

Accepted Eclectic

Aceyalone

Here we go:
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty,
Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty
Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty
Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five ways Today's in a maze
And start the craze
When they opened my cacoon
It was time to bloom Thinkin' like ten people, trapped in one room
Sittin' in my sandbox, sand all over me
Overly anxious to get the mic in my hand
Now who wanna blow it up (I do)
Now who can rip it up (I can) I glide like the ride of a man on a snowboard
When they pick up the microphone I ask him what he flow for
Various degrees of technique that's inside of me
Never try to be something you not- and don't lie to me
Ebony and ivory
Keys on my piano playin'
Tryin' to test some music, but the rhythm push my your hand away
Easy as the alphabet
Hard as solid rock
Pure as the driven snow
Pissin' on your block
Mark my territory then I'm right back in it when
Laughin' w/ the tears of a clown when I grin I'm manic-depressive ever since I was an adolescent
But I never panic in a sesion when I'm bussin'
Cussin' like a sailor,
With a bottle full of jagermeister
Ready for whatever this world has to offer me Plus it won't get off of me
And never ever test me
I'm one w/ the universe
The energy has blessed me
Bet you wonder why you got flaws in your character
Cause you're caught in the ass-crack of america I just want to help you all but
All I do is stare at ya
You can have a shot of this
Or maybe hit this marija
Wanna if you wanna but
If not, stay drug-free
But, plug me in the mix boy

Right up next to plug threeTalkin' out the side of your neck it ain't a remedy
I just want the whole wide world to remember me
I don't want to have to think you're working for the enemy
Sbotage. you can't conquer this energyYou can be the center of attention if you want to
My party is in the other room and
We're just having fun too
(so I'd like to signify the monkey that's in back of you)
All I want to do is get rid of all the wack in youDo not get offended because no I'm not attacking you
I don't have to do nothin', the rapper's start smackin' you
Maybe I should just give you a taste of reality
Welcome to my art show
Its not about a salaryTake two of these a day and burn a couple calories
Me and the mic are like mickey and malory
Rockin' like a b-boy
Part of my anatomy
Hands on your groin'
You can join this acadamyAccepted... eclectic(repeat)Respect it(repeat)Here we go:
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Accepted eclectic the phrase that pays
Old eddy hayes it's time to blaze
One of l.a.'s that's born and raisedNow that we've got ourselves a little more acquainted
Ain't it about time I get this picture painted
I am what you call a psycho-analytical
Critical thinker of the formulas we all needI think I'm running out of brain space in my hard-drive
Plus I need a memory-card for my control pack
Throw that hand up so I can see your finger-tips
I'm about to rip it up better than beforeYeah I had a crazy-people party and invited you
I didn't know my underground hip hop excited you
Now that I know this fact then I'm gonna throw it right at you
I just want to give you everything you're entitled to
Down in the leimert park, hangin' w/ the hooligans
Every now and then I've got to take'em back to school again
Maybe you should call me your hip hop counselor
I'll be on the rhythm when the beats start bouncin' upI'll give you a minute just to get yourself together and
We can have a sing-along, all and together and
Here's to the netherlands, sisteren and brethren
B-boy benevolence, birds of a feather and
It don't matter what you say
We all are connected
Some are on a rap path, some are mis-directed
When I say "who wrecked it" just like they expected

Aceyaloney-boy, accepted eclecticAcceptedeclectic(repeat)Respect it(repeat)YeahBrought to you by project
blowed recordingsHa!

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