

# Project Blowed

Aceyalone

Yo this goes out to hip hop world wide.  
Straight from Leimert Park, California, los Angeles.  
Yo, everybody in the hip hop struggle, in the life  
Struggle, makin' a name for themselves, makin'  
history, makin' a change.  
Yeah all the project blowedians, all the tape  
Slangers, all the record pushers.  
This goes out to everybody doin' it on they own  
Livin' Legends, C.V.E.,  
Hieroglyphics, Likwit Crew, Global Phlowtaions.  
Project Blowed what's the code  
I been rockin' mics since I was 12 years old  
I was born in the jungle, the concrete slab  
Where people take any and everything that they can grab  
Some niggas chilled on the block, but chilled in the lab  
My project was to blow you up and break you off a slab  
People are strange, and people are bad  
But the gift of gabrier was something beautiful to have  
It started at the good life, house of the first sightin'  
We snatched raps out of they mouths when they were biting  
There was nothing more exciting then to serve and perform  
On Crenshaw and Exposition God was born  
He said please pass the mic to whomever is tight  
Me and the Fellowship took it and we held it for dear life  
The Inner City Griots, the wild, the style, the crew  
The ones they got their styles from, but claimed  
They never knew  
Already...Yeah  
The underground source, which everyone  
Eventually feeds from.  
Influence the industry in a round about way.  
What up to Dilated peoples, O.M.D., Pharcyde,  
Jurassic 5, Erule, Hobo  
Junction  
What's up Saucey, what's up Trend, Medusa  
Manifesto, Hip Hop Clan.  
Well the parties jumpin', the Blowed is packed  
And when a crowds like this I'm ready to rap  
But before I can bust a rhyme on the mic  
I gotta serve you in a cipher just to ear my stripes  
The scared battle dog, with the underground catalogue  
Fuck it, tryin' to make the world a better place  
Instead of duckin', still tryin' to make the ducktes  
Make the knowledge rain down in buckets  
Make a little somethin', and tuck it, just to give it away  
Build a work shop round where I stay  
Some people got the love, but they don't know the way  
Some people know the way, but they don't know what to say  
And I'm the sensei I greet'em from far and near  
Better watch the light in your eyes, a stars in here  
Leimert Park's very own Aceyalone  
The one who made the whole world come off the dome  
Up at the Blowed  
What's the code  
Yo I'd like to send a special shout out to Ben Caldwell  
Much respect, thank  
You for everything you've done.

Richard, 5th streets, World Stage - Billy Higgins.  
Much respect due to the Watts Prophets.  
The Last Poets, and all the other poets out there  
Much love  
What's up A.K. Tony  
You ever seen a rapper with fire in his eyes  
Wired up off the bud smoke tryin' to fly  
Rap, rap, rappin', rhyme, rhyme, rhyme  
Leimert Park and 43th turn into a landmine  
be -boy's tryin' to flow they rhymes, and be -girls  
Lookin' oh so fine  
My man Bad Drew gots the fresh designs  
And Cheatum got the sound set bangin' from behind  
5000 boomin' watts, KAOS network state of the art  
Audio-video, filmin' and editin' , capoieria and meditations  
Computers and telebeams, at the workshop every Thrusday night  
Where we give the new definition to open mic  
I hope y'all don't mistake glitter for gold  
While we doin' it, and puttin' it down at the Project Blowed  
What's the code  
Yo, special shout out to all the god love,  
and all the Energy out there,  
Positivity all the righteous men and women.  
Yo, what's up to my homie Djinji Brown, Diamond D,  
Black Star, De La Soul,  
Organized Konfusion, Common, Bahamadia, KRS-ONE.  
There's a whole lotta people out there I respect.  
Project Bliz-ni-iz-no...puttin' it down.