

# To The Listeners

Eric B. & Rakim

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It's to the listenerIt's to the listeners, for those that have a ear for this  
State of the art, engineered for the mix  
Eardrums are playing along to what I'm sayin you're singin a song  
Stevie Blass on the keyboard, swingin along  
But you don't have to dance, play it cool and listen  
My DJ's mixin, and I'll do the quizzin  
Cause who is number one if not best then better  
Here's a hint the 18th letter  
The rhymes is sportable, microphone is portable  
For any immortal man, swords is not affordable  
Never take a loss cause I'm hard to beat  
I ain't cheap but don't sell me a dream I don't sleep  
I'm Paid in Full, so save the bull  
This ain't a stick up, you don't have to wave until  
You feel Sure, and you want more then wipe your sweat  
Cause I just wanted to see how hype you could get  
Cause when I came in the door steppin hard enough to shake the floor  
I just started but the others can't make no more  
Runnin out of beats breaks and out of time  
If I was gone, you'd be runnin out of rhymes  
I improve, record don't have to be long  
If it's understood and the story is strong  
You can speak out and hold the crowd as prisoners  
The people is peepless, it's to the listenersI'm the Lord, for somethin you can absorb  
Try and control and be cautious but the cut's in a cord  
Make me deeper than down, I make the crowd, crowd around  
People are peepless, cause the soloist found  
Phrases, thoughts, made by the R of course  
One thing I do is keep em different, and far from yours  
You keep talkin, when will all the damage be done?  
You say you're rulin but when I'm in the place you don't come  
Maybe you're waitin, to see what I'm makin  
One more style gets taken, then I'ma be breakin

If the patterns are causes, piano is soft  
But make it hard for you to start, where I left off  
You find yourself, till the point is across  
You hit reverse to rewind it, that's when you hit the pause  
I set the scene, first you hear mixin  
Then the microphone fiend's in effect, still listenin?  
Pay close attention, never before mentioned  
Listen up I got a brand new invention  
Made from a musician it's notes are played crisp  
But listeners listen to what I wrote on a disc  
Copywritten but still bitten they almost sound like  
Almost pumpin, but it ain't down like  
A record's supposed to sound, watch as it go around  
Records are broken, smashed into the ground  
That ain't My Melody, brothers keep runnin up and tellin me  
Others are trying to flow smooth and steadily  
Potholes are left in my path then I crash and bruise  
Whoever refuse and cruise right past em  
Cause I just left to do it for easy whatever  
Death, till I get back you better stay in step  
After speaking you'll stare, if I was there your description is  
Letters full of poetical medicine, this is for the listeners

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