

# Aceyalone, Art Club

It's about the art

It's about the alright.. alright listen

First rule of Art Club, there is no Art Club

Second rule of Art Club, there is no Art Club

Walkin around, talkin to myself

But you're only crazy if you answer back and the chances of that

are high enough to scrape the sky, me myself and I

My inner battles are way more excitin than the ones I have on the mic

I have the time of my life  
Dissectin it, overstandin it and perfectin it

And protectin it, it's become my drive

The more it gets to be heard, the longer it stays alive

My Art, Club

We meet daily, we sleep rarely, we bend barely

Fairly new, very artsy, very artsy

Do not disturb the session in progression

Just my teachers, and students and employees

And a map of the world, I could rap to the world, destroy MC's  
Let it be noted that, no one man can hold it

Most overloaded and folded under the pressure

Most difficult task, last shall be first to get the treasure  
To carry hot stones is an honor, and a duty

Storm weather, warm weather

And rainy nights, my Art Club built of solid steel

Yeah you know  
And one diamond light

Your interpretation of artists you know

Will always be in the forefront of the world's..

future, it's past, imagination y'know  
Yeah it's true, aight..

I refuse to take part, in any lesser art - felt

Break your little hip-hop art and watch you melt  
First assignment, evoke the path, provoke the future

Choke and strangle your Devil before he shoots ya

full of serum to fear him

But my Club supports the God so it's difficult to hear him  
We meet, over the beat, bring your drum machines and (?)

Dem days fly by fast, meditating with the sensei

Be forever in debt with the powers that be

My solid steel integrity, kills a celebrity  
So let it be, we shall fulfill our destiny

My Art Club

[uncredited spoken word poet forms the song's outro]

The current show was called,

"Art Hurts: Visions From Young Los Angeles Artists."

It was a madhouse!