

# Microphone Fiend

Rakim

I was a fiend before I became a teen  
I melted microphones instead of cones of ice cream  
Music orientated so when hiphop was originated  
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated  
'Cuz I grabbed the mic and try to say, "Yes, y'all"  
They tried to take it, and say that I'm too small  
Cool, 'cuz I don't get upset  
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet

Back to the lab without a mic to grab  
So then I add all the rhymes I had  
One after the other one, then I make another one  
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done  
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine  
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?

I'm ragin', rippin' up the stage and  
Don't it sound amazin', 'cause every rhyme is made and  
Thought of, 'cuz it's sort of, an addiction, magnetized by the mixin'  
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, you're stuck in  
The mic is aldraino, volcanoes eruptin'  
Rhymes overflowin', gradually growin'

Everythin' is written in code, so it can coin cide  
My thoughts to guide, 48 tracks to slide  
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim  
Spread the word, 'cuz I'm in EFFECT  
A smooth operator operatin' correctly

But back to the problem, I gotta habit  
You can't stop it, silly rabbit  
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when  
I fiend for a microphone like herion  
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix  
Gimme a stage and a mic and a mix

And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of  
Unawareness? Beware, it's the re-animator  
A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon  
An assassinator, if the people ain't steppin'  
You see a part of me that you never seen  
When I'm fiendin' for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend

After 12, I'm worse than a Gremlin  
Feed me Hiphop and I start tremblin'  
The thrill of suspense is intense, your horrified  
But this ain't the cinemas of "Tales From the Darkside"  
By any means necessary, this is what has to be done  
Make way 'cuz here I come, my DJ cuts material, grand imperial  
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me  
It's inherited, it's runs in the family  
I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back  
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack

Now, I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off  
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off  
Ladies and Gentleman, you're about to see a pasttime hobby about to be

Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see, I'm  
Hype as a hyperchondriac 'cuz the rap be one hell of a antidote  
Something you can't smoke more than dope  
You're tryin' to move away but you can't, you're broke

More than cracked up, you should have backed up  
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up  
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber  
One on one and I'm the remainder  
So close your eyes and hold your breath  
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death  
Before you go, you'll remember you seen  
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend  
The microphone fiend

The mic  
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