

Interpol

"Find Out"

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[Aceyalone-Chorus]

Party people! Your dreams have now been fulfilled
Get out your seats and let's get ill
We're not just raw, it's Project Blow!

[Aceyalone]

well it's time for Underground flavor
Hip-Hop make you change your behavior
Now for your rock and roll heads or your ravers
You don't know now but you going find out!
we be rocking this ? and kicks
Freestyle Fellowship in the mix
Afterlife Massmen in the mix
You don't know now but you going find out!
I don't think that I'm gonna sleep tonight
My name is Aceyalone keep it tight
Them other fools just can't freak the mic man
You don't know now but you going find out!
Who got, who got, who got, who got
Underground around the world smoking out?
Who got the mic to serve you bumbaklots?
You don't know now but you going find out!

[Aceyalone-Chorus]

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[Riddlore]

One for the money, two for all the rest mine crew from
the West
Through with all the mess yes you're rocking with best
beyond a doubt

[Aceyalone:You don't know now but you going find
out!]

We get you up for the resurrection
That afterlife Project Blow connection
I'm rhyming to get rid of your imperfections

[Aceyalone:You don't know now but you going find
out!]

The who, what, where, when and why

Legendary style that we spit on the mic
Whether, memorize or the improvise
[Aceyalone:You don't know now but you going find
out!]
Blow the ? doors see you ? doors been opening the
doors so we pack the floors
You were looking for a battle but you fell into a WAR!
[Aceyalone:You don't know now but you going find
out!]

[Aceyalone-Chorus]
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[Aceyalone]
One for the money, two for the show
Three four five six and seven for the flow
Eight nine ten eleven, add a couple mo
I got one double O one ways I could go, so
Have a seat, relax your feet
Roll out the stair walkmen rock this beat
If you ain't got this then you incomplete
Go feel this heat on your neighborhood street
Try to make end's meet, greet and get acquainted
This is alot different from the picture that they painted
I try to explain it, the best way that I can
Today's all I got, yesterday is ?
I'm a grown ass man who gots to survive
Hold out your hand and all they do is slap you a five
We shuttin down the microphone as soon we arrive
Use my powers to the guns and knives

[Aceyalone-Chorus]
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[Riddlore]
Hang you around and the ground cause to bound to
the sound
Of the tomb of the boom we consumed by the pound
Of the bass-drum bass some, take some take some
?We would be rhymin for time combining?
The mind of a villian we chilling and reclining
With the mic in my hand swinging to a beat
Bobbin my head with dropping what said
Hot like a potato, or in Aesop's Fable
Lable this the real typical receipt of ?
From a sucker loose slips, who sliped?
Or give up the mic a beat that is tight

Or rather ignite as I put you in gear to take flight
Like a terydocatle, a sparrow or an astronaut
A eagle or seagle or a rock from a slingshot
The error of bullet from a the barrel of a four-four
Image mixed with the whistles of ? like it was World
War III
The mic and me are deadly combo rumble rumble
crumble
So you could stumble down like the Wall's Of Jericho
When the solo's blown into the microphone

[Aceyalone-Chorus]

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[Aceyalone]

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