

Aceyalone, Accepted Eclectic

Here we go:

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty,

Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty

Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, sixty

Sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five ways

Today's in a maze

And start the craze

When they opened my cocoon

It was time to bloom

Thinkin' like ten people, trapped in one room

Sittin' in my sandbox, sand all over me

Overly anxious to get the mic in my hand

Now who wanna blow it up (I do)

Now who can rip it up (I can)

I glide like the ride of a man on a snowboard

When they pick up the microphone I ask him what he flow for

Various degrees of technique that's inside of me

Never try to be something you not- and don't lie to me

Ebony and ivory

Keys on my piano playin'

Tryin' to test some music, but the rhythm push my your hand away

Easy as the alphabet

Hard as solid rock

Pure as the driven snow

Pissin' on your block

Mark my territory then I'm right back in it when

Laughin' w/ the tears of a clown when I grin

I'm manic-depressive ever since I was an adolescent

But I never panic in a sesion when I'm bussin'

Cussin' like a sailor,

With a bottle full of jagermeister

Ready for whatever this world has to offer me

Plus it won't get off of me
And never ever test me
I'm one w/ the universe
The energy has blessed me
Bet you wonder why you got flaws in your character
Cause you're caught in the ass-crack of america
I just want to help you all but
All I do is stare at ya
You can have a shot of this
Or maybe hit this marija
Wanna if you wanna but
If not, stay drug-free
But, plug me in the mix boy
Right up next to plug three
Talkin' out the side of your neck it ain't a remedy
I just want the whole wide world to remember me
I don't want to have to think you're working for the enemy
Sbotage. you can't conquer this energy
You can be the center of attention if you want to
My party is in the other room and
We're just having fun too
(so I'd like to signify the monkey that's in back of you)
All I want to do is get rid of all the wack in you
Do not get offended because no I'm not attacking you
I don't have to do nothin', the rapper's start smackin' you
Maybe I should just give you a taste of reality
Welcome to my art show
Its not about a salary

Take two of these a day and burn a couple calories
Me and the mic are like mickey and malory
Rockin' like a b-boy
Part of my anatomy

Hands on your groin'

You can join this acadamy

Accepted... eclectic

(repeat)

Respect it

(repeat)

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And start the craze

Accepted eclectic the phrase that pays

Old eddy hayes it's time to blaze

One of l.a.'s that's born and raised

Now that we've got ourselves a little more acquainted

Ain't it about time I get this picture painted

I am what you call a psycho-analytical

Critical thinker of the formulas we all need

I think I'm running out of brain space in my hard-drive

Plus I need a memory-card for my control pack

Throw that hand up so I can see your finger-tips

I'm about to rip it up better than before

Yeah I had a crazy-people party and invited you

I didn't know my underground hip hop excited you

Now that I know this fact then I'm gonna throw it right at you

I just want to give you everything you're entitled to

Down in the leimert park, hangin' w/ the hooligans

Every now and then I've got to take'em back to school again

Maybe you should call me your hip hop counselor

I'll be on the rhythm when the beats start bouncin' up

I'll give you a minute just to get yourself together and
We can have a sing-along, all and together and
Here's to the netherlands, sisteren and brethren
B-boy benevolence, birds of a feather and
It don't matter what you say
We all are connected
Some are on a rap path, some are mis-directed
When I say "who wrecked it" just like they expected
Aceyaloney-boy, accepted eclectic
Acceptedeclectic
(repeat)
Respect it
(repeat)
Yeah
Brought to you by project blowed recordings
Ha!