

Aceyalone **"Arhythamaticulas"**

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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

Arhythamatic arhythamaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Arhythamatic arhythamaticulas
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

Arhythamatic arhythamaticulas
This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous
Arhythamatic arhythamaticulas
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 route

Now 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'll

Throw 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 door

Cross 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 that

Arhythamaticulas arhythamatic
This rhythm's ridiculous this rhythm is sick
Arhythamaticulas arhythamatic
This rhythm's ridiculous this rhythm is sick

Now 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 you

Now 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 irrationally

Be 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 old

Lame 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 breathe

I 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 lungs

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This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous

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This rhythm is sick this rhythm's ridiculous

Arhythametic

Tic, tic, tic

Arhythamatic arhythamaticulas

This rhythm is sick, sick, sick

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