

Guru

"Respect The Architect"

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So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, the architect
So respect the architect, as I begin to build

I'm mystical, don't be deceived by the visual
Visible preference is pure, patent it back to metaphors
Greetin' 'em illa-del-style wild
Analyze my memoirs, runnin' on 8/4, poetic, meter
Soarin' way beyond

I am bic pentameter, or Juvenile flam
Unsyncopated soul piercin' earlobes and egos
My vocals read these thoughts
Am I hardcore to the grain?

Lame game plain Jane MC's can't approach these
I shake chumps like fleas, I hold the keys
To drive you, guide you, provide you
With the real joints, ahem I clear my throat of phlegm

The architect, selecting the blueprints
To rid the game of nuisance
Sucker reducin' with the fusion
Rhymes solid like cement in my musical solution
Stackin' concrete flows, look out below

So respect the architect
So respect the architect

Rhymes get all up in your grill like freckles
Most MC's couldn't see me, with bifocal spectacles
There's no protectin' you, with realness, I'm wreckin'
you

I'm beggin' you, take a look into the cypher
You're dirt on my windshield, so I'm turnin' on my
wipers
And I can see clearly now, no other rapper is near me
now
And all you perpetrators, shall fear me now

Never flip folklores, only realness coincide
With the rhythm like I did with total wreck
Respect the architect in this division
Rhymes written to be hittin' like anti proton collisions
Rap newest edition, bringin' the feminine in renditions

In, rare form, defined as optimal for my pedigrees
In skill three like three-sixty degrees as in well-rounded
Leavin' the competition dumb founded
For when I catch wreck, I astound

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Floor to ceiling, constantly building
With power to construct, towers of rap cream kid, what?
Dreamin' you're lyrical, physical, mystical
Your concept's mediocre, plus your way too typical
withcha

Corny delivery and crazy wack voice
Mad corny image, that's why I give you jitters
It figures, I'd have to dust you off the scene
Like a wise guy, with my New York lean

Lines that I supply fortify the nuclei of mind state
From state to state, universal, be the orals that I create
Top notch and on lock like sentry, opponents could
never tempt me
Samplin' my style like an Akai S-950 and still can't get
with me

While I spread this verbal plague like bubonic
Conduction phonics like the philharmonics
I make in measured melody, kids praise me like the
crucifix
So place Bahamadia, amongst your top ten of MC's

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Yeah, never ending, knahmsayin? Always buildin'
My home girl Bahamadia in the hidouse, yeah, yeah
And of course, my man the legend, Ramsey Lewis
So respect the architect, knahmsayin? One love

