

Alive

Aceyalone

Easily
So easily
So easily
Easily

I think that it's only right I'll let y'all know from the gate
I flow with the great rappers of 100 million years ago, yeah
Non-identical and non-contendable and still
I tell everybody: just do as you will
Cause the skills to pay the bills'll be the only thing that still wheel
Yeah, I know some people are akward, different, dope, what?
Special in they own way, artistically advanced
Resulting in a lifestyle enhanced by chance
Now that these records are made
Tell me what it's like for you when you hear the record played?
Hm - dynamic, like one gigantic planet
Slightly slanted eyes
To see through your disguise
What a wonderful makeover, excellent takeover
Yo, bring the cake over
I wanna eat it too
And bring the pies over, I wanna bring em too
Yo, bring it all, I want a... look

I'm alive as I can be
Hip-hoppin body-rockin MC degree
And I'm the son of G-o-d
I shine, it just ain't yo time to see

I'm the crowd-hyper, rapid fire-sniper
Viper, so many rappers in diapers
Candy-stripers, we paid the piper
That's why we're listenin
Windshield wipers and air conditioning
And bucket seats while we bumpin beats
I never wanna meet the agony of defeat
I got a simple plan for a complicated issue
I'm a simple man with a complicated issue
And my potential, your potential, our potential
We can sho' nuff make a change and that's essential
Cause the bad boy murderer is on the path
And the bad girl Dragon Lady, she knows witch craft
She makes me laugh, at the same time she breaks my heart
She grabs a hold and she takes it apart
But I can see in the dark, I pee in the park
Bein a part of the art blazin from the spark

Cause I'm alive as I can be
Hip-hoppin body-rockin MC degree
And I'm the son of G-o-d
I shine, but maybe just too bright time to see

I'm a pure bred with the paper and the pencil lead
I hit the nail on the head - off the head
Got a cold way of flowin, a old way of knowin
I'm a Boeing 747 in the wind blowin
I hang at the Chop Shop, gettin smarter

Got the futuristic Bop Hop, I'm ice water
I'm the grandson of Coltrane, the nephew of Miles
Charlie Parker told me: we left you the styles
My style is gorgeous, I flaunt it to pay the mortgage
I forge this past your Average Joes and Georges
Huh, they cut the mic on, I'm like a cyclone
Got to get my hike on and my half-pike on
Look, I'm out your rank, I'm out your class
Freestyle up the coastline a whole tank of gas
I hit the dank and pass, I spank that ass
You flow but I know for a fact you can't last
Your rhymes is weak, metaphores is dumb
Punchlines like you shootin rubber bullets at the sun
Some rappers carry straps and ten-gallon hats
But I carry a guillotine and carry em back
I carry out the plan with a detailed map
I carry a conversation and I carry these raps
I don't bury the hatch, I'm very detached
I marry this batch, yo, she knows where to scratch
I take long walks all the way to the bong shop
Rappin to myself havin long talks, let the song drop
I got the King Kong Hop, the Godzilla Rock
Keep it inside of a strong box cause the killer watts

Cause I'm alive as I can be
Hip-hoppin body-rockin MC degree
And I'm the son of G-o-d
I shine, it just ain't yo time to see

Easily
We rock the mic so easily
I rock the mic so easily
Rip up the house so easily
Tear down the house so easily
We do this so easily
We make it sound like easily