

Rakim, It's to the listener

It's to the listeners (whispered 4X)

musical interlude

It's to the listener

(repeat interlude and line 4X)

Verse One: Rakim

It's to the listeners, for those that have a ear for this

State of the art, engineered for the mix

Eardrums are playing along to what I'm sayin you're singin a song

Stevie Blass on the keyboard, swingin along

But you don't have to dance, play it cool and listen

My DJ's mixin, and I'll do the quizzin

Cause who is number one if not best then better

Here's a hint: the 18th letter

The rhymes is sportable, microphone is portable

For any immortal man, swords is not affordable

Never take a loss cause I'm hard to beat

I ain't cheap but don't sell me a dream I don't sleep

I'm Paid in Full, so save the bull

This ain't a stick-up, you don't have to wave until

you feel Sure, and you want more then wipe your sweat

Cause I just wanted to see how hype you could get

Cause when I came in the door steppin hard enough to shake the floor

I just started but the others can't make no more

Runnin out of beats breaks and out of time

If I was gone, you'd be runnin out of rhymes

I improve, record don't have to be long

If it's understood and the story is strong

You can speak out and hold the crowd as prisoners

The people is peepless, it's to the listeners

Verse Two:

I'm the Lord, for somethin you can absorb

Try and control and be cautious but the cut's in a cord

Make me deeper than down, I make the crowd, crowd around

People are peepless, cause the soloist found

Phrases, thoughts, made by the R of course

One thing I do is keep em different, and far from yours

You keep talkin, when will all the damage be done?

You say you're rulin but when I'm in the place you don't come

Maybe you're waitin, to see what I'm makin

One more style gets taken, then I'ma be breakin

If the patterns are causes, piano is soft

But make it hard for you to start, where I left off

You find yourself, till the point is across

You hit reverse to rewind it, that's when you hit the pause

I set the scene, first you hear mixin

Then the microphone fiend's in effect, still listenin?

Pay close attention, never before mentioned

Listen up I got a brand new invention

Made from a musician it's notes are played crisp

But listeners listen to what I wrote on a disc

Copywritten but still bitten they almost sound like

Almost pumpin, but it ain't down like

A record's supposed to sound, watch as it go around

Records are broken, smashed into the ground

That ain't My Melody, brothers keep runnin up and tellin me

Others are trying to flow smooth and steadily

Potholes are left in my path then I crash and bruise

Whoever refuse and cruise right past em

Cause I just left to do it for easy whatever

Death, till I get back you better stay in step

After speaking you'll stare, if I was there your description is

Letters full of poetical medicine, this is for the listeners