

Say

Aceyalone

There was a curious secretive streak in the man,
which led to many dramatic effects - but left even his
closest friends guessing as to what his exact plans might be.
He pushed to an extreme, the axiom that the only safe plotter
was he who plotted alone. I was nearer him than anyone else,
and yet I always conscious of the gap between.

Say mayne, let me rap to you for a minute
Say.. yeah, yea you - ay mayne, say you!
Say! Say mayne! Say mayne!
Say mayne let me rap to you for a minute
Yeah I gotta holla at you, yeah
Say what?

The QUESTION is how could a man like me
Actually, a man that's free
Of speech and the ability to reach, the masses
Never not, know what to say I know how brainwaves operate
Consistently and our ideas, FUEL our existance
See if you can see if you can see if my resistance
Against this oppressor, a passive aggressor
Master professor, with every chance I get
To, lure some sleepin people out the pit
One, foot in the grave the other, foot in some shit
Yo time waits for no man, especially not you
Get yo' murk, this'll be yo' very first clue when
WORDS, fail and actions take over you will see
that them are no more you can take away freedom outcome
THERE I WAS, in between my freedom and a slug
When they, pull the plug
I'ma walk through the light that's ahead of me
Could've been, ANYONE instead of me so live and let it be
Spoken like they said it to me
Yo, say what's on yo' mind nigga, let the people see
SOME speaker's on the podium, hit you with the sodium
Go up in equipped without petroleum
But I'm a +Project Blowedian+
More complex than your Napoleon
Okay, Double-A, never runnin out of things to

SAY, whatchu wanna SAY
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY
Just SAY, whatchu wanna SAY
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY
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And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY

The QUESTION is how could a guy like me
Actually, a mighty MC with the eye of a bee
Conditioned to the same ol' conditionin
Position in mid-air, limbo
Once upon a time I didn't care but
Now it's not that simple
Maybe I, should refrain
And let the unimaginative, non-creative ones give me some brains

Give me some brains
SAY! Maybe I should rename the talk
Run a lap with my trap while you backslide in the dark
My choppers, OH my choppers
Get me out of the worst work, blade choppers
Save the hoppers, boppers
Disballoon bar not a popper stopper
Feel the dreams cash cropper copper steel wool
Still pull chords
Wrestled with these bullhorns
With both arms, 'til they all submit
Put the mic on B-LAST and let me say some shit

Never runnin out of things to say..
Never runnin out of things to say, say, say mayne
Say mayne! Y-yeah, ay mayne, SAY!
Let me holla atchu
Say mayne, yeah you, say
Say what? What?
Say, say what say what?
Say what? Say what?
Say why? Yeah
Say when, aight when