Rakim

Yeah, with no further adieu
You know who it is
Uh, ghettos across the world
Yo this is what they want
New York City, it's what they need
East Coast to West Coast, it's what it is
Across seas, worldwide baby

Aiyyo we stuck in a time of drought, nothin to rhyme to about Ghetto of crime on the grind, pull an iron out Industry cryin out, major labels buyin out Who put the fire out? Real Hip Hop is dyin out Sound like the perfect time for Ra to set off the new beginnin Let me finish where Nas left off I went to L.A. to get with Dre, we tried to bridge the gap and Take night, mix it with day, I guess it wasn't meant to happen My move, a lotta dudes hope I lose but it's cool baby I'm like Ray, I make it "Do what it do" baby Bounce like medallions till it's off the chain And I remain up in the lab till it's engulfed in flames Just call me "Too Hot", the same old hood look like a new spot A new block, like Times Square and Forty Doo Wop Without the gun on my Hip, I bring the new Hop For Scott LaRock, Freaky Ty, L Eye, Biggie Smalls and Tupac

So where my goons at? - Stand up! We right here! Where my thugs at? - Stand up! We right here! And all the OGs - Stand up! We right here! Bounce for yourself homie, make yourself be heard But you don't have to dance, play it cool and listen Cause you know what this is, we give 'em the business Your crew is number 1 if not best and better Here's a hit, The 18th Letter

This is hell and hell is where the storm is, drugs sellers killed for cornet \boldsymbol{s}

Death is here to haunt us, the president's still in office The heavens hear the horrors, and let us feel what war is Deadly weather spill before us, to sever seals upon us Rakim up here begin to fear the end is here, your goners Stiff as Rigarmortis, now let 'em feel the chorus The God spit, I'm still here y'all, stick for real performance Record deals and tourin, my rep is still enormous I hit the block or party and mommies be watching pappy The show get smashed, photographed by the paparazzi My army's on it highly, don't bring no drama by me It's deadly, period, point-blank slash kamikaze The alpha and omega, no doubt an innovator In front of your bodega it's the style originator You doubters and you haters, Ra bout to end your data With writer's block, I'm off the top without the pen, no paper The archaeologist let y'all acknowledge it Then I start the apocalypse, then watch the god demolish it I heard the news, there's a dude they wanna hear from Take it from square one, lace up them air ones Then bring the new commandments to the planets For livin life in the hood and for the music fanatics

It's for dimes and dons and for my love of writing songs When the club mic is on I'm on my justice cipher, hold back

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