

# 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, sentimental, 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

My attempts to redefine your hip-hop guideline

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 out I 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 target I 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 last I 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's Food 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 mind Given the spinal tap as the final rap climbs

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You can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time  
My attempts to redefine your hip-hop guidelines  
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-nipotent I'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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