

Aceyalone

"Jack Of All Trades"

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[Chorus]

I'm the jack of all trades, master of one

Black and underpaid, blastin this mic gun

Put it to your temple, and pop yo' pimple

Break you down like kempo, I'm trained in the arts

[Aceyalone]

I specify in rockin my page from the heart

I dig down deep within my psyche

Information excites me, the knowledge invites me

When I, throw on my Nike's and step to it nicely

Huh, it's unlikely any man could out-mic me

Lightning, please strike me like it did when I was a child

Hit me with a hundred thousand volts and make me
smile

You name it I can aim it, catch it and tame it, explain it

Take it and paint it in beautiful technicolor

Directly from another place you could expect no other

To stand by these trues and break these rules

We defy the laws of cool and sang these blues and
bring this news

[Chorus]

[Aceyalone]

I'm that hip-hop SPOKESman, I ain't a coke man

A good folks man, he reached for the mic and broke
his hand

It's not my problem, it's not my fault

It's not my concern, I don't give a shit about

Them dirty fingers, reachin for the scepter

All up in yo' head but I'm not Dr. Lector

Or Dr. Phil, but I still got to kill

white widdle, black widdle, fat little pill

To take for your enjoyment, to get psychadelic

I don't sell it I spill it out, and tell it so angelic

My rap gat makes your brain splat

Blow up, everything that's holdin up your hat

It's firin the pistons gas, in the engines

Fuck a foot in the door, we takin off the hinges

When my, dash is broken, glass is broken

And class is open, and it's still left smokin

[Chorus]

Okay Mr. Pick to Ten, is it sickenin?

[Aceyalone]

What kind of little box you thinkin in? Think again

Draw a blank, you saw a tank

But didn't see my soldiers on the flank movin up
another rank

The Hip-Hop Hall of Fame went up in flames

When they, mention my name it's tension in they brains

An extension of the game and, I stake this claim

And break these chains and this one's for the last train

I'm the jack of all trades, master of one

And the thing I mastered is blastin this mic gun

Put it to your temple, and pop yo' pimple

Break you down like kempo, I'm trained in the arts

We got one verse left to rock this beat

And seperate the good shit from the weak

So, get in the groove, and feel the sound

And once you're inside spread yourself around

From the bottom to the top, top, to the bottom

I'm, gonna rock 'em, while, I still got 'em

I rock this hour with style and power

And this, is yo' MC hour

I don't know if, all of you have heard

But it's up to YOU to rip.. {*vocals fade out*

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