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 aroundI'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 goldSliding through holes like small rodents
It's obviously evident, my embellishment peaks at two-ninety-two I.Q.
'Cuz 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 pivotI 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
'Cuz I'd rather stimulate your mind than emulate your purpose
And we have only touched on the surface of the serpentConsider 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 beyond, 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 time frame and never find their way outI 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 targetI 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 lastI 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'sFood 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 mindGiven the spinal tap as the final rap climbs
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You can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time
'Cuz I have become the night owl on the prowl
Master of the free penpal style 'cuz I'm, om-nipotentI'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, octagon in the wind with the pollen

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