

Microphone Fiend

Rakim

I was a fiend before I became a teen
I melted microphones instead of cones of ice cream
Music orientated so when hiphop was originated
Fitted like pieces of puzzles, complicated
'Cuz I grabbed the mic and try to say, "Yes, y'all"
They tried to take it, and say that I'm too small
Cool, 'cuz I don't get upset
I kick a hole in the speaker, pull the plug, then I jet

Back to the lab without a mic to grab
So then I add all the rhymes I had
One after the other one, then I make another one
To dis the opposite then ask if the brother's done
I get a craving like I fiend for nicotine
But I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?

I'm ragin', rippin' up the stage and
Don't it sound amazin', 'cause every rhyme is made and
Thought of, 'cuz it's sort of, an addiction, magnetized by the mixin'
Vocals, vocabulary, your verses, you're stuck in
The mic is aldraino, volcanoes eruptin'
Rhymes overflowin', gradually growin'

Everythin' is written in code, so it can coin cide
My thoughts to guide, 48 tracks to slide
The invincible, microphone fiend Rakim
Spread the word, 'cuz I'm in EFFECT
A smooth operator operatin' correctly

But back to the problem, I gotta habit
You can't stop it, silly rabbit
The prescription is a hypertone that's thorough when
I fiend for a microphone like herion
Soon as the bass kicks, I need a fix
Gimme a stage and a mic and a mix

And I'll put you in a mood or is it a state of
Unawareness? Beware, it's the re-animator
A menace to a microphone, a lethal weapon
An assassinator, if the people ain't steppin'
You see a part of me that you never seen
When I'm fiendin' for a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend

After 12, I'm worse than a Gremlin
Feed me Hiphop and I start tremblin'
The thrill of suspense is intense, your horrified
But this ain't the cinemas of "Tales From the Darkside"
By any means necessary, this is what has to be done
Make way 'cuz here I come, my DJ cuts material, grand imperial
It's a must that I bust any mic you're hand to me
It's inherited, it's runs in the family
I wrote the rhyme that broke the bull's back
If that don't slow 'em up, I carry a full pack

Now, I don't want to have to let off, you should of kept off
You didn't keep the stage warm, step off
Ladies and Gentleman, you're about to see a pasttime hobby about to be

Take it to the maximum, I can't relax see, I'm
Hype as a hyperchondriac 'cuz the rap be one hell of a antidote
Something you can't smoke more than dope
You're tryin' to move away but you can't, you're broke

More than cracked up, you should have backed up
For those who act up need to be more than smacked up
Any entertainer, I got a torture chamber
One on one and I'm the remainder
So close your eyes and hold your breath
And I'm a hit'cha wit the blow of death
Before you go, you'll remember you seen
The fiend of a microphone, I'm the microphone fiend
The microphone fiend

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