

Not When You Get Down

Aceyalone

A tall, handsome, chocolate syrup colored kid
in a fresh boxcut hairstyle.
Quiet manner was more in tune with his, well-heeled patrons
than with his hip-hopping friends.
"Who hooked you up man? Yo' momma?!"

I wrote a poem the other day
I hope you like it

Roses are red, and violets are blue
Sugar is sweet love, but not as sweet as you
Boogers are green, and doo-doo is brown
Life is uphill but, not when you get down
I said roses are red, and violets are blue
Sugar is sweet love, but not as sweet as you
Boogers are green, and doo-doo is brown
Life is uphill but, not when you get down

Sticks and stones, flesh and bones
+Organic Electricity+ chromosomes
I'm home alone, but not by choice
I pick up the phone and I hear a strange voice
Hocus pocus, boogedy boo
Abra-cadabra, what's a nigga to do?
Back and forth, and open and closed
And if you can't see through it then poke you some holes
It's like glass and dirt, water and sand
Things tend to burn the hotter the pan
Left and right, and right and wrong
Wrong and guilty, convicted and hung
Young and old, and old and new
Knew and never knew and tellin the truth
It's like black and blue, and battered and bruised
And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news
I said

Jack and Jill, and +Jill+ and +Scott+
Scotch and soda, a twisted plot
Bums and cops, covers and quilts
Pillows and blankets, cottons and silks
Mind so heavy hope the bed don't tilt
Cuts and welts, and screams for help
Eat and sleep, shit shower and shave
Work and play, cradle to the grave
It's all for nothin, or nothin at all
It's all for one, and one for all
You better look up at me like I'm ten feet tall
Cause you're lookin down at me like I'm two feet small
Hopes and wishes, wishes and dreams
It's ugly and dirty, I wish it was clean
Win or lose, smoke or booze
And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news
I mean

Ready or not, sweaty and hot
Tired and hungry but haven't forgot
Guns and shots, runs and drops

Or buried alive under tons of rocks
A beautiful day, a wonderful night
A suitable pasttime just rockin the mic
A day in the life, a life in a day
You know when they comin so you might get away
Space and time, nickels and dimes
Bass and rhyme that tickle your spine
A brand new mind, a fresh design
One of a kind, seek and you find
Homies and crews, weapons and tools
Lovers and haters and teachers and fools
Just try walkin one day in my socks and shoes
And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news
It's like

[Chorus]