

# Flow Forever

Rakim

Aiyyo.. what's goin on?  
The Mic Lebanon Teflon Don..  
I'm back baby  
The year of the 9's  
and I'ma have to make these motherfuckers a offer they can't refuse  
Y'know?

Ha, what's goin on? Yo c'mon, you know it's on  
I wrote a song, test my flow on the Autobahn  
Make sure the force is right, I floss all night  
Get off the mic it'll smoke like an exhaust pipe  
Keep em in the lie-bury, studyin my theory  
Ra theory get translated in Swahili  
From the lands as far as Zanzibar  
they understand the R, the man Allah  
It's obvious why the copiers, they copy this  
soon as my data processes Y2K they floppy disk  
Now who the hottest is? How can it not be this?  
Baby who the cockiest? Papi is? Gracias  
Aiyyo, this be so, magnifico  
Even my, typical, style difficult  
Make a crowd go wild when I rip a show  
Better stand back, this'll blow, you didn't know?

They show me love when I'm come through  
Yo any club that I come to  
I hit a microphone check one two  
and they know what I wanna do - flow forever

You ever witness rapport like this before?  
It's cause y'all kiss the floor, say Bismillah  
It's the chosen one, with the golden tongue  
Flow for the old and young when I'm holdin one  
In the front row sittin, we show no pity  
where kids get jiggy and girls are so pretty  
The Wanderer, back from Casablanca  
to stomp all, what next for Ra the Conqueror  
So let's go, the best show will explode  
No dress codes, they just pose in they best clothes  
Girls get exposed when I show my rap expo  
Will there be a next episode? I guess so  
Those that halved out, wanted to have clout  
What they mad about? Must be a cash route  
MC's switch they style from they last bout  
and I bet soon as they hear this they spaz out

Wherever Rakim go, it's the God temple  
It's simple, my M.O., no problemo  
Been all over the map, even know where Hell is at  
I did the welcome mat, and then welcome back  
My flow is raw, they treat me like Mr. Know-it-All  
They want me to show em all my brand new protocol  
Excuse-a-moi, I make a move for Ra  
You ain't soupin Ra, save the hoop-a-la  
Let me find out you rhymed out designed out  
Pullin dimes out then climb out, for time out  
I'm at the free throw, playin ball, or cee-lo, I keep dough

Reloaded like Carlito, incognito  
I be so, low key, women get nosy  
I do a show they wanna go see to get to know me  
in the front row seat they cosy  
thinkin I'm givin them the bo-bo-bee until they O.D.