

# Cold Feeling

Rakim

Yeah (allowed it)  
Guess who (Raahaaaah)  
Uhh, Ayatollah (allowed it)  
From the song (Raaah)

Let the games begin, it's nothing but pain for them  
I - don't - play - I - win  
I got plain again that's why I came again  
It's the R-A-K-I-M  
Come through in a by, lean low like I'm doin a crime  
Empty ya nines and bend in the dime  
Thoughts hard to find that's why I got 'em losin they mind  
I'm bettin rhymes, til the end of times  
Shame on some, can't wait til the fame is done  
You can curse if you pray for the day to come  
Stay with the gun, stay in the slum, stay number 1  
To the day the earth drift away from the sun  
I meditate and let the ancient spirits speak through the pen  
So every word I display a true or a gem, or holdin the grim  
Still shootin two in ya men  
If you think the world's greatest can't do it again

There's a cold, cold feeling in my heart

Yo, in the life for thuggin, we like to get high from puffin  
Forty-five is bustin, like live percussion  
Will them thighs be bobbin  
That's why we try to stay alive in hustlin  
But some of us die for nothing  
Try to clock on the block, that's horn it with boats on it  
With Ghetto Legends to America's Most Wanted  
Lost souls in the crossroads of sidewalk  
Life is soft when you live and die in New York  
You've been wrong before  
You'll be missin til your picture's on the wall  
On the side of a corner store  
Either flowin on tour, or goin to war  
I was born to ball what the fuck is wrong wit y'all  
I wrote the scripture  
My lyrics just spoken with a flow  
There's no vision whole hit in the motion picture  
Watchin the style you see +Apocalypse Now+  
And you can feel what I feel when I'm rockin the crowd

From beyond the stars, it's the fiend Rah  
With a God's spoon to bomb my 16 bars  
So when they aks why you grievin huh  
Doin my shit ain't bizar  
Tell 'em you just seen God  
Broads is panick cause Black Jesus is track divas  
And packin fiend it's just like heaters, causin panick  
Although I'm organic, my rap reaches to where the track  
Devious speakers Ra's off the planet  
Focus and click I'm unseen so you hope it's a glimpse  
Foto reflexes of Total Eclipse  
I put the world in a state of a let-up  
The way I'm puttin in work

Yo, stay out the way or get hurt  
As I mastercrash that allow me to stash the cash  
This is the shit, they don't have to blast  
So grab your glass, and your grass, and your hash  
Cause this is just the beginning of the Aftermath

No doubt  
Word  
Thug Baby  
New York City