

## **Aceyalone "Knownots"**

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This goes out to everybody in the whole wide world  
Fresh coast gettin? rowdy  
We don?t represent out west we signifyin?  
We showin? out

And we about to tell y?all, what it?s all about  
So as I ease back from this microphone  
I?m a let it go to Aceyalone  
Little somethin? like this

Check it out, people, whoever you are  
Whoever you with, where ever you at  
Where ever you from, where ever you goin'  
I?m gon put you up on this here 'cause youse not  
knowin'

Let me take a little time out to holler at ya  
You go get your partners 'cause I?m fit to drop a bug in  
your ear  
See what we have here is, uh, ruh, yeah  
The helluva ill type shit you fear

That?s cause we knowin' but you don?t really know  
'Cause every nigga that call hisself rappin' don?t really  
flow  
Really though, I?ll open up my mind and take you  
places you can?t go  
I woulda been a catcher behind the plate but you can?t  
throw

'Cause you don?t know but you don?t hear me though  
Yo, check this out  
My body collapse in the raps  
And snaps like a wild mongoose in a trap

Better watch your table manners, boy and give me  
room  
I?m servin? shit, constantly tune  
And laughin? like a ticklish baboon  
On the way to the moon with a stick and a broom

And the cream of the crop, hip hop, 'cause we be

Crackin? the whip on the poppin?  
Be pimpin? the whole punk block at the junk shop  
Fellowship shop shape [unverified]

Sloppin? the side of a pig pen with the grape ape  
baboon  
Wanna see this, Jack o? lantern panted  
Planted ball that don?t bounce  
Against the wall like you think

Well, thanks but no thanks, pranks or no pranks  
I?m a let ?em know they can?t rank, bank or no bank  
I would if I could but I can?t so I ain?t gon? stop flowin?  
But I?ll put you up on this here 'cause you?s not  
knowin?

Damn, Acey, flay me, he kinda hittin? I ain?t bullshittin?  
Written into the fellowship, you know freestyle  
Meanwhile, back at the hall of justice  
Abstract, bust this, this track ain?t for suckers

Immediately exceeding the reality of normality  
By radically and automatically startin? off rapidly  
Rap with me, come on, perk a little, work a little  
In the middle nuclei, we are responding

Stimuli dim the lights, I gotta really grab you  
'Cause you just not knowin? about flowin? I can climax  
to  
You rap too short, too long, too slow, too fast  
You lacks on point, you wrong, you won?t last

I?m up on a good foot, you?re out on a bad note  
I?m dope, ice, fresh, automatic, oh, yes  
Creatively talkin? about how I?m fadin? you vocally  
Your mouth?s not openin?, man, you just not knowin?,  
damn

These niggas got me fucked up, aw, what up, Abstract  
Rude?  
Rap dude, ain?t nobody fade the fresh coast  
You know them heavyweights, you know, what I?m  
sayin?  
That Ganja K, you know, what I?m sayin?

That dolla holla comin? with that  
Watts up, you know, what I?m sayin?  
It?s like I ain?t even tryin? to understand why people  
comin? at me  
With that nonsense, they ain?t knowin?

See, I engineered it, I geared it, I steered it  
I took it to the whole world and everybody cheered it  
I hauled it, I, yes, y'all?ed it and they feared it  
I called it, I outlawed it and they cleared it

Now I am I and it is it and that?s that  
But ain?t that a bitch? It ain?t shit  
Think, it ain?t all that, that they say  
Forever and a day, to live and die in L.A., California,  
U.S.A.

But I am a universal soldier  
Ok, walkin? through the party  
Tryin? to find my way  
Bumped into my main man, Ganja K

I gave a nigga a pound and he lit up a J  
I took a hit and a half and got high and a hey  
My coconut was mellow but my vision was gray  
Looked on the dance floor and I seen my DJ

Cool hands, [unverified] grand, he knows what to play  
So we headed for the booth to get the party on the way  
Walkin? through the crowd, I heard somebody say, hey  
It was Mikah 9, he said what up, double a?

Tryin? to make my pay, tryin? not to stray  
But you know my forte, I let a sleepin? dog lay  
We on that old missin? link  
In between the baboon and the common man

They don?t understand though  
They ain?t even tryin? to know  
Check this out

I and I echo with old sentiments  
Rudimentary tenements, house reverberates  
Ricochets to small invertebrates  
Even all these spineless jellyfish  
Rhyme-less bass with no taste jazz

Enthusiastic, spastic hemophiliacs  
Memorabilia or acting [unverified] senseless  
[unverified]  
Miniature expenditures, spine tingling adventures  
Keenly architectures of a [unverified]

That blockade and bust dental caps and dentures  
Hey, let?s start a new business venture  
No, you?re not dreaming, I?ll be the pincher  
The millimeter by millimeter, doberman boombastic

mix

Where Rotweiller while a rhyme of  
Graffiti traffic, autobiographic  
Ethnic cleansing, benzing, lacing  
Culture Oscars, inch by inch Deans and Costners

Who foster my rhythmic memories  
Collectible sacks of my Mossberg and telebeam  
Scope enemies with enemas  
I?m leaving them helpless and hopeless like the  
Running victim that falls in the scary cinema

Huh, huh, it was like three black guys  
And they like had skills, yeah, skills  
They were like kinda, kinda funky and fresh and stuff  
Yeah, nigga, you just not knowin?

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