foot, better not stay put  
Whole place shook till the mic's unhooked  
Then you've got seven minutes to vacate the  
Premises  
Lyrics'll echo soon as the break finishes  
Don't act wild, single file to the door  
No need for an encore, just clear the floor  
Cuz my mic's about to self destruct  
The stage'll blow up when my rhymes erupt  
So make sure the place is cleared out and abandoned  
Cuz minutes from now it won't be standin'  
Then send out and A.P.B. All Poets Beware of a  
Brother like me  
Now how many rhymes could your man manufacture?  
How many bitin' MCs can I capture?  
Trap rappers who try to run off at the mouth  
Take over their route, play 'em out like a Cub  
Scout  
So leave troopin' for MCs at war  
And if it's a battle let the crowd keep score  
Cuz me and the drummer make drama, and that's word  
To mother, run for cover