

Aceyalone, All Balls

Yeah, say what
Now, how the god damn pot go and call the kettle black?
That bull shit
Yo, but this ain't though
Chapter seven, verse one, attention
All balls don't bounce, some balls roll and some balls hang
And some people have a ball doin' they thang
Now what's the result? Your life is biased
All one-sided, surrounded by liars
Trials and tribs
It's all ad-libs and all breakin' you a coupla ribs
Now what if I breaks the tail on the lizard
Is it gonna grow back? It is and you know that
But that ain't the case, I picture the place
I capture a Kodak and show dat face
You're just a shit stain on the draws of life
And the trials of life and the styles of life
You won't be happy 'til you lost your life
Or lose your mind, or die of boredom
Or try to kill 'em all and let your God sort 'em
Better earn your keep and learn to leap or burn in your sleep
Tryin' to get a little somethin', yo, I peep
You bein' devoted
But you shoulda let it seep
Through the mask you sported
You ended up a swiggler caught in a swiggle
Just gimme the signal and I'll state the terms
As long as I can be there with fate to change
You smokin' sherm
Or whatever the name, you're a trivial part in a trivia game
Now what's your aim? A presidential campaign
Like Ross Perot, he lost it though
But he got a billion in da bank for show
Oh, me, I'm po' and you like me
But I don't like you, nigga, you all fronts
And I won't let one apple spoil the bunch
Now get yo' hat and get yo' coat
All afloat, we goin' back to the real
I got a question, answer me this
What if me and you got caught in a twist
And you accidentally got caught by the fist?
What's the gist, or what's the justice
Or better yet, what if I had got busted
For tryin' to go out like General Custer?
Well, kiss yo' family, meet me at the juncture
Better have a little bit a acupuncture
I reckon that you gonna have to smoke another bongload
To get you enough
To open your mouth
Because I doubt that you know what it's really about
All balls don't bounce, some balls roll and some balls hang
And some people have a ball doin' they thang
Now what's the result? Your life is biased
All one-sided, surrounded by liars
Heard you keep your jewels in a safe
That ain't safe with a ten-dollar locket
I keep mines in between my front pockets
'Cause I'm a darkie and they want me
Castrated, assassinated, well, here's your merit
Better wear it with pride, just don't get all mushy inside
And don't get pushy or wishy washy, your heart is squishy
When it should be strong, your tail is bushy
When you shouldn't even have one
Do you want another big hit of the bong?

All balls don't bounce, now you wanna get indignant
Show your stupidity and act all ig'nant
Now you got pigment, so you my kin
It's like the hand, it's still on ice
So you might starve tryin' to carve you a slice
With a little brown rice and some black eye peas
Or two black eyes and two broke knees
And two broke niggas tryin' to steal the cheese
Got family ties, your family's giving
Your family tries, your family's living
Your family croaks, dies of a stroke
And that's the end
But then you awoke
As a baby again
So in your next life, you can be squabbler
And eat peach cobbler till you get fat
You can even live in a mansion or a wigwam
Just remember all balls go flat
All balls don't bounce, all balls don't bounce and the nonce know
All balls don't bounce and know
All balls don't bounce and know
All balls don't bounce, know
All balls don't bounce, Abstract know
All balls don't bounce, Fat Jack know
All balls don't bounce, know
All balls don't bounce, CV Shack know
All balls don't bounce, Ganjah K know
All balls don't bounce, my nigga, Jupiter know
All balls don't bounce, Volume ten know
All balls don't bounce know
All balls don't bounce, know
All balls don't bounce, Tyrone know
All balls don't bounce, the West Coast know
All balls don't bounce, the East Coast know
All balls don't bounce
The World know
All balls don't bounce
All balls don't bounce
All balls don't bounce