

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