

# 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