

# Bring It On

Rakim

Bring it on...  
Come on, bring it...

Boom! my idea fill the room with light, soon as I write  
Tunes are dynamite, scenery's out of sight  
Show's tonight, I seal your doom tight  
My platoon is right, puttin' bullet wounds in the mic  
Once again it's the paragraph chemist  
Inventors are finished, the experimentist  
Rakim is the elementor, I invent more courses  
The editor with thoughts of a sorcerer (bring it)  
Act like you want it -  
It isn't a man that'll take it from me, I hold the mic prisoner  
Rescues that'll reach next crews, that speech  
Unless you know how to teach, retreat to the beat  
I swing it better than tarzan  
Once it's in the awsan, all they can say is "aw, man"  
A mass of people in hysteria  
Yo, any bitin' emcees in the area?  
Bring it...

Bring it on  
(On and on and on and on)  
Bring it... bring it on  
(On and on and on and on)  
Come on, bring it...  
Bring it  
Bring it on  
(On and on and on and on)  
(On and on and on and on)  
Don't stop rockin' 'til the break of dawn - one

Poetry is drastic, hazard when it's put on plastic  
Havoc if blasted - if I get sarcastic  
Your thoughts is short, mines go far past it  
He didn't wanna pass it  
I took it - believe me, it's devious  
If they wanna see me it's worse than hideous  
Look - I drop another rhyme and the place gets shook  
If you don't get back, react to the hook  
I hook it - highly explosive, it could blow at any time  
With any rhyme, without a nine  
Get out of line, too late if you wait 'til I perform  
Mics get blown out of tune, so bring it on

The crowd didn't hear the original  
When the wild first one to ever let a rhyme float down the Nile  
Stomp it, comp it, flowin', a similar style  
Rhymes attack, now they want rap exile  
Never - 'cause I get militant, that's why I'm still in it  
You give me a mic and I'm killin' it  
When it drops, autops and x-rays give them heads displays  
I say, ate away the microchips  
Instead of yappin' about a gun  
Rappin' about things they never done  
You're sterile, you'll never come  
I'm thorough since I came, I'm still comin' with more

In '94 I ain't go on tour, I went to war  
Whatever, I'll be right here 'til the next year  
At the mic site with a bright idea  
Brothers come wrong and better split, get gone  
When I rip the song they get torn  
Bring it on...

(On and on and on and on)  
(On and on and on and on)  
Bring it  
Bring it on  
Bring it on  
Bring it on  
Don't stop rockin' 'til the break of dawn - one  
Bring it... bring it on  
Bring it on...  
Bring it on...  
Come on, bring it...  
Bring it on...  
Bring it on...  
Bring it on...  
Come on, bring it...  
Bring it!