

# Rappers Rappers Rappers

## Aceyalone

Artist: Aceyalone

Album: Accepted Eclectic

Song: Rappers Rappers Rappers

Typed by: jostmatt@bluewin.ch(What I mean is basically there's no one  
The hunt for an MC brings investigation)This goes to all you ugly rappers, pretty rappers

Big city rappers, country rappers, greedy rappers

Itty-bitty rappers, witty rappers, two-for-fiddy rappers

Hello-kiddie rappers, Frank Nitty rappers and [edited] rappers

All you dapper rappers, young whippersnapper rappers

Gun clapper rappers, fun rappers, Gamma Kappa rappers

Gum rappers, idiotic rappers, psychotic rappers

Melodic rappers and narcotic rappers

All you phoney rappers, baloney rappers

Me-and-my-homie rappers

Tony Toni rappers and all that, yeah

All you hood rappers, misunderstood rappers

Think-it's-all-good rappers

Let me tell y'all somethinLook.. I just wanna work it all out

I just want everybody to do they thing and be cool

Be who they are, you knowFirst thing you should know is I'm not afraid

Every rapper has the potential to be laid

Down on his or her back

When I'm down on my luck I get down on the track

I clown on the rappers sort of like Barnum and Bailey's

My stardust-bust is bigger and brighter than Hailey's

Comet, I vomit up the astronomic on the daily

Peel the steel skin off the mic and do a scaley

The think rapper to shrink-rap that rapper

And sink that boat of his

My rap motor is a million mega-cycles

My rap folder is a megaton and higher than the Eiffel

Tower with sniper rifle power

To blow off your melon and it ain't no tellin

All you heard was rappers yellin

My lyrics start propellin

I get to wellin on em from the dome

After I trail em home

I like to catch em alone and STRANGLE em with the microphone

And drag em back to Project Blowed

Hold as many mics as I can possibly hold  
And rip up the session after the last rapper flowed  
I never fold, even though my pokerface is old  
The world's cold, probably why I stay in battle mode  
I would love to touch your ego  
European, latin or negro  
Rap Evil Knievel, but I ain't evil  
It's all nice, especially with the mic device  
When it's in my hand it's like throwin the trick dice  
It's the worldwide underground heist  
And what I'ma give back is more than suffice  
Pour me over ice and drink to think  
You're only as strong as your weakest -  
I dwell amongst the deepest  
As long as there's speakers I make songs for the peoples  
I push the ink, who gives a f[edited] what they think  
It's tight now, wait until I iron out the kinks  
It's tied down, wait until I iron out the kinks..Wait until I iron it all out, it's gon' be cool  
But like I said I want everybody to be able to do they thing successfully This goes out to all you shallow rappers  
Bottom-of-the-bottle rappers  
Spit-and-swallow rappers, hollow rappers  
Love-to-follow rappers, Apollo rappers  
And rah-rah rappers, yeah, all that, yeah  
To all you Big Willie rappers, silly rappers  
'My-mack-milli' rappers, smoke-a-Philly rappers  
Illy-illy, killy-killy rappers  
Not really rappers  
Yeah, all you signed rappers  
Blind-to-what's-goin-on-behind rappers  
Crime rappers, 'I'm-in-my-prime' rappers  
Part-time rappers, one of a kind rappers, too  
Yeah, you wanna go around the world, but you gotta have ???  
You wanna paint a perfect picture but ain't got no paint  
But I'm the painter with the brush and the easel  
I like to rush em and I hit em with the ??fleezle??  
I got a stick of dynamite, you got a stick of gum  
He tried to chew it up before I blew it up, it's done  
It's done, it's done, it's done...(What I mean is basically there's no one  
The hunt for an MC brings investigation)

Lyrics provided by

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