

No Competition

Eric B. & Rakim

No competition
No competition

Competition is none, I remain at the top like the sun
And I burn whoever come in the chambers of torture
I caught ya, you shoulda brought ya, neighborhood to support ya
No one in my path will withstand under pressure the wrath of a swift man

You name the day, the grounds to be neutral
Speak your piece, the feeling's mutual
We can go topic from topic whenever I drop it, try to stop it
In other words, what the brother heard

He tried to catch it but what occurred
Was too much weight for one brain to take
Try to concentrate, maintain then elevate
Program an ounce from pound to pound

The matter of weight can't hold my mind down
Permanent damage, I do away with, no time for fun
'Cause I don't play with competitors
There's only one when I'm done

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No competition

Competition is none, I'm the soul survivor
MC's get live but I get liver, it ain't a memorex, live in concert
At every network, the R the expert
Whoever goes against causes friction

Introduction music where's the mixing
Ra will never die, tools they never try
To beat or defeat me because whenever I put poetry in motion
From the Nile, then out into the ocean

Three-fourths of water makes seven seas
A third of land three-sixty degrees, I circulate and remain to rotate
Seven days a week at a quake or a slow rate
Be prepared whenever I come

Competition is none
It's no competition

Creator, the alphabets, let's communicate
When I translate the situation's straight
No dictionary's necessary to use
Big words do nothing but confuse and lose

From the first step, a concept was kept
To the end of the rhyme, it get more in-depth
All thoughts I come across, my mind's the source
Made by the R, of course

Seven holes in my face as I'm lookin' out my window
Speak with the beat and it seem like the wind blows
Through the speakers, I hear it so pump this

And we can fill up the whole circumference

With competition, on an impossible mission

Comin' up with nothin', keep fishin'

No runner up, just lost or forfeits

They all get butterflies, soon as the dog gets unlocked

Lines for blocks and blocks

Might be triflin', to call the cops

Bring along paramedics

But that won't help you, not even calisthenics

I'm God, G is the seventh letter made

Rainin' on rappers, there's no parade

So if you ain't wise, then don't even come

Competition for this inter mixin' is none

It's, no competition

Competition is none