

Musical Massacre (Album Version)

Eric B. & Rakim

How could I keep my composure
When all sorts of thoughts fought for exposure?
Release, then veins in the brains increase
When I let off, make a wish, and blow the smoke off my piece.
Unloadin', unfold and the rhymes are explodin',
And the mic that I'm holdin's golden.
Cordless, 'cause the wire caught fire like a fuse.
Gunpowder and the slightest bruise is a friction.
The outcome is there, so listen.
Here's the brief description:
A boom; then flame; then smoke; ashes a dust to dust.
Contact is compact when I bust.
Mc's are now in a massacre;
A disaster a... Master at fashion; a beat to death.
To a pulp, till it can't pump.
Speakers ain't sayin' nothin'.
Now the ball can thump.
As I'm lookin'; I stand like great buildings in brooklyn.
Then the stage is took, then
Havoc struck that could product a whole court.
Keep in touch with the mic when you're holdin', y'all.
Sumpin', and pumpin', and slobbin', and droolin'.
Nothin's pumpin'; who do you think ya foolin'?
Tommy Tucker, the neighborhood sucker;
What you oughtta do... is pick up a tempo
From what I invent, so hard not to bite, but you can't prevent, so
You start to kidnap.
I watch the kid rap.
When he get off he know he shouldn't a did that.
Minor, old-timer, weak-rhymer, stay-in-liner.
You won't be inclined to go, so, yo.
Maybe later you're gonna be,
But for now you're almost one of me.
Now the immature imitations taken from originations;
Made by tracin', and a little arrangin'.
So perform, if ya still ain't warm; maybe after
A roast by the host with the most; it's a musical massacre. Never tired; don't even try it; keep quiet.
Like a storm, you could rain... but a riot
Remains; the gang's power just like the towerin' inferno.

The beat's gonna burn, so
Distance I kept; you better watch your step.
Volunteers go from here and get
Ya out of the flames.
Appreciate the temperature change.
Anywhere within' the range of Celsius;
Fahrenheit on the mic; mic melts; see it?
Burns soon as it's felt; see it's torchin', scorchin'.
Mic's pipin' hot; steamin' who's schemin'; now ya not.
James Brown must a been dusted,
Disgusted; now he can't be trusted.
Embalmed with fluid.
Static can cause an explosion; in fact, impact's closin' in.
Time was up, so I don't need a time bomb.
Beat gives me a heat-stroke when I rhyme calm.
Pull out the tool; sometimes I want to break, fool.
But I was cool, like one in the chamber;
Lets play a game of rhymin' roulette,
And put me up to your brain and name a rhyme about ya clout.
One mistake... Ya out.
If this imitation it can't be the same show.
Maybe what you'll find somewhere over the rainbow.
Courage, heart, brain, you need rhyme.
Turn on your mic; snap your fingers three times.
We gone, or the story won't end the same,
And you'll feel the flame.
The potion was weak; make another antidote.
What's the science? Why can't ya quote?
Elements for musical intelligence,
Rhymes are irrelevant; no development
And that settles it.
Go manufacture a match; send me after a blast.
From the master that has to make musical massacre.

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