

# What's On Your Mind

Rakim

I seen her in the subway, on my way to Brooklyn  
Hello, good looking, is this seat taken  
On the A-train, picking at her brain  
I couldn't get her number, I couldn't get her name  
I said I still like your style of fashion  
But I hate your hostile, 'itty attitude wit a passion  
Is it because brothers like to hawk alot  
Is it because your sign don't talk alot  
She turned away, no play, I said ok  
You don't really look good, I hope you have a bad day  
Sat back, relaxed though the ride was tight  
I was thinking of the rhymes I wrote last night  
Next stop was mine, a familiar scene  
I was meeting my friend, killer Ben in Ft Green  
Where the girls are real, they tell ya how they feel  
If you're soft, you're soft, or if you're hard like steel  
See i don't bend and I won't rust  
And I don't break and I won't bust  
Stomped up the street and did I hear a treat?  
Hard high heels tappin' on the concrete  
I took a peek, it was the girl from the train behind me  
Did she live in the area, was she trying to find me?  
Hm, I didn't wanna play myself out  
I played it off, stopped and I bought a Guinness Stout  
Now was she shy, she didn't walk by  
She came in the store then she even said hi  
Curiosity- at a high velocity  
Maybe possibly she had the hots for me  
i said if we're playing games then we're gonna play mine  
I'm a lay the rules 'cause it ain't much time  
If you hide your feelings, and they hard to find,  
I wanna know what's on your mind

## CHORUS

About a week went by and I called her, ''Hello''  
I said yo, can I speak to, um, she said no  
Hey yo, I know I didn't call, I didn't wanna stress you  
Go out my way to impress you, press to undress you  
See I wanna get to know you so I can show you  
What a strong relationship can grow to  
But you gotta trust me and you're gonna love me  
Squeeze the phone and hug me, use your mind to rub me  
Now how does it feel when my mental, massage ya temple  
Telephone's hot from the vibes that I sent you  
Now tell me your inner thoughts and deepest emotions  
Next you see ectacy's explosions  
Now I'm coming to see you to spend some time  
I'm a romantic warrior but is it a crime  
And if you hide your feelings and they hard to find...

I wanna know what's on your mind  
I wanna know what's on your mind

Now it's been months and it's smooth and lovely  
I'm in your head so you'll be thinking of me  
So we met in Queens and went to Valley Streams

And, uh, couldn't remember the movie we just seen  
But it's Wednesday, take the train uptown  
How do the 125th street sound

Amateur night, Showtime at the Apollo  
Probably be watching Bill Cosby tomorrow  
Then after that get into it, I mean intimate  
Every word is an instrument  
Making sounds and tones and songs and moans  
My lips so close to your ear, it's like headphones  
You smile, you said you never know what the day will bring  
It's always a new song to sing  
The next day I went back to the her rest  
Knocked on the door, intentions: finesse  
She let me in and had nothing but a negligee on  
Smelling like Liz Claiborne  
I sat down and got comfortable and watched the Huxtables  
She sat next to me and said what's up wit you  
I got the feeling for se\*\*\*\* healing  
A mental healing ; how you feeling  
She caught the effect and said she feel the same  
Could you massage my intellect and stop the pain  
Desire's yearning, the fire's burning  
You hot 'cause it's alot you're learning  
Now I'm ready to explore you inner world  
It's take a long time cuz I'm just beginning, girl...  
Take it easy, cut off the TV  
Cut off the lights, use your mind to see me,  
Use your physical form if I'm hard to find  
'Cause now I know what's on your mind...  
'Cause now I know what's on your mind...