My Melody

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Turn up the bass, check out my melody, hand out a cigar
I'm lettin knowledge be born, and my name's the R
A-k-i-m, not like the rest of them, I'm not on a list
That's what I'm sayin, I drop science like a scientist
My melody's in a code, the very next episode
Has the mic often distortin', ready to explode
I keep the mic at Fahrenheit, freeze MC's to make 'em colder
The listener's system is kickin' like solar
As I memorize, advertise, like a poet
Keep you goin' when I'm flowin', smooth enough, you know with the rough
That's why the moral of my story I tell'll be
Nobody beats the R, check out my melody

So what, I'm a microphone fiend addicted soon as I seen
One of these four MC's so they don't have to scream
I couldn't wait to take the mic, flow into it to test it,
Let 'My Melody' play, then a record suggest it
I'm droppin bombs, but I stay peace and calm
Any MC that disagree with me wave your arm
And I'll break, when I'm through breakin' I'll leave you broke
Drop the mic when I'm finished and watch it smoke
So stand back, you wanna rap? All of that can wait
I won't push, I won't beat around the bush
I wanna break upon those who are not supposed to
You might try but you can't get close to
Because I'm number one, competition is none
I'm measured with the heat that's made by sun
'Cause I'm playin ball or bobbin' in the hall
Or just writin my name in graffiti on the wall
You shouldn't have told me you said you controlled me
So now a contest is what you owe me
Pull out your money, pull out your cut
Pull up a chair, and I'm a tear shit up
My name is Rakim Allah, and R and A stands for Ra
Switch it around, it still comes out R
So easily will I e-m-c-e-e
My repetition of words is check out my melody
Some bass and treble is moist, scratch in and cut in a voice
And when it's mine that's when the rhyme is always choice

I wouldn't a came and said my name and run same weak shit
Puttin' blurbs and slurs and words that don't fit
In a rhyme, why waste time on the microphone
I take this more serious than just a poem
Rockin party to party, backyard to yard
I tear it up, y'all, and bless the mic for the gods

The rhyme is rugged, at the same time sharp
I can swing off anything even a string of a harp
Just turn it on and start rockin, mine, no introduction
'Til I finish droppin science, no interruption
When I approach I exercise like a coach
Usin' a melody and add new verse(?) and notes
So when the mic and the R-a-k-i-m
It's attached, like a match I will strike again
Rhymes are poetically kept and alphabetically stepped
Put in a order to pursue with the momentum except
I say one rhyme out of order, a longer rhyme shorter,
A pause, but don't stop the tape recorder

I'm not a regular competitor, first rhyme editor
Melody arranger, poet, etcetera
Extra event, the grand finale-like bonus
I am the man they call the microphonist
With wisdom, which means wise words bein' spoken
Too many at one time watch the mic start smokin'
I came to express the rap I manifest
Stand in my way and I'll veto on the word's protest
MC's that wanna be vissed(?), they're gonna
Be dissed if they don't get from in fronta
All they can go get is me a glass of Moet
A hard time, sip your juice and watch a smooth poet
I take 7 MC's put 'em in a line
And add 7 more brothas who think they can rhyme
Well, it'll take 7 more before I go for mine
Now that's 21 MC's ate up at the same time
Easy does it, do it easy, that's what I'm doin'
No fessin', no messin' around, no chewin'
No robbin', no buyin', bitin', why bother
This slob'll stop tryin', fightin' to follow
My unusual style will confuse you a while
And if I was water, I'd flow in the Nile
So many rhymes you won't have time to go for yours
Just because of applause I have to pause
Right after tonight is when I prepare

To catch another sucka duck MC out there
'Cause my strategy has to be tragedy, catastrophe
And after this you'll call me your majesty
My melody

Yes, my melody
Eric B.

Marley Marl synthesized it, I memorize it
Eric B. made a cut and advertised it
My melody's created for MC's in the place
They try to listen cuz I'm dissin them so pick up your face
Shook off your neck cuz you try to detect my pace
Now you're buggin', almost doggin' off my rhyme-like bass
The melody that I'm stylin', smooth as a violin
Rough enough to break New York from Long Island
My wisdom is swift, no matter if
My momentum is slow, MC's still stand stiff
I'm genuine like leather - reclined to be clever
MC, you'll beat the R, I'll say "Oh never"
So Eric B., cut it easily and
check out my melody...

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