

Ra!

Rugged and rough that's how I do it  
Allah who I praise to the fullest  
Keep it moving, I: Stand alone  
It's my crown, my world, my throne

Aiyyo when Rakim Allah attack, it's a wrap y'all relax  
The arm in that, you show me where the party's at  
Seminars and tracks, hors, comas, and cardiacs  
Broads and cats screaming "Oh my God he's back"  
Just imagine, I hit the lab and get it crackin'  
A thousand styles in one verse, rhythms will switch patterns  
Chicks get stabbed in the back, till they get spasms  
Known to spit a magnum, or split an atom  
Who woulda known that Jesus would come back to the ghetto  
On that level, and that thorough, like a black hero  
And pack metal, so rap rebels, will back pedal  
The pharaoh of five boroughs, and take over the rap world  
Gettin' bizarre, hardcore, this is for y'all  
The crib or the park, play it when you get in the car  
Chill at the bar, sip somethin' or split a cigar  
Get with your dogs, don't be alarmed, this kid is the bomb

Uh, yeah yo, I used to paint this flow, on ancient scrolls  
And learn ta, make this dough, where gangstas roll  
Think like the late great Capone when the bank is closed  
It's cats that claim they bold, but they ain't this cold  
I'm from New York City even pretty chicks act up  
Niggas get clapped up, you stack up, they stick that up  
Put the strap up, you think my name was "Kid back up"  
Big niggas (spittin' noise) pick that up, or lift that up  
Raised by gangstas and gamblers, hustlers, con artists  
And convicts, killers and dons  
Drug dealers, playas and pimps, smooth talkers  
Stick up kids, thugs, real niggas and gods  
Haunted by every soul that lay dead in the turf  
Close by every spirit, that never made it to birth  
Since the Moon separated from Earth  
That's why they say I'm the greatest that ever orchestrated a verse  
It's the

Ay yo, we toast to that, it's the cat that broke backs  
To a soul slap, a smoke a track, how dope is that  
Poet for rap, wrote backs that most slack,  
That know rap before they turned coke to crack  
To my dogs hearin' sirens on and firearms  
Outcome die in wars or behind iron bars  
The boulevard, tire frauds when I evolve  
Try and rob, my dialogue, I am God  
Chicks moan just to get next to my throne  
And sniff my cologne and get Ra alone  
Sex spot's at home, I'm testosterone  
Caress spots, stress drops, bedrock's the bone  
Hit the floor, it's hot for 2003  
Hit's galore, who rock a style as wild as me  
Rest assure, when I rock dance crowds and scream  
Bis-Mi-Allah A-Rahman A-Rahim it's the