

Aceyalone, Mr. Outsider

i am a universal soldier walkin' in the path of the Math
after the aftermath i'm a still be a soldier in america's blood bath
look at it thru the wrath of a universal soldier you could never monitor my
craft
i am not a graft i am a original soldier walkin' in the path of the Math

now

you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin outside yourself - is
that right

you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh huh
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh 1 2

you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - ooh

well i scrapes the neighbourhoods lookin' for odd jobs
it's hard livin' like God in a world full of bobs
john doe's and jacks joe's and mary mack's
i guess babylon wasn't made for blacks now was it
well it doesn't really matter does it
cause it be dependin' on the who what why's and the whereabouts
and i'm a nigger that the world don't care about
mr outsider

it's all about bein' a fighter

use the guide to open up your mind a little wider

my mellow my ace

movin' from place to place all a nigger want is a taste

working on the docks wearin' a smock

i clock in i clock out about 5 o'clock

i keeps a calm disposition

so i won't arouse suspicion

but then i know what you're wishin'

that you could put a bullet in my head plate w/out all that red tape

and lead me straight to the grave

you're either a slave or Jesus got you saved

or you don't know how to behave but you're brave

a mixed up African w/a fingerwave

and the load ain't gettin' no lighter

even though i'm in it to win it i'm still a outsider

<chorus>

well back in the days they told me hip hop pays

so i says i strays away from L.A.'s average

cause C.k-in' and B.k-in'* was bein' a savage (* refering to Crips and Bloods
maybe?)

and M.C.-in' and DJ-in' was bringin' the cabbage

now it ain't like a nigger talking hella late in the game

i'm talkin '80 ace deuce

nobody think about truce

no Menace no Boys In The Hood no Juice

it was more like Coolie<sp> High and

niggers truly die like they do

when i found out you got to choose your path i knew

not red and blue

the blackness is true

my tactics was new

that's when the practice grew and i flew

i wanted to be a rapper so simple and plain

from Los Angeles city of the big bang theory

where everyone is leery

now a whole mess of MC's fear me

but it's important everybody hear me

as i tell you about the unwanted man who got blunted and took what he can

and he ran

from city to city and town to town
bouncin' around like he's about to blow the world up
cause his mind's not dormant anymore his door's ajar
and his jar's full of somethin' else
now everyone knows that scarecrows w/velcro hair ain't real
yeah
but if your psyche is likely to be spilled
ain't no tellin'
you'll be sailin' across the seas like Magellan
way out your range and since i don't speak greek stranger
i'm a (?let me?) give it to you in layman's terms so you'll learn
i paid the piper i'm gon' pick the tune
but i don't listen to music like that
so

you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin outside yourself - is that
right
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh huh
you're gettin' outside yourself boy you're gettin' outside yourself - uh 1 2

you better run and hide yourself boy cause you can't provide for self

inside outside
that's what doin' it is all about right
inside outside inside outside
that's what doin' it is all about

now i'm a outsider but not like ponyboy
i'm Aceyaloney boy
and i transcend
?w/both hands in?
and i transfer the answer from w/in
and i strain and i gain the strength to bust a blood vessel
as my dirty thoughts mudwrestle in my head muscle
you got your lucky charm i know you believe in warlocks
you better be keepin' you door locked and bolted
say praise the lord as i raise the sword and revolted
psychological warfare for the holy
smoke your last bowl-y
your little ship a capsizes your rap dies slowly
got a good old fashion passion for smashin' what they built
w/no guilt
at full tilt
at full speed
at full blast
comin' full circle on that ass
i'm the idealistic realistic mystic from the past
that just gets more intelligent
don't risk it i'm fast
better get involved don't know how the world revolves and evolves
and solve all that you can solve before your mind dissolves
now who kilt (killed) this lion? curiosity
now why's the black man dyin'? it's an atrocity
does history really repeat itself or is it phophecy?
so until i leave my physical shell there ain't no stoppin' me
cause i paid the piper
i'm gon' pick the tune
but i don't listen to music like that
so

<chorus>