

Tha Illiad of MC Homer

by MC Lula

Below is the raw text of MC Lula's translation of Homer's *Iliad* into rap. For ease of use, one copy of the text will always remain here without formatting.

Book One: The Beef

Muse, rhyme of the beef of the son of Peleus
that piled mad grief all up on the Achaeans
and spurred to Perdition the souls of real gangstas,
yo, and for bitches an' crows they made banquets.
The mighty god Zeus's will was accomplished
when, fighting, those two was split up in contest:
Atrides, lord of men, and Achilles with the brilliance.
Which of the gods willed these two to militance?
The seed of Zeus and Leta, who was beefin' at the leader,
brought disease up in this piece; and the legions were deceasin',
'cuz the mighty king Atrides dissed a high priest, name o' Chryses,
for he beat feet to the fleet fleet of the Greek peeps with a pricey
ransom, countless in its bounty, for his daughter, who got captured,
with the chaplet on the pimp cane of Apollo (who will cap you
from a distance). and his mission: to petition the Achaeans,
'specially the two Atrides, the chiefs of Grecian defense:
"Lord Atrides, and Achaeans with greaves that are pimpest,
may the highest of the deities, who live on Mount Olympus,
let you pillage Priam's village, and return ya to your hood;
just release my dear Chryseis—an' you'll earn cash for my blood;
and you'll respect Apollo, packin' heat, the son of God."
Then all Achaeans holla'd back, that he was really good,
to acknowledge this apologist and take the handsome ransom
but his prayer found no favor when Atrides checked the scansion
He ejected him, and wrecked him with invective, bomb as missiles:
"Grandfather, best not follow me amongst these hollow vessels,
best not see you tarry now nor detect you comin' back now
lest the pimp cane of Apollo not protect you from the smackdown!
I never shall release her; old age comin' down upon her
in our home, in Greece, far from the country of her father,
for I doom her to the loom-work and to humor my dark passions
Now get, lest I forget my head, and you not find yours fastened."

Thus he stated and the aged man, afraid, obeyed the motion
He, denied, went silently beside the strident waves of ocean,
there to sing a righteous song to beat the sea's uproar; he hollered
to the King of light and song whom sleek-haired Leta bore, Apollo
"Hark, silver archer, who guards Chryse, Killa,
godly Tenedos, no end to those darn mice he killin',
if ever, praisin' you, I raised the roof all up on the house
or this high priest wrapped a thigh-piece in holocaust of cows
and mountain goats, then count my vote, fulfillin' my desire
for my grievin' days, let Grecians pay: you'll kill them with gunfire."
His entreaty reached the ear of the far-shot Apollo,
who plummeted from summits, his heart hot with choler
with a shottie on his body and a scope open at both ends
and his missiles they would whistle when he focused his emotions
through the weapon; he stepped in, fell like the night
took a seat far from the fleet, and his pellets took flight
with each round, a sunburst and a sound of thunder
busted caps up in their asses, and their hounds put under
but soon mortal fire turned to soldiers of the Grecians
and the funeral pyres burned, smoldered without ceasin'
For nine days, the deity, he stoked the conflagration
the tenth day, Peleides convoked a congregation
from Hera, lackin' melanin' the thought had descended
she dared to backed the Hellenics and sought to defend 'em
so then all the men who were sent for congested
and Achilles who was illest of sprinters, suggested,
"Atrides, our attack's been driven back. It would be wise to peace,
returnin' on a journey home. and this way no one dies at least,
or else our guys are buyin' it from violence and virulence
but come on, let us summon some diviner, whether hierophant
or someone who has the oneiropolitan persuasion
he'll perceive for us the reason fair Apollo's gun is blazin'
have our prayers found disfavor? did we vex 'im with a hecatomb?
he may desire a savor that's delectable, directed to 'im
Let's get sheep and goats and smoke a fat one for Apollo."
Then he sat down, having spoken. That one's words were followed
by Calchas Thestorides, foremost authority
who foresees the future, the now, and before in dreams
who charted, navigatin' the Greeks into Illium
with arts of divination which Phoebus had given him
He chimed in with a rhyme which he meant with good intentions:
"Achilles, Διι φιλε, it's your will for me to venture
what's botherin' the sovereign of snipers, why he's hexed ya

I'll tell you: listen well, though, and promise my protection
mentally, corporally, defend me, uncollapsin'
for I sense one G be sore at least impendin', one who's captain
of the Grecians; all Achaeans to this mean one pay obeisance,
his puissance ain't believable to behold when the beef is on.
At first dolorovorous, his soreness he'll conceal away
he'll nurse that curse and hoard it; 'til like Horace it sees the day
it's burnin' in his sternum, it keeps churnin' with his heartbeat;
but hell, I might as well tell, if you're certain you'll my guard be."
Responding, Achilles the swift got to spittin'
"No despondence, get on this and gift us your vision
you're the divine's most favored, 's what I'm sayin';
your oracles shine, when you're prayin' for Danaans;
while I live beneath the daylight, any cracka by the side
of these ships won't seek to lay a heavy smackdown on yo' hide,
ain't no one, even tho' Agamemnon is the name,
high-postin' he the most mackest gentleman in the game."
The soothsayer felt braver and he started to direct this to 'em:
"Prayers met with favor; you ain't vexed 'im with no hecatomb.
he's steppin' 'cause the priest wern't respected by the king:
didn't let the shawty free or collect up on the bling
ergo the brother can't stop, won't stop plaguin';
therefo' another man drops, 'til the day when
the handsome-eyed honey is returned to her father
with no ransom cash money, and you burn up an offer-
ing on Chryse. Convince him with such an appeasement."
The soothsayer finished his rhyme and was seated.
Up jumped the chief, Agamemnon Atrides
pumped up with grief, black with venom inside; he
screamed, eyes agleam, as if set with a fire
of malice, to Calchas, a threat hella dire:
"You prophet of Apocalypse, ya droppins ain't cooperative
the sheeit you foreseein' may be pleasin' to your cognitive,
but what's really good? you ain't never do or say it
now you playin' like Isaiah, cuz you spray to the Danääans
that Apollo with the hollow-tip be causin' sorrow 'cause o' this:
the bling that they was bringin' for Chryseis didn't alter shit—
I sent them bitches packin', want my baby where I kept her
she better for the mackin' than my lady Clytemnestra
both babies got back, get stack, and got soul
but I'll give her back for the good of the whole
'cuz I need that my peoples be ill, but not sick
but every thug needs a shorty, so score me some chick

lest I go without the booty, alone of Achaeans
check check it out, y'all, my homegirl is peacin'"

Then the words of the godlike Achilles were resoundin':
"O Atrides most fly, who loves to rule cash around him,
how are great-hearted Greeks gonna get that stack?
We know of no dough that was left unjacked
What we gittin' from settlements we sacked was split up
it's unfitting to get the men to stack that shit up
Yet to God you speak thus forth? However, your underlings
will pay back to the threes and fours, if ever Zeus the Thundering
gives us the well-walled city Troy to sack."

Then Agamemnon tells all, it's ya' boy right back:
"Achilles, like a god, though you may be a great G,
don't front in your thoughts—can't evade or persuade me
or try to keep a prize, while my pockets barren be,
and plan to command my ass into charity!
If these Achaean heroes, yet, are givin' me a prize
I decree got equal zeroes when they chip in Gs to buy—
but hell, if they will not, I'll jack something precious
from your stash, Achilles, Ajax, or Odysseus.
When I come to levy fines, he gon' feel so irate, word;
but don't pay no nevermind, we can deal with that later.
Let's tow us a vessel that's black to the tides,
get rowers assembled, and pack it with bribes
so Chryseis with the cheeks that are roundest gets all up ons.
The leader, he should be of good council when called upon:
Ajax? Idomeneus? Odysseus divine?
or you, son of Peleus, of all men most malign?
so you please with sacrifice the one who hits farthest."

Then the fleetest cat replied with a look of grim darkness,
"Your raiment is your shamelessness; for gain you are insatiate;
I ain't see how Danaans are persuaded by your ravings yet
to march on the road or to fight foemen fearsome
I ain't come to blows here 'cause of Trojan spearmen
who ain't tried to battle or beef with me—
or to drive off my cattle or steeds, you see,
nor despoiled any harvest of hero-raising Phthia
where soil clods are largest; between us lay the difficult
shadows of the shady peaks, and seas strong of voice
no, we're shadowin' this shameless G, so he can rejoice
and pilfer him some loot, for this dog and Menelaus
from Ilium. The truth of this wrong won't bend or sway him.
This same one indeed now threatens to jack my prize

which came from the Greeks, my sweat, and my sacrifice.
My booty can't compare to yours, G, any time Achaeans
loot some Trojan territory, plentiful with beings.
What tho' the mass of the rush of the battle
my hands fight it, when dividin' up the cuts, to your ass will
the greater part go, while I stomp back to my fleet
with some dainty cargo, when the combat has me beat.
Now I'm goin' toward Thessaly, I know it's far better
to head home in curved vessels, G, and no more just set here,
exempt of my honor, and beef up your purse."
Agamemnon responded, the chief, with a verse:
"Mos' definite, flee, if your heart calls you, G,
I ain't gonna pray you to stay 'cause of me
or my niggaz, for the biggest of advisers is Zeus.
Of all kings whom gods bring up, most despised to me is you
for you nourish your soul with war, strife, and battle
you got courage, but hold up, God gave you that all
Float home in your boats, rule your Myrmidon legions,
tho' I don't mean to gloat, fool ain't worryin' me, then;
your beef is just paltry—so just see what you think of this:
since Phoebus Apollo took Chryseis from my fingertips
I'll send the lady back with my legions and my fleet
but then I'll maybe mack on Briseis who so sweet.
When I enter in your tent to apprehend her, get my drift
how inferior to me you are. Then men here won't be swift
to compare themselves to me, or say they equal me identical."
Despair developed deep in Peleides, his ventricles
were scattered in his chest: should he dive for the sword-hilt in
its scabbard, should he wrest it from his thigh where he wore it and
put it in his enemy, then search the chief for drops
or should he seek serenity and urge his beef to stop?
Those two courses warred in his heart's arena
As he drew forth his sword, then in darts Athena
from the heights; white-armed Hera had enlisted and deployed her
both delighting in Achilles, and solicitous like lawyers
see Athena stand behind him, bind him back by his blond hair
she appeared to none beside him, rhymed to no one else who's there
and Achilles was astounded, turned around and then perceived
Athena great and terrible; and veritably he
made a sound unto to her, his words flew, hear the spiel:
"Why you down on the earth, child of Zeus with the shield?
Did the arrogance of Atreus's baby catch your notice?
Let me lay it on you, lady, ain't no maybe, yeah, I know this:

forthwith his haughtiness will sacrifice his heart.”

Then it's the goddess with the flashing eyes' retort:

“I descend to end your temper, and to sway your intentions,
from the stars, HER to the A had me sent in
'cuz she loves you hella deep and she carin' for you, man
but come on, quell your beef, and don't take your sword in hand
drop a diss track instead, so ill that he'll gasp,
cop a listen: I pledge, this will come to pass
he'll present shining presents thrice boostin' your pay
for his vainglory. Restrain your beef and do what I say.”

Then Peleides the speedy G spoke, laid before her:

“There is need for me, O deity, to obey your order
though it's deep indeed, this quarrel, hell, this way's truly safer.
If one cedes to the immortals, they'll listen to his prayers.”

On a hilt wrought with silver, hand was stayed from the slaughter
and he stabbed into the scabbard and obeyed Zeus's daughter
who, once she's cared for him, to the Heavens makes an odyssey,
where Shieldbearer lives, plus eleven gods and goddesses.

Then Achilles hit Atrides, rhymed a baneful answer
turning villains to contrite Gs, rife with pain and anger:

"Got the eyes of a bitch, but your center's a fawn.

You imbibin' the Cris while your men fightin' on
yeah, I scramble to an ambush with the baddest of the Greeks,
but your spirit ain't no spearman, 'cuz it fears to be deceased
but it's all good to jack the benjamins wherever you might venture
through the hood of Grecian gentlemen, from anyone against you
you bite on your own crew! if this muster had a spine
they'd nah fight to follow you—you'd have bust your final rhyme
now I'm swearin' on the mic like Parental Advisory
invention which augments transcendental or miserly
verses for all purposes, purchase or piracy
the censors are spent, won't venture to silence me
rockin' on your system: and the Greeks will check the method
when the rock is bearin' witness or it speak respect to Heaven;
I'm raisin' up a covenant from here unto the Lord:
that Danäans will be covetin' this hero's awesome sword
though your grieving is increasing, no protector givin' aid to thee:
deceased will pile, heapin' under Hector like he's HIV
and salt from your cryin' gonna burn your lacerations
when all y'all be dyin' 'cause you spurned the best Danään."

Thus he expectorated, dropped the gold-decorated
microphone at his feet, and his seat, then he'd take it
Atrides, he was mad. Nestor rose up and stood,

the illinest of Pylans at flows that are good
the oration emanatin' from his tongue could sweeten honey
in his day two generations grew from young and green as money
up through old and dyin' and were lost—and this occurred
in most holy Pylos, and he bossed over the third.
He addressed the assembly, well and worthy in speech:
“Hot mess has descended on the turf of the Greeks.
Priam and his fam would be glad just to hear it
and you know the other Trojans won't be mad at it neither
if word of this reached them, accounts of you bickering,
you lords of the Greeks both in counsel and triggerin'
but heed me, obey, 'cuz I'm older than you
you see, in my day, I rolled with a crew
who were better than you people, who would never sleep on Nestor
I ain't never seen their equals, and I'll never see them ever
peace to the shepherds of men, Dryas, Pirithous
Caineus, Exadios, and godlike Polyphemus
Theseus Aegeides, deathless in his worth
my peeps: of all Gs these were deffest on the earth
My mentors were renowned in might. They clashed with all the wylinest
of centaurs in the mountain heights—they smashed them all with violence
these guys were my homeboys. From lands far I'd come in
from Pylos, my home, for to answer their summons
When I battled at their side, damn, I did it on my lonesome
no cat today could fight 'em, you fidda get 'em owned, son
the hottest in the game used to heed me when I advised
you oughta do the same 'cuz obedience is wise
Don't, on fleek as you may be, take a dime for your own use
the Greek sons already done assigned as a bonus
Peleides, best hope not to bomb on the don, for
the deities bestow the uncommonest honor
to the monarch on the mic, whom the gods gave greatness,
Stronger though you might be, though ya' moms was Thetis,
he presides anyway, since there's more that he bosses.
Atrides, I pray you, cut short all the crossness
you've spilled on Achilles, who's the hardest-core
of the men who defend us from this horrid war.”
Thus rhyming, the lord Agamemnon responded
“Old-timer, your words, all of them been real honest
but this man wants to rule over everyone
[Agamemnon repeats “he wants to rule everyone” for a line and a half,
[so the DJ scratches line 287 for 1.5 bars] but I expect one man won't fear him!
Even if eternal gods elected him a spearman,

is the deities' design that he heckles me thus?
Then Peleides divine interjects and he busts:
They'd say I had no vertebra, that I'm of no account
if I were to defer to ya each time you ran ya' mouth
You can order other warriors, but check that you don't say none
with respect to my direction: I expect I won't obey them.
And I'll say another thing to you, so hurl it deep in mind:
I won't lay on you a finger, dude, the girl to keep for mine
or on others here: you gave it, take your gift back, shit
But that other gear arrayed beside my swift black ship
you ain't never gonna jack, not when I won't let it go
please test me, in fact, so that I can let 'em know
the splash of your lifeblood, black around my speartip."
They clashed in the cipher, attacked with sound and lyric,
then dismissed the party assembled by the ships
and Achilles departed for his vessels and his crib
with the son of Menoetius and the rest of their phalanx
and meanwhile Atrides got a fast ship for sailing
he boarded twenty oarsmen, a hecatomb proceeded
on as offering to God, and the sexy-cheeked Chryseis
was strapped in. Odysseus, the star of the sequel,
was captain. They lit out with the barque and its people.
Atrides decided it was time now to bathe
so his men did it, then threw the grime to the waves
and a hecatomb so flawless for Apollo they slaughtered
bulls and goats died by the side of the waters
and the flavor rose to Heaven with the smoke 'round spinnin'.
Thus some labored in the camp but Agamemnon didn't
yet cease on his beef, which he'd threatened Achilles with
he speaks to 2 Gs, Eurybates and Talthybius,
the comrades, the heralds, the squires, the readiest:
"Go to the bunk of Achilles son of Peleus.
Seize me Briseis, pretty-cheeked, bring her back here
If he doesn't cede her, I myself finna jack her
together with my forces: all the worse for my man."
Thus he spoke, sent them forth with a word of command.
They walked by the side of the brine that was barren
'til they came to the Myrmidons' rides and their cabins,
They seen him among them; their captain was seated
between them. Achilles weren't happy to see them.
Surprised and contrite, in the sight of the king
they stood, and they couldn't say or ask anything.
He perceived their thoughts and professed this to them:

"You heralds of Gods and messengers of men:
approach unapproached. Agamemnon's the miscreant
who ordered you forth apprehending my Briseis.
Patroclus, my boo, get Briseis who the fittest
hand her off to these two, so that we can get a witness
to the gods who are blessed and ephemeral men
and the ungentle king, if ever again
there develops a need that I stave off any harm
from the Peloponnese: for he rages in his heart
either forwards or back, he don't pay no attention
in order that the Greeks might be safe while contendin'."
Thus he spoke, and Patroclus heeded what he said,
and brought out the pretty-cheeked Briseis from her bed.
The squires retired past the ships of Achaeans
homegirl went with 'em, though she didn't wanna leave him.
Achilles left in tears, and he seated down, bent,
on the shore where he peered at the sea without end
Hands extended, to Moms he repeated a prayer:
"You brought me to life, although fleeting my days are
Zeus on Olympus oughta pay what he owe
to the palm of my hand—but of fame, now I'm broke.
For surely wide-ruling Agamemnon Atrides
dishonors me, flaunting his theft of my the prize, see."
Thus he spoke, weeping, and his moms heard the prayer
She rose from the deeps by her father Nereus
so swiftly emerges her form from the brine
like a mist, and she perched down before him as he cried
With her hands she embraced him; by name she addressed him.
"Why you crying? What sorrow came in your breast, kid?
Don't front, but just spill it, so we can both know."
Then the swift-foot Achilles spoke forth with a groan:
"You already know—why you got me repeatin' it?
We rolled into Thebes, into godly Eetion
we sacked it and jacked everything up there
and the sons of Achaeans split the bling up fair
Chryseis who so cute was allotted to Atrides.
The priest of far-shootin' Apollo, name o' Chryses
headed to the navy of the bronze-armored Argives
to get back his baby with a monstrously large bribe
hands on the far-gunnin' Apollo's wreath
on his pimp cane, he's bargaining with all the Greeks,
'specially the two Atreides, commanders of the slaughter.
Then all Achaeans holla'd back to manumit his daughter,

to reverence the reverend and cart off the bribe
but to seize it wasn't pleasing to the heart of Atrides
who ejected him, and wrecked him with unfairest words
Pops left, enraged—but his prayer was heard
by Apollo, the lucent god to whom he was bae
he called down a fusillade to doom our brigades
killed 'em one after another, and the fire of slaughter
filled the bunks of my brothers, 'til we hired an augur
to tell us a prophecy he'd seen of the reason
I said that Apollo should receive our appeasement
but ire seized the king, who jumped up fast
and fired off the thing which would come to pass ..."