

# Respect The Architect

Guru

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  
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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

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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 lean

Lines 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 me

While 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's

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Yeah, 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