

# Eric B. & Rakim, Musical Massacre

How could I keep my composure  
When all sorts of thoughts fought for exposure?  
Release, then veins in the brains increase  
When I let off, make a wish and blow the smoke off my piece  
Unloadin, unfold and the rhymes are explodin  
And the mic that Im holdins golden  
Cordless cause the wire caught fire like a fuse  
Gunpowder and the slightest bruise is a friction  
The outcome is there so listen  
Heres the brief description  
A boom then flame then smoke, ashes a dust to dust  
Contact is compact when I bust  
Mcs are now in a massacre  
A disaster a... master at fashion a beat to death  
To a pulp, till it cant pump  
Speakers aint sayin nothin  
Now the ball can thump  
As Im lookin I stand like great buildings in brooklyn  
Then the stage is took then  
Havoc struck that could product a whole court  
Keep in touch with the mic when youre holdin yall  
Sumpin and pumpin and slobbin and droolin  
Nothins pumpin, who do you think ya foolin?  
Tommy tucker, the neighborhood sucker  
What you oughtta do.... is pick up a tempo  
From what I invent, so hard not to bite, but you cant prevent so  
You start to kidnap  
I watch the kid rap  
When he get off he know he shouldnt a did that  
Minor, old-timer, weak-rhymer, stay-in-liner  
You wont be inclined to go so yo  
Maybe later, youre gonna be  
But for now, youre almost one of me  
Now the immature imitations taken from originations  
Made by tracin and a little arrangin  
So perform, if ya still aint warm maybe after  
A roast by the host with the most its a musical massacre

Never tired, dont even try it, keep quiet  
Like a storm, you could rain...but a riot  
Remains, the gangs power just like the towerin inferno  
The beats gonna burn so  
Distance I kept, ou better watch your step  
Volunteers go from here and get  
Ya out of the flames  
Appreciate the temperature change  
Anywhere within the range of celcius  
Fahrenheit on the mic, mic melts see it  
Burns soon as its felt see its torchin, scorchin  
Mics pipin hot, steamin whos schemin now ya not  
James brown must a been dusted  
Disgusted, now he cant be trusted  
Embalmed with fluid  
Static can cause an explosion, in fact impacts closin in  
Time was up, so I dont need a time bomb  
Beat gives me a heat-stroke when I rhyme calm  
Pull out the tool, sometimes I wanna break fool  
But I was cool, like one in the chamber  
Lets play a game of rhymin roulette  
And put me up to your brain and name a rhyme about ya clout  
One mistake... ya out  
If this imitation it cant be the same show  
Maybe what youll find somewhere over the rainbow  
Courage, heart, brain, you need rhyme

Turn on your mic, snap your fingers three times  
We gone, or the story wont end the same  
And youll feel the flame  
The potion was weak, make another antidote  
Whats the science? why cant ya quote?  
Elements for musical intelligence  
Rhymes are irrelevant, no development  
And that settles it  
Go manufacture a match, send me after a blast  
From the master that has to make musical massacre