

Mr. Outsider

Aceyalone

i am a universal soldier walkin' in the path of the Math
after the aftermath i'm a still be a soldier in america's blood bath
look at it through the wrath of a universal soldier you could never monitor
my
craft
i am not a graft i am a original soldier walkin' in the path of the Math
now
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin outside yourself - is
that right
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh hu
h
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh 1
2
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - ooh
well i scrapes the neighbourhoods lookin' for odd jobs
it's hard livin' like God in a world full of bobs
john doe's and jacks joe's and mary mack's
i guess babylon wasn't made for blacks now was it
well it doesn't really matter does it
cause it be dependin' on the who what why's and the whereabouts
and i'm a nigger that the world don't care about
mr outsider
it's all about bein' a fighter
use the guide to open up your mind a little wider
my mellow my ace
movin' from place to place all a nigger want is a taste
working on the docks wearin' a smock
i clock in i clock out about 5 o'clock
i keeps a calm disposition
so i won't arouse suspicion
but then i know what you're wishin'
that you could put a bullet in my head plate w/out all that red tape
and lead me straight to the grave
you're either a slave or Jesus got you saved
or you don't know how to behave but you're brave
a mixed up African w/a fingerwave
and the load ain't gettin' no lighter
even though i'm in it to win it i'm still a outsider

well back in the days they told me hip hop pays
so i says i strays away from L.A.'s average
cause C.k-in' and B.k-
in'* was bein' a savage (* referring to Crips and Bloods
maybe?)
and M.C.-in' and DJ-in' was bringin' the cabbage
now it ain't like a nigger talking hella late in the game
i'm talkin '80 ace deuce
nobody think about truce
no Menace no Boys In The Hood no Juice
it was more like Coolie High and
niggers truly die like they do
when i found out you got to choose your path i knew
not red and blue
the blackness is true
my tactics was new
that's when the practice grew and i flew
i wanted to be a rapper so simple and plain

from Los Angeles city of the big bang theory
where everyone is leery
now a whole mess of MC's fear me
but it's important everybody hear me
as i tell you about the unwanted man who got blunted and took what he can
and he ran
from city to city and town to town
bouncin' around like he's about to blow the world up
cause his mind's not dormant anymore his door's ajar
and his jar's full of somethin' else
now everyone knows that scarecrows w/velcro hair ain't real
yeah
but if your psyche is likely to be spilled
ain't no tellin'
you'll be sailin' across the seas like Magellan
way out your range and since i don't speak greek stranger
i'm a (?let me?) give it to you in layman's terms so you'll learn
i paid the piper i'm gon' pick the tune
but i don't listen to music like that
so
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin outside yourself - is tha
t
right
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh hu
h
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh 1
2
you better run and hide yourself boy cause you can't provide for self
inside outside
that's what doin' it is all about right
inside outside inside outside
that's what doin' it is all about
now i'm a outsider but not like ponyboy
i'm Aceyaloney boy
and i transcend
?w/both hands in?
and i transfer the answer from w/in
and i strain and i gain the strength to bust a blood vessel
as my dirty thoughts mudwrestle in my head muscle
you got your lucky charm i know you believe in warlocks
you better be keepin' you door locked and bolted
say praise the lord as i raise the sword and revolted
psychological warfare for the holy
smoke your last bowl-why
your little ship a capsizes your rap dies slowly
got a good old fashion passion for smashin' what they built
w/no guilt
at full tilt
at full speed
at full blast
comin' full circle on that ass
i'm the idealistic realistic mystic from the past
that just gets more intelligent
don't risk it i'm fast
better get involved don't know how the world revolves and evolves
and solve all that you can solve before your mind dissolves
now who kilt (killed) this lion? curiosity
now why's the black man dyin'? it's an atrocity
does history really repeat itself or is it phophecy?
so until i leave my physical shell there ain't no stoppin' me
cause i paid the piper
i'm gon' pick the tune
but i don't listen to music like that

