

Rappers, Rappers, Rappers

Aceyalone

Artist: Aceyalone
Album: Accepted Eclectic
Song: Rappers Rappers Rappers
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(What I mean is basically there's no one
The hunt for an MC brings investigation)

This goes to all you ugly rappers, pretty rappers
Big city rappers, country rappers, greedy rappers
Itty-bitty rappers, witty rappers, two-for-fiddy rappers
Hello-kiddie rappers, Frank Nitty rappers and [edited] rappers
All you dapper rappers, young whippersnapper rappers
Gun clapper rappers, fun rappers, Gamma Kappa rappers
Gum rappers, idiotic rappers, psychotic rappers
Melodic rappers and narcotic rappers
All you phoney rappers, baloney rappers
Me-and-my-homie rappers
Tony Toni rappers and all that, yeah
All you hood rappers, misunderstood rappers
Think-it's-all-good rappers
Let me tell y'all somethin

Look.. I just wanna work it all out
I just want everybody to do they thing and be cool
Be who they are, you know

First thing you should know is I'm not afraid
Every rapper has the potential to be laid
Down on his or her back
When I'm down on my luck I get down on the track
I clown on the rappers sort of like Barnum and Bailey's
My stardust-bust is bigger and brighter than Hailey's
Comet, I vomit up the astronomic on the daily
Peel the steel skin off the mic and do a scaley
The think rapper to shrink-rap that rapper
And sink that boat of his
My rap motor is a million mega-cycles
My rap folder is a megaton and higher than the Eiffel
Tower with sniper rifle power
To blow off your melon and it ain't no tellin
All you heard was rappers yellin
My lyrics start propellin
I get to wellin on em from the dome
After I trail em home
I like to catch em alone and STRANGLE em with the microphone
And drag em back to Project Blowed
Hold as many mics as I can possibly hold
And rip up the session after the last rapper flowed
I never fold, even though my pokerface is old
The world's cold, probably why I stay in battle mode
I would love to touch your ego
European, latin or negro
Rap Evil Knievel, but I ain't evil
It's all nice, especially with the mic device
When it's in my hand it's like throwin the trick dice
It's the worldwide underground heist

And what I'ma give back is more than suffice
Pour me over ice and drink to think
You're only as strong as your weakest -
I dwell amongst the deepest
As long as there's speakers I make songs for the peoples
I push the ink, who gives a f[edited] what they think
It's tight now, wait until I iron out the kinks
It's tied down, wait until I iron out the kinks

..Wait until I iron it all out, it's gon' be cool
But like I said I want everybody to be able to do they thing successfully

This goes out to all you shallow rappers
Bottom-of-the-bottle rappers
Spit-and-swallow rappers, hollow rappers
Love-to-follow rappers, Apollo rappers
And rah-rah rappers, yeah, all that, yeah
To all you Big Willie rappers, silly rappers
'My-mack-milli' rappers, smoke-a-Philly rappers
Illy-illy, killy-killy rappers
Not really rappers
Yeah, all you signed rappers
Blind-to-what's-goin-on-behind rappers
Crime rappers, 'I'm-in-my-prime' rappers
Part-time rappers, one of a kind rappers, too
Yeah, you wanna go around the world, but you gotta have ???
You wanna paint a perfect picture but ain't got no paint
But I'm the painter with the brush and the easel
I like to rush em and I hit em with the ??fleezle??
I got a stick of dynamite, you got a stick of gum
He tried to chew it up before I blew it up, it's done
It's done, it's done, it's done...

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