Big Foot Steppin'

Acesosceles

[Acesosceles]
They ask me why, I told 'em 'cuz I started off early. I ain't gotta trip over nothin' cuz I ain't worried. I got my-mind-set-straight. While you lengthenin' the corners over switchin' lanes, talkin' about 'not being blamed.' Sheddin' off the dread & shame, always try to hook 'ya! Put words in 'ya head to make you spit it to 'em. I'ma candidly consume 'em. Watch it, while I ruin; everything that comes & waits for me. I don't pursue 'em. Snatchin' a 'Window' - too close, for what you wanna call a 'sneak peak'. Catchin' my limbo? Don't try it, I ain't 'Apple' my shit whole meat. Be sure to 'note' - that I got my Mack on homie, if you're girl should see you know her eyes are followin' me closely & when she gives an ear, she's renderin' my thoughts remotely. On frequencies adhered to my actions picturin' slowly; but other than that, don't be worried about as much. Decisions come seconds flat, when they're hurried with 'not enough.'

[Chorus]
I'm steppin' on the flo', steeze when I'm dippin'. I'm dippin' lowered, set it in for the cause man - livin', makin' dividends & no one got the bid, but you know I got the freaks smilin', flow stallion; ho wildin' & they hear it in the back, loadin' bowls 'till they packed. Every arm becomes a snake, in the baskets of the snatched. Every archer has an arrow, if they're makin' this Dinero. So, I told them 'myths exist.' Observe a Big Foot on the pedal, serio...
Yo, here we go.
Ya'll thought I was done, huh? HUH?
[LAUGHS] Freestyle on it, freestylin' on it.

[Acesosceles]
Yo, when I'm sittin' bacc I'm sittin' reclined, everytime they wanna do this shit, they always tryna whine. Talkin' 'bout they can't even spit no flows on some original. I keep it real tight, cuz you know I'm on that digital. Not analog tip. I keep that shit, real slick; poppin' in the East, people in the Heights district. To hear me out, know what I'm about. Every time - 'it's Ace', shruggin' haters always tryna pout. They feel disgraced, when I'm gettin' legendary; multiple critics' opinions temporary - cursin' my territory. Blessed be by God; He's tributary, don't sell your souls' obituary for somethin' that made the story.

[Chorus]
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