

Eric B & Rakim, I Ain't No Joke

I ain't no joke I use to let the mic smoke
Now I slam it when I'm done and make sure it's broke
When I'm gone I wrote this song cuz I won't let
Nobody press up and mess up to seen I set
I like to stand in a crowd and watch the people wonder damn
Bu think about it then you'll understand
I'm just an addict addicted to music
Maybe it's a habit I gotta use it
Even if it's jazz or the quiet storm
I hook a beat up convert it in a hip-hop form
Write a rhyme in graffitti in every show you see me in
Deep concentration cuz I'm no comedian
Jokers are wild if you wanna be tame
I treat you like a child then you're gonna be named
Another enemy, not even a friend of me
Cuz you'll get fried in the end if you pretend to be
? Can be? cuz I just put your mind on pause
And I can beat you when you compare my rhyme wit yours
I wake you up and as I stare in your face you seem stun
Remember me, the one you got your idea from
But soon you start to suffer but you only get rougher
When you start to stutter that's when you had enuff of
Biting it, I make you choke, you can't provoke
You can't cope, you should of broke cuz I ain't no joke

I got a question, it's serious as cancer
Who can keep the average dancer
Hyper as a heart attack nobody smiling
Cuz you're expressing the rhyme that I'm styling
This is what we all sit down to write
You can't make it so you take it home, break it and bite
Use pieces and bits of all the hip-hop hits
Get the style down pack then it's time to? swit?
Put my tape on pause and add some more to yours
Then you figure you're ready for the neighborhood chores
The E-M-C-E-E don't even try to be
When you come up to speak, don't even lie to me
You like to exaggerate, dream and imagnate
Then change the rhyme around, that can aggravate me
So when you see me come up, freeze
Or you'll be one of those 7 MC's
They think that I'm a new jack but only if they knew that
They who think wrong are they who can't do that
Style that I'm doing, they might ruin
Patterns of paragraphs based on you and
Your offbeat DJ, if anything he play
Sound familiar, I'll wait til E say
Play 'em, so I'ma have to dis and broke
You could get a smack for this, I ain't no joke

I hold the microphone like a grudge
B'll hold the record so the needle don't budge
I hold a conversation cuz when I invent
I nominated my DJ the presdient
When I'm see I'll, people freestyle, going steadily
So pucker up and whistle my melody
But whatever you do, don't miss one
They'll be another rough rhyme after this one
Before you know it, you're following and fiending
Waiting for the punchline to get the meaning
Like before the middle of my story I'm telling
Nobody beats the R so stop yelling
Save it, put it in your pocket for later
Cuz I'm moving the crowd and be a record fader

No interruptions and the mic is broke
When I'm gone, then you can joke
Cuz everything is real on a serious tip
Keep playing and I varies quick
And take you for a walk through hell
Feed your dome then watch your eyeballs swell
Guide you out of triple stage darkness
When it get dark again then I'ma spark this
Microphone cuz the heat is on, you see smoke
And I'm finish when the beat is gone, I'm no joke