

# 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