

Rakim, Flow Forever

[Rakim]

Aiyyo.. what's goin on?

The Mic Lebanon Teflon Don..

I'm back baby

The year of the 9's

and I'ma have to make these motherfuckers a offer they can't refuse
Y'know?

Ha, what's goin on? Yo c'mon, you know it's on

I wrote a song, test my flow on the Autobahn

Make sure the force is right, I floss all night

Get off the mic it'll smoke like an exhaust pipe

Keep em in the lie-bury, studyin my theory

Ra theory get translated in Swahili

From the lands as far as Zanzibar

they understand the R, the man Allah

It's obvious why the copiers, they copy this

soon as my data processes Y2K they floppy disk

Now who the hottest is? How can it not be this?

Baby who the cockiest? Papi is? Gracias

Aiyyo, this be so, magnifico

Even my, typical, style difficult

Make a crowd go wild when I rip a show

Better stand back, this'll blow, you didn't know?

Chorus: Rakim

They show me love when I'm come through

Yo any club that I come to

I hit a microphone check one two

and they know what I wanna do - flow forever

[Rakim]

You ever witness rapport like this before?

It's cause y'all kiss the floor, say this my Lord

It's the chosen one, with the golden tongue

Flow for the old and young when I'm holdin one

In the front row sittin, we show no pity

where kids get jiggy and girls are so pretty

The Wanderer, back from Casablanca

to stomp all, what next for Ra the Conqueror

So let's go, the best show will explode

No dress codes, they just pose in they best clothes

Girls get exposed when I show my rap expo

Will there be a next episode? I guess so

Those that halved out, wanted to have clout

What they mad about? Must be a cash route

MC's switch they style from they last bout

and I bet soon as they hear this they spaz out

Chorus 2X

[Rakim]

Wherever Rakim go, it's the God temple

It's simple, my M.O., no problemo

Been all over the map, even know where Hell is at

I did the welcome mat, and then welcome back

My flow is raw, they treat me like Mr. Know-it-All

They want me to show em all my brand new protocol

Excuse-a-moi, I make a move for Ra

You ain't soupin Ra, save the hoop-a-la

Let me find out you rhymed out designed out

Pullin dimes out then climb out, for time out

I'm at the free throw, playin ball, or cee-lo, I keep dough

Reloaded like Carlito, incognito

I be so, low key, women get nosy

I do a show they wanna go see to get to know me

in the front row seat they cosy

thinkin I'm givin them the bo-bo-bee until they O.D.

Chorus 4X

