

The Guidelines

Aceyalone

Let's begin

Asalaam alaikum, people of good will

I offer you the greeting of thought manifested skill

to finally reveal the open-end chapter

As real as the flesh that you're embodied in

to the skull cavity your mind is rotting in, I'll be riding in

And there might have been a slight, rotation warp to curve

the course of course I'm cordial when I'm reportin

I won't distort, I don't contort

connect conduct collect console or conceal

In full control of the roll of the wheel

My eyes are my appliance to decipher the science

Omitting defiance with the high-tech mic check

The buttons that flashed I pushed for absolute

destruction your structure is lifted from the ground

The foundation mound is broke, so you float around

I'm embedded in what is known as beat

Let it be shown, every enzyme is complete

In time, you'll see the pace of the pulse pump

rapidly, heart rate, happily marched

I happen to be the dark man who holds the charts

I arch my horizontal line to make a rainbow

.. but it ain't the same though, yo

The tried and true pros are chasing fool's gold

sliding through holes, like small rodents

It's obviously, evident my embellishment

peaks at two-ninety-two I.Q.

Cause Big Ace is the spinner, in the, center

Inventor, and I plan to be a winner meaning

I'll be in the inner outer ovaries, overload, overboard

overseas hearin oversees more, than the eye can

I stand, limited primitive, sentimentalist, escapist

The way I shape this landscape, automatically makes this, vivid

I give it a rivet, hold it, stand at the pivot

I love it, learn to live it, then give you my exhibit

Not inhibited, not even a little bit, when I'm inclined

My attempts to redefine your hip-hop guidelines

and you can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time

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You can play the sideline, write rhymes in your spare time

cause I'd rather stimulate your mind than emulate your purpose

And we have only touched on the surface of the serpent

Consider me part of the dust, in the dusk

I must collect the samples from the rust

Penetrate the crust then trust no living

Driven by the sonic, language passion

Your ashes spark the flashes, of the neon

from be-yond, what kind of planet could I be on?

I don't know, but I'ma be on, for eons, and eons

While many think that they can never play out

Get trapped in a timeframe, and never find their way out

I stay off the dramatization, and I balance

Always seeking the challenge, to show the world

the incredible talents, I cut the corners, smooth out the surfaces

Worthlessness is just, half of the problem

I read the grid kid, I did every column

I note the animal kingdom, and the phylum

WHYLUM style em, until they get to hit the target
I mark it on the bullseye, of flies
and the buffalo wing in the sky
My architectnique sparks the dark streets of your resting ground
I suggest that you warn your town
I inhabit the oxygen, mark off the memory
You will never forget to remember the lone wolverine
marine biologist machine with the verbal
Internal mind fertile, foot, over hurdle
Tight, like girdle, and my word'll be the last
I incubate, every other millennium
I fast and I hibernate, to pass any of em
I am potent, untraceable
No color no odor no taste no replaceable parts
No heart, no head, just a carcass
The darkest days come, right before the light
I watch my watch and stand right before the mic
By the powers, vested in me, I digested MC's
food for thought, caught on to the end of the rope and swung
Then stood stiff, as if, I was on a cliff
Not beneath sticks, my feet are made of bricks
When I walk my footprints indent cement
I am not practical, nor am I unusual
Nor am I oblivious to, hideous crimes
Every city is captured and trapped in my mind
Given the spinal tap, as the final rap climbs
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You can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time
Cause I have become the night owl on the prowl
Master of the free penpal style
Cause I'm, om-nipotent
I'm, some, government experiment that is out of control
I'm from some big black hole
I square up, select, and rec'd, every tangle
I flare up, and you can try, any angle
Even Bermuda, but I bury the barracuda
then I'm, octa-gone in the wind with the pollen