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Aceyalone "Accepted Ecletic"

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ere we go: Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, Twenty-five, thirty, thrirty-five, forty Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five ways

Today's in a maze And start the craze When they opened my coon It was time to bloom

Thinkin' like ten people, trapped in one room Sittin' in my sandbox, sand all over me Overly anxious to get the mic in my hand Now who wanna blow it up (I do) Now who can rip it up (I can)

I glide like the ride of a man on a snowboard When they pick up the microphone I ask him what he flow for Various degrees of technique that's inside of me Never try to be something you not- and don't lie to me Ebony and Ivory Keys on my piano playin' Tryin' to test some music, but the rhythm push my your hand away Easy as the alphabet Hard as solid rock Pure as the driven snow Pissin' on your block Mark my territory then I'm right back in it when laughin' w/ the teras of a clown when I grin

I'm manic-depresive ever since I was an adolescent But I never panic in a sesion when I'm bussin' Cussin' like a sailor, With a bottle full of Jagermeister Ready for whatever this world has to offer me

Plus it won't get off of me And never ever test me I'm one w/ the universe

The energy has blessed me Bet you wonder why you got flaws in your character Cause you're caught in the ass-crack of America

I just want to help you all but All I do is stare at ya You can have a shot of this Or maybe hit this marija Wanna if you wanna but If not, stay drug-free But, plug me in the mix boy Right up next to plug three

Talkin' out the side of your neck it ain't a remedy I just want the whole wide world to remember me I don't want to have to think you're working for the enemy

Sbotage. You can't conquer this energy

You can be the center of attention if you want to My party is in the other room and We're just having fun too (So I'd like to signify the monkey that's in back of you) All I want to do is get rid of all the wack in you

Do not get offended because no I'm not attacking you I don't have to do nothin', the rapper's start smackin' you Maybe I should just give you a taste of reality Welcome to my art show Its not about a salary

Take two of these a day and burn a couple calories Me and the mic are like Mickey and Malory Rockin' like a B-boy Part of my anatomy Hands on your groin' You can join this acadamy

Accepted... Eclectic

(Repeat)

Respect it

(Repeat)

Here we go: Five, ten, fifteen, twenty, Twenty-five, thirty, thrirty-five, forty Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five ways

Today's in a maze And start the craze Accepted Eclectic the phrase that pays Old Eddy Hayes it's time to blaze One of L.A.'s that's born and raised

Now that we've got ourselves a little more acquainted Ain't it about time I get this picture painted I am what you call a psycho-analytical Critical thinker of the formulas we all need

I think I'm running out of brain space in my hard-drive Plus I need a memory-card for my control pack Throw that hand up so I can see your finger-tips I'm about to rip it up better than before

Yeah I had a crazy-people party and invited you I didn't know my underground hip hop excited you Now that I know this fact I'm gonna throw it right at you I just want to give you everything you're entitled to Down in the Leimert park, hangin' w/ the hooligans Every now and then I've got to take'em back to school again

Maybe you should call me your hip hop counselor I'll be on the rhythm when the beats start bouncin' up

I'll give you a minute just to get yourself together and We can have a sing-along, all and together and Here's to the netherlands, sistern and brethren B-boy benevolence, birds of a feather and It don't matter what you say We all are connected Some are on a rap path, some are mis-directed When I say "who wrecked it" just like they expected Aceyaloney-boy, accepted eclectic

AcceptedEclectic

(repeat)

Respect it

(repeat)

Yeah

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Ha!

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