

("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!")