

## Aceyalone

# "Scribble On A Clean Surface"

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[uncredited spoken word poet forms the song's intro]

I had forgotten the incredible butter softness of his long fingers.

How they felt on my back when he slow-dragged with me,

at a fateful "Blue Lights in the Basement" party.

The dim lights making his honey-colored eyes barely visible as he,

FLASHED A PENLIGHT IN MY EYES!

"Look directly into the light this time."

[Aceyalone]

I say look into the light

See what you look like

I scribble on a clean surface, the earthless and worthless {\*echoes\*

[Chorus]

It's life, at the tunnel of the point of purchase

{\*echoes\*

Aiyyo freedom got a microphone, AND a AK {\*echoes\*

Make way, and prepare for the melee {\*echoes\*

[Aceyalone]

The method of my madness could NEVER be known

The microphone magic of Aceyalone

Don't, try to set home or off of the dome

Because wigs are known to be SPLIT

And a, fan is known to be hit with shit

Rubber band flows that snap back in place

Rap in they face, get this motherfucker outta here

He talks way way way WAY too much  
Spit for the victory, 'til they sick of me  
I never wallow in the bickery or trickery

There's no con-FUSION, just the FUSION

No il-LUSION, cause God rule them  
Held high, nailed in the sky  
The artistic eye leaves you mystified

You're once denied, soon openly obliged  
[Chorus]  
[Aceyalone]

They say, "rock you don't stop" but what you talkin bout  
Well let me guess, you come fi test  
But test not he who knows best, put nonsense to rest

Preachin on a soapbox, dope on the block  
Choke on your tongue, smoke from the gun  
Broke in the middle, I hope you're havin fun

HIGH post, high dose, high strung

Wind through the lungs, spirit of the young  
Salt on the slug, caught with the plug  
Fought with the drugs, taught by the thugs  
Eye of a tiger, head of a lion  
Walkin through the interior of Siberia  
Chip away at the rock, or a dynamite block  
Right where they had to stop, we continue

Think the worst, ink into the verse

Sink into the earth, die by the end of the rhyme

What a rush, too much to discuss

I close it up by sayin this  
[Chorus]

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