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 peformin 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?

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

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

Rakim

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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