

My Melody

Eric B. & Rakim

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 in Fahrenheit freeze MC's and make 'em colder
The listeners system is kickin' like solar

As I memorize, advertise, like a poet
Keep you goin' when I'm flowin', smooth enough, you know it
But rough that's why the middle of my story I tell E.B.
Nobody beats the R, check out my melody

So what if I'm a microphone fiend addicted soon as I sing
One of these for MC's so they don't have to scream
I couldn't wait to take the mic, flow into it to test
Then let my melody play and then the record suggest

That 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
Whether playin' ball or bobbin' in the hall
I just writin' my name in graffiti on the wall

You shouldn't have told me you said you control me
So now a contest is what you owe me
Pull out your money, pull out your cut
Pull up a chair

My name is Rakim Allah and R and A stands for Ra
Switch it around, but 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, scratchin' and cuttin' a voice
And when it's mine that's when the rhyme is always choice
I wouldn't have came to set my name around the same weak shit
Puttin' blurs 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
Now 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', mind no introduction
'Til I finish droppin' science, no interruption

When I approach I exercise like a coach
Usin' a melody and add numerous notes
With the mic and the R A K I M
It's a task, like a match I will strike again

Rhymes are poetically kept and alphabetically stepped
Put in order to pursue with the momentum except
I say one rhyme and I 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 events, 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 lead a words protest

MC's that wanna be dissed they're gonna
Be dissed if they don't get from in front
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
And 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
If I was water, I flow in the Nile
So many rhymes you won't have time to go for your's
Just because of a 'cause I have to pause

Right after tonight is when I prepare
To catch another sucka duck MC out there
Cos 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
Who try to listen cos I'm dissin' [Incomprehensible]

Take off your necklace, you try to detect my pace
Now you're buggin' over 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, don't try to be clever

MC's you'll beat the R, I'll say, "Oh never"
So, Eric B cut it easily and check out my melody