

# Aceyalone, Rappers, Rappers, Rappers

Artist: Aceyalone

Album: Accepted Eclectic

Song: Rappers Rappers Rappers

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(What I mean is basically there's no one  
The hunt for an MC brings investigation)

This goes to all you ugly rappers, pretty rappers  
Big city rappers, country rappers, greedy rappers  
Itty-bitty rappers, witty rappers, two-for-fiddy rappers  
Hello-kiddie rappers, Frank Nitty rappers and [edited] rappers  
All you dapper rappers, young whippersnapper rappers  
Gun clapper rappers, fun rappers, Gamma Kappa rappers  
Gum rappers, idiotic rappers, psychotic rappers  
Melodic rappers and narcotic rappers  
All you phoney rappers, baloney rappers  
Me-and-my-homie rappers  
Tony Toni rappers and all that, yeah  
All you hood rappers, misunderstood rappers  
Think-it's-all-good rappers  
Let me tell y'all somethin

Look.. I just wanna work it all out  
I just want everybody to do they thing and be cool  
Be who they are, you know

First thing you should know is I'm not afraid  
Every rapper has the potential to be laid  
Down on his or her back  
When I'm down on my luck I get down on the track  
I clown on the rappers sort of like Barnum and Bailey's  
My stardust-bust is bigger and brighter than Hailey's  
Comet, I vomit up the astronomic on the daily  
Peel the steel skin off the mic and do a scaley  
The think rapper to shrink-rap that rapper  
And sink that boat of his  
My rap motor is a million mega-cycles  
My rap folder is a megaton and higher than the Eiffel  
Tower with sniper rifle power  
To blow off your melon and it ain't no tellin  
All you heard was rappers yellin  
My lyrics start propellin  
I get to wellin on em from the dome  
After I trail em home  
I like to catch em alone and STRANGLE em with the microphone  
And drag em back to Project Blowed  
Hold as many mics as I can possibly hold  
And rip up the session after the last rapper flowed  
I never fold, even though my pokerface is old  
The world's cold, probably why I stay in battle mode  
I would love to touch your ego  
European, latin or negro  
Rap Evil Knieval, but I ain't evil  
It's all nice, especially with the mic device  
When it's in my hand it's like throwin the trick dice  
It's the worldwide underground heist  
And what I'ma give back is more than suffice  
Pour me over ice and drink to think  
You're only as strong as your weakest -  
I dwell amongst the deepest  
As long as there's speakers I make songs for the peoples  
I push the ink, who gives a f[edited] what they think  
It's tight now, wait until I iron out the kinks

It's tied down, wait until I iron out the kinks

..Wait until I iron it all out, it's gon' be cool  
But like I said I want everybody to be able to do they thing successfully

This goes out to all you shallow rappers  
Bottom-of-the-bottle rappers  
Spit-and-swallow rappers, hollow rappers  
Love-to-follow rappers, Apollo rappers  
And rah-rah rappers, yeah, all that, yeah  
To all you Big Willie rappers, silly rappers  
'My-mack-milli' rappers, smoke-a-Philly rappers  
Illy-illy, killy-killy rappers  
Not really rappers  
Yeah, all you signed rappers  
Blind-to-what's-goin-on-behind rappers  
Crime rappers, 'I'm-in-my-prime' rappers  
Part-time rappers, one of a kind rappers, too  
Yeah, you wanna go around the world, but you gotta have ???  
You wanna paint a perfect picture but ain't got no paint  
But I'm the painter with the brush and the easel  
I like to rush em and I hit em with the ??fleezle??  
I got a stick of dynamite, you got a stick of gum  
He tried to chew it up before I blew it up, it's done  
It's done, it's done, it's done...

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