

# Haiku D'Etat, Non Compos Mentis

(Mikah 9)

Non compos mentis and moon struck  
come, pompous apprentice and succumb  
To this relentless, yes, the sun  
rises and sets yet you see none  
of it's effects until it's done  
then you'd reflect on how you'd run  
I'd take a step, your momentum  
I had still kept, fool

(Abstract Rude)

they eat then they wanna smoke then they eat food  
repetitive cycle 'til I feel in the mood  
other crews can't copy, they ain't got the magnitude  
I hit 'em up, a heavyweight, they call 'em Ab Rude  
this is not simply just to downplay wishes  
made by emcees who found they status  
do what you do to live life lavish  
have this cabbage, heavy baggage

(Aceyalone)

Well I would like to start by saying  
life has to be sparked each day  
and night, got to be smart don't play  
your time, you wont be back  
when I speak I slice the words up like a slasher  
private party crasher, dasher, rational thinker  
sparkle a twinkle, third eye glimmer  
sky swimmer  
I like to let it simmer 'til the lights get dimmer  
and I like talking about dilemma  
and come up with a solution for the pollution  
my contribution being the superior being at emceeing  
and seeing the light love being in the light  
but they snatch it like a thief in the night

(Mikah 9)

(right, right, you know what I mean)  
I call them the cookie monsters  
on the grind for these Entemanns, Chips-A-Hoy  
combined with M&Ms, money, main  
these B-Boys prosper posture on top of the roster exposed impostor  
send him in, rendering him limb and limb  
salted wounded, squeezing a little lemon in  
torture sounding from drowning porter subjects surrendering  
my tender and remembering the splendor when  
I put my first splinter in nail  
cuticle, black male  
and you and yo honey giving skully to Clinton insider her cubicle  
checks not cash knots  
she also gotta keester half this poultry up that twat  
the rest will go up to other hows tickling the G-spot  
on G.P. you could D.P. the sales manager and the VP  
you could smuggle me a key  
I best believe that's how it be  
just smoke this weed and leave with all the homies

(Abstract Rude)

Out the hotel  
ain't we having a car come pick us up?  
the life of a star come hook us up  
studios, stages and the streets, bomb beats  
pages of loose leaf, blazing the keef  
courageous, the truth speaks louder than lies

so when they hear you style they be proud of you guys  
search from land to land  
go from a thousand to a hundred to ten  
and couldn't find an honest man  
it ain't always what it's promised to be  
they don't stop until the thirty third and a third degree  
shhh... can you keep a secret? of course  
or yell it loud 'til your voice hoarse  
out the airport  
and we having a plane fly us out  
we the truest, they interview us for what we write about  
whether we're right or wrong  
once again it's on 'til the night is gone  
get in a zone from the dome and a tight song

(Aceyalone)

Well life just ain't sugary and buttery, is it?  
now what, are we fooling ourselves thinking that it is?  
I'm thinking that these kids need to know it from the jump  
and be it that I'm a poet trying to get over the hump  
I could play it like a trump  
make you sicker than the mumps  
the days come hella fast and the money comes in clumps  
and sometimes it don't come at all  
you run you fall come one for all for one  
depending on exactly where you from  
'cause the only way to be immortalized to be organized  
and be able to be mobilized and look over the skies  
I speak for an Overise and I stand for the universe  
and freedom of man original with the tan  
can I expand? can I feel the crowd?  
if you don't want me to touch you then, uhh, speak up now  
yeah, I keep my eyes on the owl and the sparrow  
and the eagle and the hawk  
They say why you talk that crazy talk  
I tell 'em "we see what your eyes can't see"  
on me, "we hear what ears can't hear"  
poetry we can be what nobody can be  
solely the only lonely truly

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