

# 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

&lt;chorus&gt;

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

&lt;chorus&gt;