

## Trey Anastasio

### "My Melody"

Visit "[My Melody](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

#### Verse One:

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 listener's 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...

#### Verse Two:

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 just 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, and I'ma tear shit up  
My name is Rakim Allah, and R & 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

Verse Three:

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

Verse Four:

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 fronta  
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...

Verse Five:

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 ???  
?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...

Visit [Trey Anastasio](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.