

**Richard Marx F/ Chely Wright****"120 Seconds"**

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yo Double-A

I blaze this energizer let's see you pull this one...

Aceyalone:

happy birthday to me

happy earth day to we

I just turned a hundred and seventy five million

two hundred and seventy three

and I'm at my peak

our pick of the week

straight tweaked with a godly type mystique

???? Spock, nanou nanou ???

abort, distortion report on which sort

a quick court, support, cut short

time warp, interplanetary movement

I'll say, foul play, hey

which way does Willy Wonka stay?

we came to see the chocolate sway

happy birthday to me, to me

hip hip hooray to me, to me

synthetic or prototype

genetical photocopy

Xerox and medical mocks to breakthrough

shocks and shakes you

as Acey takes you

through lyrical masochism

and as I blast the last to give 'em

dissect, insect, inflict, whoa

destination one-two-oh

ohhhh

'One hundred and twenty seconds until you die'

When I die, bury me under the gravel

travel fifty feet down, step out and pack me in

I acknowledged(?\_ I won't be back again

now I'm a entity, ex-humanity within

earthly vanities, sunshine and the wind

I suppose, ambrose'll rose your soul

to give you immortality and infinity skin

but you're immortal close, you froze

(ah.. he froze)

now your takin' in a free fall in the end  
every draft, breeze, trickle of water, a sound wave  
in your perimeter is similar  
and behaves as a test to manifest life forms  
it forms a warm blunted  
heavily budded individual  
in the visual eye  
cut it, gut it, fry  
I am invisible so is it impossible to cry?  
nope, soak my pillow case  
I wrote a little taste  
I'm hopin' the middle breaks the lies  
my objective remains at one with the stainless steel  
object  
still feels the pain  
flagrant, nefarious  
fragrance of various ages  
and chemical compounds compounded  
a bouquet, a readily picked array  
of dandelions, roses, pointset-i-as  
gold marigolds in a vase that's passed to monks  
and kindred, intended, descended  
and suspended in mid-air  
match amended and I ended on a bad note  
put salt in the open wound and I broke

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