Mr. Outsider

Aceyalone

I am a universal soldier walkin' in the path of the math
After the aftermath I'm a still be a soldier in America's bloodbath
Look at it through the wrath of a universal soldier
You could never monitor my craftI am not a graft, I am a original soldier
Walkin' in the path of the mathNow you're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
Is that right, is that right?
You're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourselfYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
You're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourselfWell, I scrapes the neighborhoods lookin' for odd jobs
It's hard livin' like God in a world full of Bobs
John Doe's and Jacks, Joe's and Mary Mack's
I guess Babylon wasn't made for blacks now was itWell, it doesn't really matter does it
'Cause it be dependin' on the
Who, what, why's and the whereabouts
And I'm a nigger that the world don't care aboutMr. Outsider, it's all about bein' a fighter
Use the guide to open up your mind a little wider
My mellow my ace, movin' from place to place
All a nigger want is a tasteWorking on the docks wearin' a smock
I clock in, I clock out about 5 o'clock
I keeps a calm disposition so I won't arouse suspicion
But then I know what you're wishin'That you could put a bullet in my head plate
Without all that red tape
And lead me straight to the grave
You're either a slave but Jesus got you saved
Or you don't know how to behave but you're braveA mixed up African with a finger wave
And the load ain't gettin' no lighter
Even though I'm in it to win it, I'm still a outsiderYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
You're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourselfYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
You're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourselfWell, back in the days they told me hip hop pays
So I says I strays aways from L A's average
'Cause C.K-in' and B.K-in' was bein' a savage
And M.C.-in' and QDJ-in' was bringin' the cabbageNow it ain't like a nigger talking hella late in the game

I'm talkin' '80 ace deuce, nobody think about truce
No menace, no boys in the hood, no juice
It was more like coolie high and niggers truly die like they doWhen I found out you got to choose your path I knew
Not red and blue, the blackness is true
My tactics was new that's when the practice grew and I flewI wanted to be a rapper so simple and plain
From Los Angeles city of the big bang theory
Where everyone is leery now a whole mess of mc's fear me
But it's important everybody hear meAs I tell you about the unwanted man
Who got blunted and took what he can
And he ran from city to city, town to town
Bouncin' around like he's about to blow the world up
'Cause his mind's not dormant anymore his door's ajar
And his jar's full of somethin' elseNow everyone knows that scarecrows with Velcro hair ain't real
Yeah, but if your psyche is likely to be spilled
Ain't no tellin', you'll be sailin' across the seas like Magellan
Way out your range and since I don't speak Greek stranger
I'm a give it to you in layman's terms so you'll learnI paid the piper I'm gon' pick the tune
But I don't listen to music like that, soYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
You're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourselfYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy
You're gettin' outside yourself
You better run and hide yourself, boy
'Cause you can't provide for selfInside, outside
That's what doin' it is all about right
Inside, outside, inside, outside
That's what doin' is all aboutNow I'm a outsider but not like ponyboy
I'm aceyaloney boy and I transcend with both hands in?
And I transfer the answer from within
And I strain and I gain the strength to bust a blood vesselAs my dirty thoughts mud wrestle in my head muscle
You got your lucky charm I know you believe in warlocks
You better be keepin' you door locked and boltedSay praise the Lord as I raise the sword and revolted
Psychological warfare for the holy, smoke your last bowl-y
Your little ship a capsizes your rap dies slowly
Got a good old fashion passion for smashin' what they built
With no guilt, at full tilt, at full speed, at full blast
Comin' full circle on that assI'm the idealistic, realistic mystic from the past
That just gets more intelligent, don't risk it I'm fast
Better get involved don't know how the world revolves and evolves
And solve all that you can solve before your mind dissolvesNow who killed this lion? Curiosity
Now why's the black man dyin'? It's an atrocity
Does history really repeat itself or is it prophecy?
So until I leave my physical shell, there ain't no stoppin' me'Cause I paid the piper, I'm gon' pick the tune
But I don't listen to music like that, soYou're gettin' outside yourself, boy

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