

Scribble on a Clean Surface

Aceyalone

I had forgotten the incredible butter softness of his long fingers
How they felt on my back when he slow-dragged with me,

At a fateful "Blue Lights in the Basement" party

The dim lights making his honey-colored eyes barely visible as he,
Flashed a penlight in my eyes!

"Look directly into the light this time" I say look into the light

See what you look like[Chorus]

(I scribble on a clean surface, the earthless and worthless)

(It's life, at the tunnel of the point of purchase)

(Ey yo freedom got a microphone, and a AK)

(Make way, and prepare for the melee)The microphone magic of Aceyalone
The method of my madness could never! Be known

Don't, try to set home or off of the dome

Because wigs are known to be split!

And a, fan is known to be hit with shit

Rubber band flows that snap back in place

Rap in they face, get this motherfucker outta here

He talks way way way way! too much

Spit for the victory, 'til they sick of me

I never wallow in the bickery or trickery

There's no con-fusion, just the fusion!

No il-LUSION, 'cause God rule themHeld high, nailed in the sky
The artistic eye leaves you mystified

You're once denied, soon openly obliged[Chorus]They say, "rock you don't stop" but what you talkin' bout

Well let me guess, you come fi test

But test not he who knows best, put nonsense to rest

Preachin' on a soapbox, dope on the block

Choke on your tongue, smoke from the gun

Broke in the middle, I hope you're havin' fun

High! Post, high dose, high strung

Wind through the lungs, spirit of the young

Salt on the slug, caught with the plug

Fought with the drugs, taught by the thugs

Eye of a tiger, head of a lion

Walkin' through the interior of Siberia

Chip away at the rock, or a dynamite block

Right where they had to stop, we continue

Think the worst, ink into the verse

Sink into the earth, die by the end of the rhyme

What a rush, too much to discuss
I close it up by sayin' this[Chorus]

Songwriters

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