Project Blowed

Aceyalone

Yo this goes out to hip hop world wide.
Straight from leimert park, california, los angeles.
Yo, everybody in the hip hop struggle, in the life
Struggle, makin' a name for themselves, makin'
History, makin' a change.
Yeah all the project blowedians, all the tape
Slangers, all the record pushers.
This goes out to everybody doin' it on they own
Livin' legends, c.v.e.,
Hieroglyphics, likwit crew, global phlowtaions.Project blowed what's the code
I been rockin' mics since I was 12 years old
I was born in the jungle, the concrete slab
Where people take any and everything that they can grab
Some niggas chilled on the block, but chilled in the lab
My project was to blow you up and break you off a slab
People are strange, and people are bad
But the gift of gabrier was something beautiful to have
It started at the good life, house of the first sightin'
We snatched raps out of they mouths when they were biting
There was nothing more exciting then to serve and perform
On crenshaw and exposition God was born
He said please pass the mic to whomever is tight
Me and the fellowship took it and we held it for dear life
The inner city griots, the wild, the style, the crew
The ones they got their styles from, but claimed
They never knewAlready...yeah
The underground source, which everyone
Eventually feeds from.
Influence the industry in a round about way.
What up to dilated peoples, o.m.d., pharcyde,
Jurassic 5, erule, hobo
Junction
What's up saucey, what's up trend, medusa
Manifesto, hip hop clan.Well the parties jumpin', the blowed is packed
And when a crowds like this I'm ready to rap
But before I can bust a rhyme on the mic
I gotta serve you in a cipher just to ear my stripes
The scared battle dog, with the underground catalogue
Fuck it, tryin' to make the world a better place

Instead of duckin', still tryin' to make the ducktes
Make the knowledge rain down in buckets
Make a little somethin', and tuck it, just to give it away
Build a work shop round where I stay
Some people got the love, but they don't know the way
Some people know the way, but they don't know what to say
And I'm the sensei I greet'em from far and near
Better watch the light in your eyes, a stars in here
Leimert park's very own aceyalone
The one who made the whole world come off the dome
Up at the blowedWhat's the code
Yo I'd like to send a special shout out to ben caldwell
Much respect, thank
You for everything you've done.
Richard, 5th streets, world stage - billy higgins.
Much respect due to the watts prophets.
The last poets, and all the other poets out there
Much love
What's up a.k. tonyYou ever seen a rapper with fire in his eyes
Wired up off the bud smoke tryin' to fly
Rap, rap, rappin', rhyme, rhyme, rhyme
Leimert park and 43th turn into a landmine
B-boy's tryin' to flow they rhymes, and b-girls
Lookin' oh so fine
My man bad drew gots the fresh designs
And cheatum got the sound set bangin' from behind
5000 boomin' watts, kaos network state of the art
Audio-video, filmin' and editin' , capoieria and meditations
Computers and telebeams, at the workshop every thrusday night
Where we give the new definition to open mic
I hope y'all don't mistake glitter for gold
While we doin' it, and puttin' it down at the project blowedWhat's the code
Yo, special shout out to all the God love,
And all the energy out there,
Positivity all the righteous men and women.
Yo, what's up to my homie djinji brown, diamond d,
Black star, de la soul,
Organized konfusion, common, bahamadia, krs-one.
There's a whole lotta people out there I respect.
Project bliz-ni-iz-no...puttin' it down.

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