

## **Aceyalone**

### **"B - Boy Kingdom"**

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Greetings

Ok I'll make this short

We in the house

We got mikah 9 abstract rude peace

Vic hop fat jack and myself aceyalone

We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom

Bring them laughter after which bring them tears

I seen it comin' and knew it was a plot

Legislation had a plan to kill hip hop

I got wind from a snitch I kept in contact w/this

Bitch ass judge who was paid off

Soon after that he got laid off

I'm lettin' niggas know you tryin' to stop a muthafucka's  
flow

Hold your black stallions and your black sheeps

Black clan aided a nigga and got heat

We met up on stepney and market sparked it

Mapped out the target

We gon' take out their number one sergeant

Young and strong we bailed up on their front lawn

To kill the enemy

Remember me

Well if you remember me you'll remember

I'm the one who broke into the pentagon took fouts  
planted bombs

Now I possess the blueprint

I counter the message you sent

No longer will you slander and tamper w/our music

Copies of the document we're xeroxed

The ghetto took offense in defense of hip hop

Shot down rolled 'em up loc'ed up bailed out

Saved the day

Then into thin air I fade away

Scorpion

We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom

Bring them laughter after which bring them tears

The story had never been told until now

As the glory of the kingdom come comes down

Disguised as a janitor the washman  
I swept and mopped the floors  
Better yet I was a spook behind the door  
W/a perfect view from the bannister  
Feeling like lee harvey  
'cept I got a hundred million years in me  
First thing I did was aim  
Lock him in my scope  
Squeeze  
Bust his melon open now I'm pleased  
In the name of mc's  
Already passed the time that they allotted me  
The housekeeper spotted me  
It was either her or me  
Click clack  
She says I will not say what I see  
But I never could have trusted her so I busted her in her  
chest  
Then laughed  
Then headed for the elevator shaft  
But it was too late the jig was up  
There was pigs all in the building  
So I tried to escape to the fire escape from homicide  
Yeah I killed him  
Hangin' from the third story ladder  
I dropped and I felt my ankle shatter  
No time to lose juice from my bladder  
My mission was completed and that was all that  
mattered  
The van was parked a hundred yards from the scene of  
the crime  
But it was hard to run w/a broken foot  
Just like I thought they blasted  
I took one to the gut  
I was laying there thinkin' about death  
Just watchin' my blood spill out  
Just then the van pulls up and I jump in  
And then we pull out (? lickin'? ) shouts for the glory

We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom  
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I walk in like a normal black  
Gun peckin' jaw snatching  
Slide  
They like the way I glide  
To the back break out my backpack and stack my shit  
up  
Ah it's bulging now  
Looked around heard a gun shot  
Pow

I looked down I whipped out my shit  
Unloaded my clip  
Jetting by the count I slipped  
Tripped out  
Landed on my hip crawled out  
I hit a tuck and roll up and out  
Into a flip and boned out now I'm zonin'  
I'm nine glocks and seven 380's richer  
I'm fit to blow the foundation off this beyotch up  
Synchronized for the race  
I push the button  
Nuke the place  
Timed myself dashin to the ride  
I hops inside  
Keys already in the ignition  
I cranks it slaps it in drive  
Fizorty-fizive seconds til dizamage  
Ride b-boy  
Kingdom

We come for the glory of the b-boy kingdom  
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