

Scribble On A Clean Surface

Aceyalone

I had forgotten the incredible butter softness of his long fingers.
How they felt on my back when he slow-dragged with me,
at a fateful "Blue Lights in the Basement" party.
The dim lights making his honey-colored eyes barely visible as he,
FLASHED A PENLIGHT IN MY EYES!
"Look directly into the light this time."

I say look into the light
See what you look like

I scribble on a clean surface, the earthless and worthless {*echoes*}
It's life, at the tunnel of the point of purchase {*echoes*}
Aiiyo freedom got a microphone, AND a AK {*echoes*}
Make way, and prepare for the melee {*echoes*}

The microphone magic of Aceyalone
The method of my madness could NEVER be known
Don't, try to set home or off of the dome
Because wigs are known to be SPLIT
And a, fan is known to be hit with shit
Rubber band flows that snap back in place
Rap in they face, get this motherfucker outta here
He talks way way way WAY too much
Spit for the victory, 'til they sick of me
I never wallow in the bickery or trickery
There's no con-FUSION, just the FUSION
No il-LUSION, cause God rule them

Held high, nailed in the sky
The artistic eye leaves you mystified
You're once denied, soon openly obliged

They say, "rock you don't stop" but what you talkin bout
Well let me guess, you come fi test
But test not he who knows best, put nonsense to rest
Preachin on a soapbox, dope on the block
Choke on your tongue, smoke from the gun
Broke in the middle, I hope you're havin fun
HIGH post, high dose, high strung
Wind through the lungs, spirit of the young
Salt on the slug, caught with the plug
Fought with the drugs, taught by the thugs
Eye of a tiger, head of a lion
Walkin through the interior of Siberia
Chip away at the rock, or a dynamite block
Right where they had to stop, we continue
Think the worst, ink into the verse
Sink into the earth, die by the end of the rhyme
What a rush, too much to discuss
I close it up by sayin this

[Chorus]