

# Real Shit

Rakim

Yeah  
It's the paragraph ambassador  
The wild style fashioner  
It's the god Rakim, the master  
Feel this

This is that lost ass track off-the-rack kind of a track  
You forced to rap, remember that? It's that  
You know where I'm at, there go the gat  
Pass me a bat, the kill-or-be-killed kind of attack  
Steamin' \_, speedin' navigatin' the map  
Negotiating with a chick, she got her head on your lap, ya hand on your gat  
Premeditated plan of attack, with two of your most deadliest mens in the bac  
k  
Comb the block, stop in the zone that's hot  
Get out like you own the spot, home or not  
It's that no mood to play, move out the my way  
Yo, I been whistlin' this tune from throughout the day  
Hey, yo, this is that ol' y'all niggas don't wanna battle  
Turn it up loud make the whole block rattle  
Boom boom- this one is gettin' blazin' hot  
Boom boom- make you bust another shot from the Glock

From the streets below to everything above  
To the heart that pumps Ra-kim Allah's blood  
I swear I kick a hole in your speaker and pull the plug  
You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues  
From the streets beneath my feet to the sun  
I'm number one and competition is still none  
And I'm gonna keep kicking holes in your speakers and pullin' plugs  
You emcee's is playing tug-a-war with your tongues

Here we come now  
Turntable spin like a merry-go-round  
Never slow down, depending on how good your stereo sounds  
Set it, up in the hood where we go surround  
Tearin' through towns, turn 'em into burial grounds  
This is the track that made Theodore wanna scratch  
The track that caused the first kid to spin on his back  
And then we saw, kids spray-painting the wall  
While some of y'all was waitin' for war breakin' the law  
It's no antidote it's what you can't provoke  
So just relax with your girls or your mans and smoke  
And take a real hit, soon as it bang you feel quick  
It's real thick, this is that ol' real shit  
This is the description of designs for you to listen to  
Reminisclin' the times and nothin' in particular  
Keep you goin' just like a whole pot of coffee  
Have you and your shorty doin' 80 in a 40

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You know what this is  
Yeah kid, give up your riches  
Vicious, visions is not for motion pictures  
Unstoppable, rollin' witcha sickest clique of niggas  
Or witcha missus, gettin tropical kisses  
Makin' faces, anticipatin' places her tongue hits  
Suck her neck or just peck, better to funk it  
The EP is in effect from dusk to sunset  
She want a rim shot all over her drum set  
Jump the bed rubbin' your head- it's rough sex  
50 ways to keep a love wet  
Down and up the steps with crazy positions left till she upset  
"Damn, baby, you ain't come yet?"  
Hell, no- doomstick big as a elbow  
Gel soft, well blow, give him a minute, he'll grow  
And all you gotta do is play the track again  
I'm ready and revived, baby, back again

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Yo!  
Check it, Yo!

I'm faster than leopards running across the vast desert  
in twenty-two yards per second to catch me to daily delicatessen  
It takes me thirty minutes to eat'em, forty minutes to digest'em,  
and fifty minutes for it to pass through my intestines  
So ask yourself a question?(What question?)  
Can the Canibus rhyme?  
Is a fuckin porcupine half swine?  
No time to make up your mind, you wanna run or die?  
Clip you while you're running by, trip you up from behind  
My rhymes, confuse niggas  
Like somebody try to gang-bang  
Wearin' a blue shirt and red pants, throwin' up signs with there left hand  
Standin' out on the corner of wetlands with a confederate flag for a headband  
God dam eggplants, niggas getting' me vexed man  
Cause I'm surrounded by garbage like Fred Sav  
And I can't seem to get away from it  
I dreamed that I stabbed leviathan through the stomach, and ate from it  
In my past life I slayed hundreds, and in the life before that  
I played trumpets, to warn you that I was comin'  
There's one billion ways to die, and I already tried  
nine-hundred million nine hundred and ninety nine  
When I aim and fire my rhymes, like a hundred cannon balls flying  
Striking you one at a time, in a parallel line  
While the art of emceeing is steady dieing  
Canibus and Rakim Allah is still in there prime!

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