

# Guess Who's Back

Rakim

"Once again back is the incredible"

Yeah, yeah  
It's the return of the Wild Style fashionist  
Smashin hits, make it hard to adapt to this  
Put pizazz and jazz in this, and cash in this  
Mastered this, flash this and make em clap to this  
DJ's throw on cuts and obey the crowd  
Just pump the volume up, and play it loud  
Hip-Hop's embedded, before I said I wouldn't let it  
But me and the microphone is still magnetic  
Straight off the top, I knew I'd be forced to rock  
Dancefloors just stop, the spot's scorchin hot  
Hoping I open Rakim Allah seminars  
Massage at the bar smokin ten dollar cigars  
while I admire midas, with more vision than TV's  
I find it easy catchin diabetes from fly sweeties  
Sit back and wait to hear a slammin track  
Rockin jams by popular demand, I'm back

I control the crowd, you know I hold it down  
When it drop you know it's jiggy when you hear the sound  
From town to town, until it's world reknowned  
And I rock New York City all year around

Check it out  
It's on so you can swerve when it's heard in clubs  
Thought patterns displayed on Persian rugs  
Equations are drawn up in paisley form  
Mic it stay warm, my flow is Evian  
Deep as a Nautilus, you stay dipped in Ra style  
from the shores of Long Island to Panama Canal  
Intellect pitches new trends like a clothes designer  
I'm in effect, quicker than medicines in China  
Split the mic open fill it with somethin potent to go in  
and take a toké then, mental planes start floatin  
Hot science is smokin altitudes cause chokin  
Product is hypnotic you're soakin and still smokin  
Showin better scenes than grams of amphetamines  
Plans to scheme, means I'll forever fiend  
Long as the mic is loud and the volume is pumpin  
I'ma move crowds to 2000

Yo, my rhymes and lyrics, find spirits like a seance  
Since fat Cray-ons, I write and display chaos  
My plan is damage, the diagram to where the jam  
I take advantage, until the crowd go bananas  
What a rush I hear cuts then I lust to touch  
Microphones get clutched by the illustrious  
Word spread I inherited, many ways to say the unsaid  
Born with three 7's in my head  
In time no one can seem to blow your mind as far as this  
To find you'll need philosophers and anthropologists  
Astrologists, professors from your smartest colleges  
with knowledge of scholarships, when Ra be droppin this  
Some of the things I know, will be in your next Bible  
When I die go bury me and my notebook in Cairo

with the great God from Egypt manifest was write rhymes  
align with the stars, I come back to bless the mic

"Once again, back is the incredible"  
Word up, Rakim Allah the Microphone Fiend is back, yaknahmean?  
"Rakim Allah"  
Till death do us part  
"Once again, back is the incredible"  
It's on  
"Rakim Allah"  
"Once again back is the incredible  
The incredible, the incredible  
The incredible...  
Once again back is the incredible  
Rhyme animal, the incredible..."