

Art Club

Aceyalone

It's about the art
It's about the alright.. alright listen
First rule of Art Club, there is no Art Club
Second rule of Art Club, there is no Art Club
Walkin around, talkin to myself
But you're only crazy if you answer back and the chances of that
are high enough to scrape the sky, me myself and I
My inner battles are way more excitin than the ones I have on the mic
I have the time of my life
Dissectin it, overstandin it and perfectin it
And protectin it, it's become my drive
The more it gets to be heard, the longer it stays alive
My Art, Club
We meet daily, we sleep rarely, we bend barely
Fairly new, very artsy, very artsy
Do not disturb the session in progression
Just my teachers, and students and employees
And a map of the world, I could rap to the world, destroy MC's
Let it be noted that, no one man can hold it
Most overloaded and folded under the pressure
To carry hot stones is an honor, and a duty
Most difficult task, last shall be first to get the treasure
Storm weather, warm weather
And rainy nights, my Art Club built of solid steel
And one diamond light
Yeah you know
Your interpretation of artists you know
Will always be in the forefront of the world's..
future, it's past, imagination why'know
Yeah it's true, aight..
I refuse to take part, in any lesser art - felt
Break your little hip-hop art and watch you melt
First assignment, evoke the path, provoke the future
Choke and strangle your Devil before he shoots ya
full of serum to fear him
But my Club supports the God so it's difficult to hear him
We meet, over the beat, bring your drum machines and (?)
Dem days fly by fast, meditating with the sensei
Be forever in debt with the powers that be
My solid steel integrity, kills a celebrity
So let it be, we shall fulfill our destiny
My Art Club
[uncredited spoken word poet forms the song's outro]
The current show was called,
"Art Hurts: Visions From Young Los Angeles Artists."
It was a madhouse!