

# B-Boy Kingdom

Aceyalone

greetings  
ok i'll make this short  
we in the house  
we got Mikah 9 Abstract Rude Peace  
Vic Hop Fat Jack and myself Aceyalone  
we come for the glory of the be -boy kingdom  
bring them laughter after which bring them tears  
i seen it comin' and knew it was a plot  
legislation had a plan to kill hip hop  
i got wind from a snitch i kept in contact w/this  
bitch ass judge who was paid off  
soon after that he got laid off  
i'm lettin' niggas know you tryin' to stop a muthafucka's flow  
hold your black stallions and your black sheeps  
black clan aided a nigga and got heat  
we met up on Stepney and Market sparked it  
mapped out the target  
we gon' take out their number one sergeant  
young and strong we bailed up on their front lawn  
to kill the enemy  
remember me  
well if you remember me you'll remember  
i'm the one who broke into the pentagon took fouls planted bombs  
now i possess the blueprint  
i counter the message you sent  
no longer will you slander and tamper w/our music  
copies of the document we're xeroxed  
the ghetto took offense in defense of hip hop  
shot down rolled 'em up loc'ed up bailed out  
saved the day  
then into thin air i fade away  
scorpion  
we come for the glory of the be -boy kingdom  
bring them laughter after which bring them tears  
the story had never been told until now  
as the glory of the kingdom come comes down  
disguised as a janitor the washman  
i swept and mopped the floors  
better yet i was a spook behind the door  
w/a perfect view from the bannister  
feeling like Lee Harvey  
'cept i got a hundred million years in me  
first thing i did was aim  
lock him in my scope  
squeeze  
bust his melon open now i'm pleased  
in the name of MC's  
already passed the time that they allotted me  
the housekeeper spotted me  
it was either her or me  
click clack  
she says i will not say what i see  
but i never could have trusted her so i busted her in her chest  
then laughed  
then headed for the elevator shaft  
but it was too late the jig was up  
there was pigs all in the building

so i tried to escape to the fire escape from homicide  
yeah i killed him  
hangin' from the third story ladder  
i dropped and i felt my ankle shatter  
no time to lose juice from my bladder  
my mission was completed and that was all that mattered  
the van was parked a hundred yards from the scene of the crime  
but it was hard to run w/a broken foot  
just like i thought they blasted  
i took one to the gut  
i was laying there thinkin' about death  
just watchin' my blood spill out  
just then the van pulls up and i jump in  
and then we pull out (?lickin'?) shouts for the glory  
we come for the glory of the be -boy kingdom  
bring them laughter after which bring them tears  
i walk in like a normal black  
gun peckin' jaw snatching  
slide  
they like the way i glide  
to the back break out my backpack and stack my shit up  
ah it's bulging now  
looked around heard a gun shot  
pow  
i looked down I whipped out my shit  
unloaded my clip  
jetting by the count i slipped  
tripped out  
landed on my hip crawled out  
i hit a tuck and roll up and out  
into a flip and boned out now i'm zonin'  
I'm nine glocks and seven 380's richer  
i'm fit to blow the foundation off this beyotch up  
synchronized for the race  
i push the button  
nuke the place  
timed myself dashin to the ride  
i hops inside  
keys already in the ignition  
i cranks it slaps it in drive  
fizorty-fizive seconds til dizamage  
ride be -boy  
kingdom  
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