Takeoff

Aceyalone

In front of the mic, behind the limelight
A star so bright shines refined advancement
Dance with the last man on the face of the earth
Who did the electric sl-i-i-ide over the verse
Hands held high, connect the antennas
Do or die when we fly, face the grimace
Yeah let's get this off you ready, Fast Eddie
Drop a load on 'em, wrong folks got a hold on 'em
Put the Blowed on 'em, roll on 'em
Roll over 'em, no control over 'em, over me
Outwardly, inwardly, openly, awkwardly
Happily, dastardly, tragedy and casualty
Same story same flight
Where they put yo' body same strip same spot, same endin
Same car, same engine, same tension brewin
Give me the steel, what the FUCK is you doin?
You done enough it's not enough, act two
I'm runnin up it's not a bluff, I'm bout to crack you
Nonchalant, idiot savant no comp
Romp, with the big guys, stomp all the pies
Kick the box, light these M-80's
Ladies grab your babies, run for safety
I don't think it may be a, good idea to stand here
You have no idea of what the FUCK'S about to land here
Smart bombs, J-DAMS, bring mayhem
Hold up, god damn, it's just a party
Dirty red carpet and you walk by me wobbly
Obviously, oblivious, frontin snobby
Heat to the Mojave, heat to the robbery
Beat, to the rhymin, each, brother probably
Taxpayers killed the mayor, and the senator
Rhyme sayers say a prayer, see a minister
Drinks are on the house, the house is on the hill
The hills are on FIRE, it started in the fields
Smoke inhalation, no ventilation
No fire station, no assimilation
Minus the heroes and plaques memorial sites
become burial sites, from high aerial flights
Hover over David Blaine, I'm here to save the game

Fifty-two pick-up witcha brain
Alone lies the man on the track
Lonely as the dagger in my back, staggerin fowards
Fallin face flat, still spittin at you
Still gettin at you, they're all laughin at you
My greatest gift of all was the ability to fall
Get back up and fall, get back up and fall
Get back up and fall and crawl and get back up and brawl
And make 'em lick the balls
Now the dagger's in my back pocket, I hear the track I rock it
Pull your arm outta socket, reachin for the cockpit
Rock shit, roll shit, control shit
Hold shit down 'til we slow on some old shit
I'll stick the pin in your neck just to earn respect
Stuff the paper in your mouth if I have to spell it out
Or write it on yo' forehead cause that's what I'm about
Run the route, bring water to the drought
When all else fails on the trails of love
Hate becomes judged, happiness won't budge
Wickedness does just as wickedness does
And I'm just gettin a buzz, I'm sayin it just because I can
Just because I am a man
With the, hand that fit it and the teeth marks embedded
But God's hands, grip tight, and don't forget it
The evil in your heart is, misery's home
Where ugly is bred and grown, I refuse
I defuse the bomb but just for a moment
And like out of NOWHERE comes yo' worst opponent
The first ones on it, the last to leave
All my, trash is treasure, that's how it's perceived
At the end of my spin when the heights achieved
I'ma leave with a bang like how I was conceived
There's thieves in the temple with tricks up they sleeve
BUT NO!!! FUCK THAT!!

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