Here I go again ready to flow again Better hold my mic don't blow again Warned by alarms when the mic gets warm Crowd'll get critical can't keep calm Jet for the exit why hang around Words that I found make the mic melt down If you stay better cooperate 'cause I amputate And whoever don't break I'm a suffocate Leave 'em with asthma, you better pass the Mic to the massacre master who has the Power to build and destroy at the same time So track the wack at the right, and exact could shine Meant to beat overheat, but I won't stop So evacuate the spot when the mic's hot Switch it from one hand to another And that's a hint, my brother, run for cover 'Cause I'm armed, my brain contains a bomb As if I escaped from Vietnam Some people label me lethal, lyrics I made then put beats to Format, collapse, your lungs twist your tongues You can't bump your gums off of none of the drums Words that I made'll create an iller scene Eric B. is the fly human being on the guillotine Hook 'em up to a respirator, 'cause it's the mista suffocator What I write is like shovin' a mic down your windpipe Don't let him bit rhymes Rakim write No mic to mouth resuscitation is necessary No obituary, and if they're left, they're buried As it strikes on the same mic twice and then Cut it on, and I'm a strike again I meditate off the breaks, till the place shakes Then I make rain, hail, snow and earthquakes Speak the truth, tear the roof off the mother The stage is stompin' grounds Run for cover

Evacuate the building, danger, 'cause I came to explain the Strategy that'll be tragic automatically Havin' me to cause another catastrophe All you gotta do is give Rakim the microphone And the crowd'll yell "Timber" Buildings collapsin', rappers gettin' trapped in Areas closed off, no one gets back in So set up roadblocks, barricade the doors Fade, put a detour sign on the stage Hold my microphone as evidence, the weapon I use and been usin' ever since The days in the park when, rap was an art then Plus I was dominant, determined and dark-skinned Makin' it hard to walk the streets at night For those who talk the weak beats on the mic Whoever's livin' large better wear camouflage Prepare to be bumrushed when I yell charge Surround by sound of the beat-down another brother This is stompin' grounds, run for cover Wheels or foot, better not stay put Whole place shook till the mic's unhooked Then you've got seven minutes to vacate the premises

Rakim

Lyrics'll echo soon as the break finishes Don't act wild, single file to the door No need for an encore, just clear the floor 'Cause my mic's about to self destruct The stage'll blow up when my rhymes erupt So make sure the place is cleared out and abandoned 'Cause minutes from now it won't be standin' Then send out and A.P.B.: All Poets Beware of a brother like me Now how many rhymes could your man manufacture How many bitin' MCs can I capture Trap rappers who try to run off at the mouth Take over their route, play 'em out like a Cub Scout So leave troopin' for MCs at war And if it's a battle let the crowd keep score 'Cause me and the drummer make drama, and that's word to mother Run for cover