

The Balance

Aceyalone

Mr. Mix Mr. DJ play that beat
Won't you play if for me? In the mix mister hop
Forward hop back, hop, hop, hopThe second somebody dies somebody else is born
People are celebrating while other people mourn
Home may be home to you but to me it's foreign
Even the matador don't pull the bull by the horns
One man's enemy is another man's friend
One man's poisons is another man's medicine
So let us stand, let us sit and let us view
The changing of the guard, oh, it's so hard to keep it trueIt's the balance of the scales, it can't be challenged or
expelled
Soon as somebody lost somebody else prevails
Some someone is quiet at the same time someone yells
Half full or half empty, water in the well
It's the half and half hypothesis the 50, 50 theory
Eerie as it may seem, check your balance beam
It's the half and half hypothesis the 50, 50 theory
Eerie as it may seem, check your balance beamNow check your Balance Beamer with a feather and a rock
whether or not you find the answer is really not the plot
See it's like love and hate
(Love and hate)
The same emotion different weight
People love to hate so I know you know just how this all relates
It's the posa and the negative, mini and mega live
Arm a leg a leg an arm headed by a niggaLike big and small, short and tall
Night and day and so on, some people are bashful
Some people just love to get their flow on
(They flow on)
So here goes one to grow on
I'ma go on and on and on till the principles are laid out
The scales of justice weighed out
Till your memory starts to fade out and your game of life is played out
Got to balance out the power don't we?Balance your emotions
Push and pull positions like the moon pulls on the ocean
Balance on one foot that's equilibrium
Opposites attract and retract that's a fact, I'm a Libra y'all
180 degrees but not that hot
So whether or not you find the answer is really not the plot
(Really not the plot)

Because giving is receiving and seeing is believing
(And, and)

And the solar system rotes so harmonious and even

It's perfectly balanced Some people say life is about taking chances choices and decisions

Voices and opinions, politics and religion

Clues the past and cash and keys to the future

It's a possibility and probability on who's gonna execute yo ass

Some slow and analytical, some quick fast on the dash

Like heads or tails but the head usually leads the tail

So I tell my tales from the head

'Cuz they're embedded inside my cells Real quick let me tell you about a fact I know things will even out

You can disbelieve or doubt or even shout or leave it in your mouth

'Cuz how you gone reason wit' grand Mother Nature

Running mother Earth controlled by Father Time who's the chaser

It's living and dying homey, laughing and crying dude

Trying or lying my brother, walking or flying fool

Now half of you are gone find the time to shine

The other half gone find crime, money weed wine Till it's to late in a disillusion state of mind

I just found my peace of mind, now they want a piece of mine

To late in a disillusion of mind

The orthodox is the unorthodox they just got you on the names

The insane and the sane are the same

It's a damn shame so many people's aim is so lame And their gain is so minimal, caught up in the subliminal

It's pleasure and pain, water for the flames, the wild and the tame

The style still remains if you use the right side of your brain

Instead of going against the grain

You can penetrate the vein to the point where

What remains is a stain of this universal thang

That we call balance, balance

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