

When I B On Tha Mic

Rakim

(Hardcore, real ill niggas)
(I'm internationally known)
(When I be on the mic)
(Hardcore...real ill niggas)
(I'm internationally known, yo)
(Hardcore...real ill niggas)
(I'm internationally known)
(When I be on the mic)
(Hardcore...real ill niggas)
(So all hail the honorable)

It's to my real ill niggas, heavyweight hitters
Dough getters, fifty ways to make figures
My niggas, that come on the spot to feel sisters
Like they hear real spitters and kids on the zigga-ziggas
When it's ugly, then the club is lovely
Thugs be sipping Hennessey and bubbly
To my comrades that keep it flaming hot
On dangerous blocks, claiming spots
Where the goal is to be one of the top-ranked soldiers
Forty-five holders, one of the high rollers
Get respect in the hood, credit is good
Knock it down lumberjack style, baby, extra wood
Rock it all night long, the bang-a-thon baby
Keep hanging on, we like it with the lights on
Don't have to blow twenty thou' to get to know honey's style
Show her the town, steal her heart, no money down

How about some hardcore, yeah we like it raw for sure
Broads on the floor, wall to wall
There's more at the door, players ball to score
Cause this right here is for all of y'all
Rakim and Primo, yo I got what you need bro
You go see a show, smoke an L, mean yo
And deejays play hits with hard bass kicks
And then they display tricks like The Matrix
Make the record fly undetected by the naked eye
So just feel the vibe cause your ears never lie
Nowadays deejays bags of tricks, graphic
On some behind the back shit, catch it and scratch it
Classic, this kid got his craft mastered
Hands is mad quick like he mix with magic
Spin it back and forth and grab it, and know just where it is...
There it is

To my elite peeps with the murderous mystiques
I hit the streets with beats and they critique for weeks
They be like "How that kid Ra reach the peak?"
Pull out the heat and use my technique to speak
It's dangerous, sit calm and explain to kids
What part of the game this is in foreign languages
They hold Ra's events in different continents
Put my lyrical contents in monuments
In ghetto garments, I rock a towel like a pharaoh
Mind travel, design style like apparel
My fashions last long as a lifetime
Cause I can see the future when the god write rhymes

They're mad cause I managed to reign so long
Like their chance to make money done came and gone
This is strictly for my listeners on the corners at night
And the sisters that be keeping this right, when I be on the mic