

Aceyalone "Headaches & Woes"

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Oh man, I got a splittin' headache
And my heart is broken up into
A thousand tiny little microscopic pieces

I got a head full of headaches, a heart that's full of
woes
I'm constantly singin' them downhome blues
And not many people knows
That leaves me with a twisted view
Of the whole wide world as I know it
And I guess I got no choice but to be a poet

Now in my natural habitat I gravitate towards having
that
And I elevate on having that
And I'll never get caught in your rabbit trap
From Yellowstone to Venezuela
Nigeria down through Australia
There's somethin' I learned that I gotta tell ya
There's a whole lot of us ain't wrapped too tight

Now I could been your doctor or your lawyer
Or come to your house and clean up for ya
Self destruction won't destroy ya
If you got somebody that's lookin' out for ya
Men are murdered women raped
People gettin' beat on videotape
And people elsewhere tryin' to escape

Just to come to America to lick the plate
Helicopters scope the land
Hell is here so I hope you 'stand
Hip hop culture is African
And rappers like me gon' rule the earth

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woes
I'm constantly singin' them downhome blues
And not many people knows
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Now everyday I manifest and I generate
And smoke cannabis
And I penetrate and I innovate
And I demonstrate from Los Angeles
From Amsterdam to the Northern border
Panama, Spain to Atlanta, Georgia
Somethin' I learned that I haven't told ya
Brothers like me don't live too long

Now I know you know it ain't who you know
But do you know
You see 'cause you could go just like any Joe
And that's for sho' true
So if you're straight and you're narrow
And the snake's in the barrel
And the serpent is under the rainbow
And you're head over heels instead of the reals
Then you're bound to be tangled

'Cause brothers are singin' and dancin' and rappin'
Like they was a vaudeville act
But knowledge is wealth and you gotta know self
And you gotta know God's still black
'Cause every so often I sit and I wonder why I even trip
at all
'Cause half are down when I get down
The other half wanna see me fall

Waitin' around all heaven bound
And you seen that your L-7's round
And when the sky falls to the ground
And you found that the only way up is down
Don't give me no additives, no sedatives
Or preservatives, or repetitive
Rhetoric you give, just let it live
Yet my head is poundin'
I'm dealin' with this load on my mind

I got a head full of headaches, a heart that's full of
woes man
I'm constantly singin' them downhome blues
And not many peoples knows
Man, that leaves me with a twisted view
Of the whole wide world as I know it
And I guess I got no choice but to be a

I got no choice but to be
I guess I got no choice but to be a poet
I guess I got no choice but to be a prophet
I guess I got no choice but to be a griot

A gangster, a athlete, a bum
A nobody, a criminal, a convict
A black man, a MC, a MC, a MC

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woes
I'm constantly singin' them downhome blues
And not many people knows
That leaves me with a twisted view
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And I guess I got no choice but to be a poet

Mmm, hmm, you know that's right
That's why people got to get their high, so they can get
high
They blast and they passed the pipe to get high
Just like a Jedi, never said I would, I, even if I could I
Didn't do it but I just rather get a little shut eye
So I sleep from dawn to dusk in a bomb shelter
'Cause ya never know when the man is gonna drop that
big one

Oh, pelting, people burning, melting, alarm the
farmers
Armageddon, karma psychic readings
Greetings, Earthlings, I'm from Mars
Got two more planets to go and then I'm on my way to
the stars
Oh no, there I go through the ozone layer hole
Where the men are the men and they mean it
Down where the wind don't blow where the indo grow
In the snow and everybody po'

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