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