

It's Been A Long Time

Rakim

"It's been a long time.."
"It's been a long time.."
"It's been a long time.."
"It's been a long time.."
".. Rakim, the microphone soloist"

Follow procedures, the crowd couldn't wait to see this
Nobody been this long awaited since Jesus
Who wouldn't believe this - I heard the word on the street is
I'm still one of the deepest on the mic since Adidas
They said I changed the times from the rhymes that I thought of
So I made some more to put the New World in Order
with Mathematics, put your status above the average
And help you rappers, make paragraphs with graphics
Cause new days is dawnin, new ways of performin
Brainstormin, I write and watch the night turn to mornin
On and on and, I got the whole world respondin
Rock, I keep it hot and blow the spot without warnin
The Emperor, well known for, inventin a sentence
full of adventure, turnin up the temperature
Rush with adrenaline, how long has it been again
to be in the state of mind that Rakim is in?

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When I'm out proppin - either, hangin or shoppin
People see me stop and ask me when the album droppin
The wait is over, in-formation like a soldier
like I told ya, greater stronger, now that I'm older
I broke the, code of silence with overloads of talents
My only challenge, is not to explode in violence
I'm Asiatic, and blazin microphones a habit
At least once durin the course of a day, it's automatic
In ghetto apparel, mind of a Egyptian Pharoah
Far from shallow, thoughts travel like an arrow
Allah's monotony, so far they can't stop me
You know, Ra want property like Mumar Khadafi
More thoughts than Bibles, recital - taught disciples
A sawed off mic, so words scatter like a rifle
Thoughts that's trifle, I'm bustin these for you
Aiyyo, technical difficulties is through

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When I float at night, I show em new heights, I go to write
They know I strike with new prototypes to blow the mic

Critics and biters, don't know where my source of light is
Still leave authors and writers with arthritis
Cursed kids like the Pyramids when they found the style
First to ever let a rhyme flow down the Nile
The rebirth of hip-hop'll be dropped now
cause the crowd didn't hear the original in a while
So be alarmed, what you bout to see is the bomb
Like, 3-D in 'Nam, vivid like CD-Rom
Info kept like "internet.com"
My note-book's my bond like the Holy Qu'ran
Since I came in the door, said it before
But no I ain't down with Eric B. no more
At night the open mic be invitin me to rhyme
So yo I'm online, it's been a long time

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