

# Moonlit Skies

Aceyalone

(Yeah...)

(Feels good)

There's moonlit skies in the middle of the night  
It's so surreal but it don't seem right  
Look into the light with all your might and sprite  
Take it to new heights, you're ready for the fight  
They start to swarm you, they never warn you  
Jumping all on you and tryin' to harm you  
If I was you which I'm hardly not  
I'd tighten up game so I never get caught again  
On again, off again, in again, out again  
In the streets, in the pen, life's a whirlwind  
Wife or girlfriend or just a mistress  
Momma, daughter, grandma, the wife or sista  
You can't resist it, you can't deny it  
You can't reply, ya can't lie, ya can't get by  
Ain't shit funny with a blinded eye?  
I find it I just wanna scream mutha fucka die  
- 2X

Itty bitty footsteps, aches and pains  
You wanna stake the claim  
Someone should fake the game  
Your indian dance don't make it rain  
But it make it little harder try to break the chains  
It's all the same, it's all in vain  
All-City, all-state, all Terrain  
But all somebody's wanna make a name  
But it's all in the famly and all contained  
I hope this dope don't kill you fast  
Skills won't last, still in the past  
Roll in the fast lane til' you crash  
Now put your hands in the air, feel the blast  
What's the conclusion about the solution pollution  
I'm still trying to figure it out  
But I'm cool down here boss, whatever the cost  
I'mma still keep diggin' it out  
- 2X

Your showing me what I see (what I see)  
It's not how you sadden me (if it ain't real)  
I'd rather be miserable (and know where I am)  
Illusions never sound, so derive  
Now ron law sound so raw  
I hit the mic swiftly and clown all y'all  
Now all y'all wanna all choose sides  
I refuse to lose, now who's gon' die?  
Not me, I'mma live forever  
I'mma keep it together, do the weather with a feather in my hat  
However if you know any better  
You know I'm a veteran I'm clever and I will be back  
I'm on my own, and so is you  
And everything I'm telling you is oh so true  
It's all so new and old school too  
I know somebody's listenin' but don't know who  
Talk is cheap and life is cheaper  
You up to ya neck but it still gets deeper  
Check your beeper, check ya watch  
Check ya phone, make sure ya two ways on

Hold your horses and let em' run  
Let em' out the gate and have some fun  
Pick you a throughbred and be number one  
And pick one more and ride off in the sun  
- 2X