

# Haiku D'Etat, Haiku D'etat

(Aceyalone:)

It's not a problem that I can't fix  
'cause I can do it with my bag of tricks  
they're playing for keeps and for kicks  
but they're building with popsicle sticks instead of bricks  
the time ticks, the atmosphere gets thick  
I breathe in, it makes me sick to my stomach  
if you got any kind of fix I want it  
sometimes I think the attic's haunted  
but it's not, it's just me  
so I keep strutting and keep pushing my buttons  
but I'm not about to be pushed over the edge  
I made this pledge  
not by you, my brother or by Sister Sledge  
now I know that I'm not your boss  
and I'm not trying to floss or come across lost  
I wipe the frost until the glass is clear  
and I exhaust the possibilities of showing fear  
'cause the bigger the scare, the heavier the tear  
and the wetter the drop and then you flood the crops  
and we just don't want to be flooded  
we cut it when we can't cut it we strutted we stay budded up  
we keep it up and cut it up until we gotta shut up

(Chorus x2:)

Haiku D'Etat, make my music for the people who wanna get down

Abstract Rude:

It ain't a lunch time I like to miss  
I ain't a punch line type lyricist  
and if you had beef you'd fight with your fists  
my people suffer from lack of knowledge and righteousness  
streets so wild we developed a frown  
and a keen sense for knowing when it's going down  
play it cool  
say some shit that surprise me, my face don't change  
serious 'bout them chips like a poker game  
I come frequently like these Oakland trains  
I freestyled it in a show and never wrote it the same  
Aaron Pointer came to reign and say something  
Eddie Hayes stays a little ways from me  
the west side combination is legendary  
home studios, cause by any means necessary  
completed projects is my productivity  
gimme food smoke and electricity  
and if the power is ever cut off  
I got a generator up in the loft  
to stay energized, my music finds a way  
to survive through the times and with the kinds today  
L.A., what a wild place to be  
styles by Ab, Mike Troy, and A.C.E.

(Chorus)

(Mikah 9:)

Indeed, indeed, Haiku De Tat what we could do witcha'  
men at peace for y'all to call entities  
quicker on the draw the sickest thing that you ever saw  
so for all our trees grow and grows in my backyard  
remember me, sometimes I like to act hard  
that's just it, it's an act but don't confuse that  
if you choose to chit chat with a mack fully packed  
you're bruised, black, blue and blurple  
you'd never get a chance to bust back

I don't have to be rappin' or dancin' in a circle  
to make the people react  
I could be enjoying the b-boying  
I'm already on the map and made my money living fat  
no need to profile and flash stacks  
I'm way past that  
Master Card and a little cash for snacks  
munchies, after partaking from breaking nugs  
down out of fat bud stash stacks  
ahh, I do my floor work on linoleum  
exploring the crevices of my woman's ass crack  
I rhymin' in the SF studio on Napoleon  
and I really love this jazz track  
I'm running game now I'mma win  
I'm on my last lap  
you wanna dance with me?  
fast tap chance jacking for ASCAPs, checks, advance  
and that's wack, I mash back

(Chorus)