Haiku D'Etat

Abstract Rude, Aceyalone, Haiku D'Etat & Mikah 9

Aceyalone:
It's not a problem that I can't fix
'cause I can do it with my bag of tricks
they're playing for keeps and for kicks
but they're building with popsicle sticks instead of bricks
the time ticks, the atmosphere gets thick
I breathe in, it makes me sick to my stomach
if you got any kind of fix I want it
sometimes I think the attic's haunted
but it's not, it's just me
so I keep strutting and keep pushing my buttons
but I'm not about to be pushed over the edge
I made this pledge
not by you, my brother or by Sister Sledge
now I know that I'm not your boss
and I'm not trying to floss or come across lost
I wipe the frost until the glass is clear
and I exhaust the possibilities of showing fear
'cause the bigger the scare, the heavier the tear
and the wetter the drop and then you flood the crops
and we just don't want to be flooded
we cut it when we can't cut it we strutted we stay budded up
we keep it up and cut it up until we gotta shut up

Chorus (x2):
Haiku De Tat, make my music for the people who want to get down

Abstract Rude:
It ain't a lunch time I like to miss
I ain't a punch line type lyricist
and if you had beef you'd fight with your fists
my people suffer from lack of knowledge and righteousness
streets so wild we developed a frown
and a keen sense for knowing when it's going down
play it cool
say some shit that surprise me, my face don't change
serious 'bout them chips like a poker game
I come frequently like these Oakland trains
I freestyled it in a show and never wrote it the same

Aaron Pointer came to reign and say something
Eddie Hayes stays a little ways from me
the west side combination is legendary
home studios, cause by any means necessary
completed projects is my productivity
gimme food smoke and electricity
and if the power is ever cut off
I got a generator up in the loft
to stay energized, my music finds a way
to survive through the times and with the kinds today
L.A., what a wild place to be
styles by Ab, Mike Troy, and A.C.E.

Chorus

Mikah 9:
Indeed, indeed, Haiku De Tat what we could do witcha'
men at peace for y'all to call entities
quicker on the draw the sickest thing that you ever saw
so for all our trees grow and grows in my backyard
remember me, sometimes I like to act hard
that's just it, it's an act but don't confuse that
if you choose to chit chat with a mack fully packed
you're bruised, black, blue and blurple
you'd never get a chance to bust back
I don't have to be rappin' or dancin' in a circle
to make the people react
I could be enjoying the be-boying
I'm already on the map and made my money living fat
no need to profile and flash stacks
I'm way past that
Master Card and a little cash for snacks
munchies, after partaking from breaking nugs
down out of fat bud stash stacks
ahh, I do my floor work on linoleum
exploring the crevices of my woman's ass crack
I rhymin' in the SF studio on Napoleon
and I really love this jazz track
I'm running game now I'mma win
I'm on my last lap
you want to dance with me?
fast tap chance jacking for ASCAPs, checks, advance
and that's wack, I mash back

Chorus

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