

Respect the Architect

Guru & Bahamadia

So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, as I begin to build I'm mystical, don't be deceived by the visual
Visible preference is pure, patent it back to metaphors
Greetin' 'em illa-del-style wild
Analyze my memoirs, runnin' on 8/4, poetic, meter
Soarin' way beyond I am bic pentameter, or Juvenile flam
Unsyncopated soul piercin' earlobes and egos
My vocals read these thoughts
Am I hardcore to the grain?
Lame game plain Jane MC's can't approach these
I shake chumps like fleas, I hold the keys
To drive you, guide you, provide you
With the real joints, ahem I clear my throat of phlegm The architect, selecting the blueprints
To rid the game of nuisance
Sucker reducin' with the fusion
Rhymes solid like cement in my musical solution
Stackin' concrete flows, look out below So respect the architect
So respect the architect Rhymes get all up in your grill like freckles
Most MC's couldn't see me, with bifocal spectacles
There's no protectin' you, with realness, I'm wreckin' you I'm beggin' you, take a look into the cypher
You're dirt on my windshield, so I'm turnin' on my wipers
And I can see clearly now, no other rapper is near me now
And all you perpetrators, shall fear me now
Never flip folklores, only realness coincide
With the rhythm like I did with total wreck
Respect the architect in this division
Rhymes written to be hittin' like anti proton collisions
Rap newest edition, bringin' the feminine in renditions In, rare form, defined as optimal for my pedigrees
In skill three like three-sixty degrees as in well-rounded
Leavin' the competition dumb founded
For when I catch wreck, I astound So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, as I begin to build Floor to ceiling, constantly building
With power to construct, towers of rap cream kid, what?
Dreamin' you're lyrical, physical, mystical
Your concept's mediocre, plus your way too typical withcha Corny delivery and crazy wack voice

Mad corny image, that's why I give you jitters
It figures, I'd have to dust you off the scene
Like a wise guy, with my New York leanLines that I supply fortify the nuclei of mind state
From state to state, universal, be the orals that I create
Top notch and on lock like sentry, opponents could never tempt me
Samplin' my style like an Akai S-950 and still can't get with meWhile I spread this verbal plague like bubonic
Conduction phonics like the philharmonics
I make in measured melody, kids praise me like the crucifix
So place Bahamadia, amongst your top ten of MC'sSo respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, as I begin to buildYeah, never ending, knahmsayin? Always buildin'
My home girl Bahamadia in the hidouse, yeah, yeah
And of course, my man the legend, Ramsey Lewis
So respect the architect, knahmsayin? One love
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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