

Arhythmaticulas

Aceyalone

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Oh yes, welcome to hiphology
Please open up your workbooks to page
And break out your pads and pens and your calculators
For the first lesson of today is Arhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Arhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Well, up until now, your only concept of rhythm
Is a four by four loop square as a pool table
With no dynamics implanted but you couldn't understand
Why all of your gigantic rap sounded so bland
But the answer was right in your hand
Couldn't believe you were so naive to
Arrangements changes different time signatures
The freedom of your imagination
That must have been a fixation with blocks
Like tryin' to make a wheel out of rock
Like tryin' to make a puppet out of sock
See, I got that private stock
The personal vat with the broth and gravy
And the electrons to pass on so the world don't seem so wavy
Oh, everybody hollerin', save me, save yourself
Before it's too late into the
When you go because my wig got weight
I gotta concentrate on Arhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Arhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm is outta control
Yeah, now everybody in here
Check your head and make sure that it's spacious
And open up the middle just a millimeter more
For the style that is bodacious
You really wanna know who the ace is
Ace is the face that's seldom sighted
I'm divided into two parts, I got two hearts
Two heads, I'm ahead, ahead one of the better bred
Know you're thinkin' I'm gonna be
I got the remedy to turn you out
I got the fiery styles that'll burn you out

If you don't learn that routeNow I been there done that did it committed to run that
Talk to it do it right

Me and this mic gonna take flight to end your mental plight
Hip hop is more than yes ya'llThrow your hands in the air, say ho
And give up the W 'cause I'm from the west ya'll
And you know I got mad fat flow

Coming in the house through the back door, out the front doorCross the frontyard into the street
We could do it right here better
Yet I got a better idea

I'm a get you up off your feet with thatArhythmaticulas arhythmatic
This rhythm's ridiculous this rhythm is sick
Arhythmaticulas arhythmatic

This rhythm's ridiculous this rhythm is sickNow the problem with you MC's today is you're too emotional
You have no devotion to the social bug spread
By the words you said to the public
You have no regard for the masses how you effect them
And how they view youNow you know, you knew you were open wide
For the whole wide world to do you

Now I propose those who chose their flows

Irresponsible and irrationallyBe exhausted from the face of the earth and be forced to deal with me
Me, I'd rather be undefined not underestimated or undermined
I'm underlined as the underdog under the influence of time
Now I know you're sick of that same old same oldLame old running man dance style
Niggas screamin' and yellin' and tellin' lies about what they do
Brother I say to you but don't you believe or be deceived

By the hip hop that you breatheI am multidirectional, I move randomly and professional
Intellectual with perpetual, first in motion bustin' you open
Now you are exposed to the rap and closed in the mind trap
I find that hilarious and mysterious, every area gets a dose
Full of malaria and asbestos from the west coast
Breathe in and coat your lungsArhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Arhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculousArhythmatic
Tic, tic, ticArhythmatic arhythmaticulas
This rhythm is sick, sick, sick

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