

# 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