

Appendix 1b: “I Come Off” (Transcribed by lines of verse)

Now I wrote this record for when I perform,  
Lonely nights inside a university dorm.  
I put pen to paper, with the paper to pen,  
For the times I’m rockin’ a mike in front of women and men.

I get raw like Eddy, rough like Freddy.  
Kruger with a Luger, turn the men into spaghetti.  
I’m like Fats Domino, up from Blueberry Hill,  
Because my rhymes are funky fresh, and not run of the mill.

Cause I can [ σ     σ ] palaces, I give an analysis.  
You can’t talk, because you’re suffering paralysis  
Of the mouth, of the lip, of the tongue,  
Coming to you compliments of a brother named Young.

Now you can’t talk, because I’m leaving you speechless.  
So be quiet, let an educator teach this.  
Don’t speak to my producer, so he’s in a rage,  
I’m like, “[You?] control the vinyl, I’ll control the stage.”

Four score and seven years ago,  
There were a whole buncha rappers who were in the know.  
Four score and seven years later,  
I dig [a] holes in those rappers, like the moon with a crater.

Because to battle me is really takin' a risk.  
'Cause you're an eight-track tape and I'm a compact disk.  
Mike Tyson drops boxers in rapid succession –  
That's how I'm dropping MC's in the rapping profession.

I'm comin' off, just like the clothes on a hooker.  
And I can fly like Jimmy "Superfly" Snooker.  
Like the shuttle goes up into outer space,  
People's hands go up when I enter the place.

I don't mean to brag or boast, or try to tell you I'm great,  
But I can rock the microphone like Dor'thy Hamill can skate.  
Yeah I can say a funky rhyme like Greg Louganis can dive.  
Don't have to be Saturday night for Young MC to get live.

Cause I come off. (16 lines intervene)

Lo and behold, Young MC's struck gold.  
From the rhymes that I've been saying to the young and the old.  
From the battles I've been having with the smart and the dumb.  
From the records I've been making with the mike and the drum.

You know the other rappers wanna play a game with me.  
They run and hide when they hear the name of Young MC.  
Like a kid playing tag is how it's got to be,  
So when I start, I say "olly olly oxenfree"!

Yo! You could never write a rhyme as strong as this one.

So pay attention, cause you don't want to miss one

Of my healthy rhymes; nobody's are healthier -

New York, New Jersey, L. A. and Philadelphia.

City to city, and town to town,

Place to place, country to country, cause I get around.

Even if you were in prison you'd've heard me play,

Because the warden had me rockin' up on the P.A.

So when you get out, come and see my show.

And if you start static, back in you go.

'Cause "Comin' Off" is the title and the theme of the jam,

And when the rhymes are fin'ly finished people say, "God damn!"

Cause I come off.. (16 lines)