

("Roxanne, feel it!"  
"A world premiere...." [echoes])

Well, my name is Roxanne, a-don't ya know  
I just a-cold rock a party, and I do this show  
I said I met these three guys, and you know that's true  
A-let me tell you and explain them all to you:  
I met this dude with the name of a hat  
I didn't even walk away, I didn't give him no rap  
But then he got real mad, and he got a little tired  
If he worked for me, you know he would be fired  
His name is Kangol, and that is cute  
He ain't got money, and he ain't got the loot  
And every time that I see him, he's always a-beggin'  
And all the other girls that he's always tryin' to leggin'  
Every time that he sees me, he says a rhyme  
But, see, compared to me it's weak compared to mine  
A-every time I know that I am sayin' somethin' fresher  
In any category I'm considered the best  
And every time that I say it there ain't nothin' less  
And everybody knows I will win the contest  
So, then, after that came the Educated Rapper  
His fingers started snappin', and my hands start to clappin'  
Every time-a that I see him, everything he say  
A-every time he says, he says it dumber this way:  
He said-a, "Yeah, you know your mother's name is Mary,"  
But all he wanna do is just-a bust a cherry  
Every time that I see him, he's sayin' somethin' new  
But let me explain to him what he should do:  
He should be like me, a fly MC  
Don't never have to bite, we're always right  
I have the freshest rhymes that I do recite  
And after that, and you know it's true  
Well, let me tell you somethin' else about the Doctor, too:  
He ain't really cute, and he ain't great  
He don't even know how to operate  
He came up to me with some bullshit rap  
But let me tell you somethin' 'cause you know it was wack  
So when he came up to me, I told him to step back  
He said, "You call yourself an MC?" I said, "This is true,"  
He said, "Explain to me really what MCs must do."  
I said, "Listen very close 'cause I don't say this every day:  
My name is Roxanne, and they call me Shantè"  
But every time-a I say a rhyme-a just-a like-a this-a  
It's something that you MCs just won't-a miss-a  
And if you think it's cute-a, and you think it's all right  
But, see, you said it in a language so you wouldn't have to bite  
You started talkin' Pig Latin, didn't make no sense  
You thought you was cute, yeah, you thought you was a prince  
You're walkin' down the block, holdin' your jock  
But everybody knows that you're all on my yacht

I'm just the devastatin', always rockin', always have the niggas clockin'  
Everybody knows it's me, yeah, the R-O-X-A-N-N-E, yeah  
Down with everybody fresh and everyone that I possess  
And every time I do it right-a, everyone is sure to bite-a  
Every time I do it, yeah, you know it is-a me-a  
Rockin' on the beat-a that you can see  
And every time I have a DJ like Ice  
He ain't right, yeah, he ain't nice  
Because a-everything he does is off-the-wall  
Compared to my man Marley Marl  
The way he gets on the tables, yes  
Everyone knows that he is fresh  
So, the UTFO crew, you know what you can do  
Lemme tell you one for me, and then I'll tell you one for you  
Every time you sayin' somethin' just-a like-a this-a  
It ain't nothin' that I don't wanna miss-a  
And if you're thinkin' that I'm bitin' your beat  
Well, then you just better know, and a-listen to me  
Because my name is Roxanne-a, and I came to say  
I'm rockin' to the beat-a, and I do it every day  
I'm conceited, never beated, never heard of defeated  
I'm rockin' to the beat-a, and you know it is-a me-a:  
The R-O-X-A-N-N-E-a  
And if you wanna play a little game for me  
Lemme show you what you can do, baby  
'Cause with a twist of my cheek, and a twist of my wrist  
I have all the niggas droppin' down like this  
Yeah, I am fly but don't take this  
And everybody knows I don't go for it  
So, if you're tryin' to be cute and you're tryin' to be fine  
You need to cut it out 'cause it's all in your mind  
Tryin' to be like me, yeah, is very hard  
You think you are God, but you do eat lard  
Tryin' to be cute, and you're tryin' to be fly  
Don't you know you wish you could be my guy?  
So I can take you home, make you relax  
And everybody knows that you're out there, tryin' to tax  
Like corn-on-the-cob, you're always tryin' to rob  
You need to be out there, get yourself a job  
Yeah, you're tryin' to be in search of a Roxanne  
But lemme let ya know--you're not a real man  
'Cause a Roxanne needs a man, and yes:  
Someone fresh who always address  
Someone, yeah, who will never fess  
And then I'll say, yeah, the rest  
'Cause everybody knows how the story goes  
There's no ifs, no ands, no buts, or suppose  
No coke up your nose, no dope in your vein  
And then it won't cause no kind of pain  
But yet, and still, you're tryin' to be fly  
I ask you a question, I wanna know why:

Why'd ya have to make a record 'bout me  
The R-O-X-A-N-N-E?

("Roxanne, Roxanne, ["Oh, my goodness!"]  
I wanna be your man  
Roxanne, Roxanne  
And here's our game-plan!")