

Headaches And Woes

Aceyalone

Intro:

oh man i got a splittin' headache
and my heart is broken up into a thousand tiny little microscopic pieces

Chorus:

i got a head full of headaches a heart that's full of woes
i'm constantly singin' them downhome blues and not many people knows
that leaves me with a twisted view of the whole wide world as i know it
and i guess i got no choice but to be a poet

Verse One:

now in my natural habitat i gravitate towards having that
and i elevate on having that
and i'll never get caught in your rabbit trap
from Yellowstone to Venezuela
Nigeria down through Australia
there's somethin i learned that i gotta tell ya
there's a whole lot of us ain't wrapped too tight
now i could been your doctor or your lawyer
or come to your house and clean up for ya
self destruction won't destroy ya
if you got somebody that's lookin out for ya
men are murdered women raped
people gettin beat on videotape
and people elsewhere tryin to escape
just to come to America to lick the plate
helicopters scope the land
hell is here so i hope you 'stand
hip-hop culture is African
and rappers like me gon' rule the earth

Chorus

Verse One:

now everyday i manifest and i generate and smoke cannabis
and i penetrate and i innovate and i demonstrate from Los Angeles
from Amsterdam to the Northern border
Panama Spain to Atlanta Georgia
somethin' i learned that i haven't told ya
brothers like me don't live too long
now i know you know it ain't who you know but do you know you
see cause you could go just like any Joe and that's for sho' true
so if you're straight and you're narrow and the snake's in the barrel
and the serpent is under the rainbow
and you're head over heels instead of the reals
then you're bound to be tangled
cause brothers are singin' and dancin' and rappin'
like they was a vaudeville act
but knowledge is wealth and you gotta know self
and you gotta know God's still black
cause every so often i sit and i wonder why i even trip at all
cause half are down when i get down
the other half want to see me fall
waitin around all heaven bound and you seen that your L-7's round
and when the sky falls to the ground
and you found that the only way up is down
don't give me no additives no sedatives or preservatives
or repetitive rhetoric you give
just let it live
yet my head is poundin' i'm dealin' with this load on my mind
i got a head full of headaches a heart that's full of woes man

i'm constantly singin' them downhome blues and not many peoples knows man
that leaves me with a twisted view of the whole wide world as i know it
and i guess i got no choice but to be a
i got no choice but to be
i guess i got no choice but to be a poet
i guess i got no choice but to be a prophet
i guess i got no choice but to be a griot

a gangster

a athlete

a bum

a nobody

a criminal

a convict

a black man

a MC

a MC

a MC

Chorus

Verse Three:

mmmmhmmmm

you know that's right

that's why people got to get their high so they can get high

they blast and they passed the pipe to get high

just like a Jedi

never said i would i

even if i could i

didn't do it but i just rather get a little shut eye

so i sleep from dawn to dusk in a bomb shelter

cause ya never know

when the man is gonna drop that big one

oh pelting, people burning melting

alarm the farmers

armageddon karma psychic readings

greetings earthlings i'm from mars

got two more planets to go and then i'm on my way to the stars

oh no there i go through the ozone layer hole

where the men are the men and they mean it

down where the wind don't blow where the indo grow in the snow

and everybody po'