

# Eric B Is President

Rakim

Make 'em clap to this  
Make 'em clap to this  
Make 'em, make 'em clap to this

I came in the door, I said it before  
I never let the mic magnatize me no more  
But it's bitin' me, fightin' me, invitin' me to rhyme  
I can't hold it back, I'm lookin' for the line

Takin' off my coat, clearin' my throat  
The rhyme will be kickin' it until I hit my last note  
My mind'll range to find all kinds of ideas  
Self-esteem makes it seem like a thought took years to build

But still say a rhyme after the next one  
Prepared, never scared, I'll just bless one  
And you know that I'm the soloist  
So Eric B, make 'em clap to this

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I don't bug out or chill or be actin' ill  
No tricks in '86, it's time to build  
Eric B easy on the cut, no mistakes allowed  
'Cuz to me, MC means move the crowd

I made it easy to dance to this  
But can you detect what's comin' next from the flex of the wrist  
Sayin' indeed that I precede 'cuz my man made a mix  
If he bleed he won't need no band-aid to fix

If they can get some around until there's no rhymes left  
I hurry up because the cut will make 'em bleed to death  
But he's kickin' it because it ain't no half steppin'  
The party is live, the rhyme can't be kept in

Side, it needs eruptin' just like a volcano  
It ain't the everyday style of the same old rhyme  
Because I'm better then the rest of them  
Eric B is on the cut and my name is Rakim

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Go get a girl and get soft and warm  
Don't get excited, you've been invited to a quiet storm  
But now it's out of hand 'cuz you told me you hate me  
And then you ask what have I done lately

First you said all you want is love and affection

Let me be your angel and I'll be your protection  
Take you out, buy you all kinds of thin's  
Make 'em, make 'em clap to this

You caught an attitude, you need food to eat up  
I'm schemin' like I'm dreamin' on a couch wit my feet up  
You scream I'm lazy, you must be crazy  
Thought I was a donut, you tried to glaze me

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