

Aceyalone, B-boy Kingdom

Greetings

Okay, I'll make this short

We in the house

We got Micah 9 abstract rude peace

Vic hop fat Jack and myself Aceyalone

We come for the glory of the B-Boy kingdom

Bring them laughter after which bring them tears

I seen it comin' and knew it was a plot

Legislation had a plan to kill hip hop

I got wind from a snitch, I kept in contact this

Bitch ass judge who was paid off, soon after that he got laid off

I'm lettin' niggas know you tryin' to stop a muthafucka's flow

Hold your black stallions and your black sheeps

Black clan aided a nigga and got heat

We met up on Stepney and Market sparked it

Mapped out the target, we gon' take out their number one sergeant

Young and strong we bailed up on their front lawn to kill the enemy

Remember me, well, if you remember me you'll remember

I'm the one who broke into the pentagon, took fouts, planted bombs

Now I possess the blueprint, I counter the message you sent

No longer will you slander and tamper our music

Copies of the document we're xeroxed

The ghetto took offense in defense of hip hop

Shot down, rolled 'em up, loc'ed up, bailed out, saved the day

Then into thin air I fade away scorpion

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The story had never been told until now

As the glory of the kingdom come comes down

Disguised as a janitor the washman

I swept and mopped the floors

Better yet I was a spook behind the door

A perfect view from the banister feeling like Lee Harvey

'Cept I got a hundred million years in me

First thing I did was aim, lock him in my scope, squeeze

Bust his melon open now I'm pleased in the name of MC's

Already passed the time that they allotted me

The housekeeper spotted me, it was either her or me

Click clack, she says I will not say what I see

But I never could have trusted her so I busted her in her chest

Then laughed, then headed for the elevator shaft

But it was too late, the jig was up, there was pigs all in the building

So I tried to escape to the fire escape from homicide

Yeah, I killed him hangin' from the third story ladder

I dropped and I felt my ankle shatter

No time to lose juice from my bladder

My mission was completed and that was all that mattered

The van was parked a hundred yards from the scene of the crime

But it was hard to run a broken foot just like I thought they blasted

I took one to the gut, I was laying there thinkin' about death

Just watchin' my blood spill out

Just then the van pulls up and I jump in

And then we pull out shouts for the glory

([Unverified])

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I walk in like a normal black, gun peckin' jaw snatching slide

They like the way I glide

To the back break out my backpack and stack my shit up

Ah, it's bulging now, looked around, heard a gun shot pow

I looked down, I whipped out my shit, unloaded my clip

Jetting by the count I slipped, tripped out

Landed on my hip, crawled out, I hit a tuck and roll up and out

Into a flip and boned out now I'm zonin'

I'm nine glocks and seven 380's richer
I'm fit to blow the foundation off this beyotch up
Synchronized for the race, I push the button, nuke the place
Timed myself dashin' to the ride, I hops inside
Keys already in the ignition, I cranks, it slaps it in drive
Fizorty-fizive seconds 'til dizamage, ride B-boy kingdom
We come for the glory of the B-Boy kingdom
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