

# I Know

Rakim

Aye yo, who's the most explosive one yet?  
The a roundest one left  
Who flows express to them rhythm drum set ain't done yet?  
Flow like a trumpet to your eardrum are deaf  
Who pose a threat?  
Yo- who's more ferocious- none yet  
To the night damn set mic trends and life ends  
In sight, I see the whole world through a tight lens  
Rhymes I write wins and kept a white Benz  
Spend G's like hundreds and hundreds like tens  
I get paid, Black, but laid back with mild manners  
When I flip it's the opposite of dark Bruce Banner  
Out the lab with soul and melodies in your ear  
And just when it all seem clear I disappear  
All you gotta do is holler  
Reappear like vol-la the street scholar  
I'm 40 deep like Ali Baba  
Give the mamas something to talk about in the beauty parlor  
Keep it hot like lava, yeah  
It's Rakim Allah

I know you find it hard to believe that  
I am the genie of the mic an  
I can do anything you wish but  
Right now I'm commanding you to dance

Ready to dance y'all, my magic carpet's the dance floor  
Last chance y'all even if you can't ball  
What part don't you understand? Your wish is my command  
And I'm a rock a jam by popular demand  
You gone love this, it's marvelous, baby  
It gotta thug's twist-it start to get crazy  
It's off the meat rack- can't keep my peeps back  
Speak raps and I freak tracks for these cats  
I got a fetish for puttin' together words and letters  
It ain't all about the cheddars and y'all know where my head is  
Ghetto scriptures for my little brothers and sisters  
And still get vicious for the thugs and the Misses  
What I don't do is talk about the same old thing  
When I come through, I drop it, and they gone swing  
I bring the ladies joy until they make crazy noise  
Cuz the beat's bangin'- I'm born to blaze, baby boy

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The editor-forever more the predator, I said it all  
I spread a war, like never before  
Spit lead at yours like a ghetto braud raw at a ?  
She'll never pause  
With raw metaphors, I set it off  
But I just begun the best is yet to come  
Blessed with a majestic tongue since I was young  
But I was stressed for funds and obsessed with guns  
Test the one, let Allah protect your son

Cause something musical magician, the ageiathic author  
The microphone magician when I have a magic marker, a mentor  
You can explore, every sentence is a tour  
The inventor is more than adventure  
You'll be blown away, and a zone ?  
It's so ill, I still grab the microphone and say  
One of my own displays like I'm known to blaze  
And I bet rhyme pays until I'm old and gray

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