

Aceyalone

"Lost Your Mind"

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[Verse One]

Out the gate, four-twenty minutes late
Trees got roasted, and I got toasted
Sorry about the wait, I was in the back posted
The party gon' still get hosted, let's go

Grab somebody, stab somebody
I'm just kiddin have a party, laugh with somebody
We gon' break it down whether you like it or not
I got a human beatbox goin block to block

And we gon' kill that noise, chill dem boys

Deal with them toys, good brother what's crackin'?

Open up the candy store and give 'em a taste

My name's Ace, homey you about to get laced

Man!

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

Y'all people done lost y'all minds

The thought never ran across y'all minds?
Y'know the good shit's hard to find (c'mon)
Well this here's gon' blow yo' motherfuckin brains out

[Verse Two]

Well here we go, two-thousand fo'

And my flow's still tighter than what yours mighta been

Shoulda took a vitamin, or a Vicadin

Ace is on the mic again, door men invite 'em in

This one's on me, this party here's free

As long as you don't make us, bumrush your energy

It's rum on the house, don't get dumb in the house

Cause who the fuck wanna have a gun in they mouth
Life is painful but the party is packed tight
Course some people don't, know how to act right

And for the people's delight, I'm keepin it wrapped
tight

I'm keepin my sack tight - is that right? That's right
[Chorus]
[Verse Three]

Now rockin this mic is natu-ral

For me to come weak is not allowed

Livin my life underneath the ground

I control the sound, I hold it down

My name is - Ace One, six foot one

Don't leave the studio until the mix get done

I do it for kicks, I do it for fun
I do it all night 'til the mornin sun
See it ain't no question of who is that
It's just the connections of me and my rap
We just too good together baby it's a natural fact
That when I, touch the M.I., there ain't no turnin back

It's like
[Chorus]
[Verse Four]

Now homey's got a whole lot on my mind

That's cause I'm always, on the grind

And if I ain't on the mic then I'm on my own time

Or I could be on one or I could be online

But I'm not a web hog, I'm just a mic hog

I'm fin' to set it off for, all my dawgs

And for the people that believed in me, thanks a lot

I owe it all to you, everythang I got

I'm glad I could be here to open up shop
I think I done found myself a spot
And glad I made it past twenty-six without gettin shot

Right between a hard place and a rock

I bet you don't think this is all that hot

But you can shake the spot, whatchu got the game
locked?
[Chorus]

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