

Flow Like Poe

MC Lars

Edgar Allan Poe y'all
Listen to me flow y'all

Yo it's Edgar Allan Poe with a flow so poetic
Melancholy wordsmith - style so phonetic
Got a raven on my shoulder - gothic thematic
Demonic alcoholic - multisyllabic
It's a habit - take a look and I'm sure you'll find
That the mechanics of rap are the mechanics of rhyme
And when we analyze the rhythm of the units to the meter
Long short, short long - doesn't matter, look at either
An iamb is two syllables unstressed, stressed which
The words insane, explain and delight all express
A trochee on the other hand, goes stressed, unstressed
Words like coffee, crazy, giant - so prepared to be impressed
(But Poe what's an anapest?) Words like tambourine
cavalier and Marianne, and by that I mean
two unstressed, stressed syllables in succession
that's our first lesson, okay any questions?

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This is lit-hop 101 with MC Edgar Allan Poe

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If you don't know, now you know

Dimeter, means two feet, trimeter three
Tetrameter is four, so pentameter must be
Five pairs of syllables, Shakespearean sonnets
"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" now you got it
Unstressed, stressed, five times, flow iambic
Stressed, unstressed watch me flip the dynamic like
Once upon a midnight dreary,
that's the start of my couplet clearly
trochaic octameter, rhythm might damage
The cadence is so quick, but I think your ear can manage
Mysterious sci-fi rhymes always getting hotter
Drunk in the club watch me holler at your daughter
Baltimore ravens, that's my team
Original hipster, well it might seem
From the Bronx back to Boston, I'm rockin' the 'stache
Got Emerson and Twain, both talkin' mad trash

Iambic assonance bringing passion just like that
Cutting with the consonance I kill it I attack
Alliterating awesomely amazing add the energy
Pentameter is popping with the literary entropy
I'm on these spondee dactylic swagger
the similes I drop are sharper than daggers
My metaphors are arrows, call me Katniss Everdeen
Hunger games with the quill illest MC ever seen
Check the Emily Dickinson, slant rhyme, 'cause I'm spittin' some
Strange and creepy magnificence, 19th century citizen

Hella props well I'm getting some, darker than Charles Dickens, son
Gory stories I've written 'em, teenage corpses I'm kissin' them
'Cause ladies I'm missin' 'em, and I've influenced Eminem
With the horrorcore flavor so call me Jonathan Livingston
Got that the onomatopoeia poppin' off in the classroom
Bringing poetry to life with these literary rap tunes

When I'm on the mic
Everybody's feeling it
Hands up in the sky (haiku bridge yo)

Wave 'em side to side
You can touch the ceiling kid
Like you just don't care (5-7-5 bro)