

# 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  
Aiiyyo, 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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