

# 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]