

## The 18th Letter (Always And Forever)

Rakim

What, uhh, yo  
Just when things seemed the same, and the whole scene is lame  
I come and reign with the unexplained for the brains 'til things change  
They strain to sling slang, I'm trained to bring game  
History that I arranged been regained by King James  
Go to practice, with tactics, when the track hits, theatrics  
Women that look like actress the status of Cleopatra's  
Stacks of mathematics took the ?ego-a-geatics?  
As I find out, what the facts is, for geographic  
No time to sip Mo's with hostess, never mind what the total gross is  
I rip shows, stay focused, and split cheese, with soldiers  
While you hit trees and coast I spit flows that be ferocious  
And with these explosives, I split seas for Moses  
Shine permanently only my mind's concernin me  
Fire burns in me eternally time's eternity  
Followers turn on me they'll be in a mental infirmary  
Determinely advance technology better than Germany  
Since the first days you know of, till the last days is over  
I was always the flow-er, I made waves for Noah  
From a compound, to the anatomy, to the breakdown of a atom  
Some of my rap patterns, still surround Saturn  
From the ancient hieroglyphics, to graffiti painted pictures  
I study I know the scriptures but nowadays ain't it vicious  
Date back I go beyond, check the holy Qu'ran  
To speeches at the autobahn, now we get our party on  
So being benificent, I bless em with dialogue  
They expectin the next testament, by the God  
I roam through battlezones with chrome for chaperone  
Blast beat with saxophones one of the baddest rappers known  
Every country city and borough, sidestreet and ghetto  
Isle and alley and meadow, theories thorough enough to echo  
When it was one mass of land, with one nash' of man  
And the whole mass was ran under one master plan  
Since the world's metamorphis, and the plan is kept in orbit  
Turntables we spin awkward but needles never skip off it  
Rhythms we expressin similar to our ancestors  
It'll answer your questions if you understand the message  
From the days of the slave choppers, to the new age of prophets  
As heavy as hip-hop is I'm always ready to drop it  
From the mind which is one of Allah's best designs  
And mines'll stand the test of time, when I rhyme

The 18th Letter, the prophecy professor  
I stay clever, long as the planet stay together  
Bring up praise from Mecca, make a phrase for the better  
In new days to remember, always and forever  
The R baby