

# The Guidelines

Aceyalone

Let's begin  
Asalaam alaikum, people of good will  
I offer you the greeting of thought manifested skill  
to finally reveal the open-end chapter  
As real as the flesh that you're embodied in  
to the skull cavity your mind is rotting in, I'll be riding in  
And there might have been a slight, rotation warp to curve  
the course of course I'm cordial when I'm reportin  
I won't distort, I don't contort  
connect conduct collect console or conceal  
In full control of the roll of the wheel  
My eyes are my appliance to decipher the science  
Omitting defiance with the high-tech mic check  
The buttons that flashed I pushed for absolute  
destruction your structure is lifted from the ground  
The foundation mound is broke, so you float around  
I'm embedded in what is known as beat  
Let it be shown, every enzyme is complete  
In time, you'll see the pace of the pulse pump  
rapidly, heart rate, happily marched  
I happen to be the dark man who holds the charts  
I arch my horizontal line to make a rainbow  
.. but it ain't the same though, yo  
The tried and true pros are chasing fool's gold  
sliding through holes, like small rodents  
It's obviously, evident my embellishment  
peaks at two-ninety-two I.Q.  
Cause Big Ace is the spinner, in the, center  
Inventor, and I plan to be a winner meaning  
I'll be in the inner outer ovaries, overload, overboard  
overseas hearin oversees more, than the eye can  
I stand, limited primitive, sentimentalist, escapist  
The way I shape this landscape, automatically makes this, vivid  
I give it a rivet, hold it, stand at the pivot  
I love it, learn to live it, then give you my exhibit  
Not inhibited, not even a little bit, when I'm inclined  
My attempts to redefine your hip-hop guidelines  
and you can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time  
My attempts to redefine your hip-hop guideline  
You can play the sideline, write rhymes in your spare time  
cause I'd rather stimulate your mind than emulate your purpose  
And we have only touched on the surface of the serpent  
Consider me part of the dust, in the dusk  
I must collect the samples from the rust  
Penetrate the crust then trust no living  
Driven by the sonic, language passion  
Your ashes spark the flashes, of the neon  
from be-yond, what kind of planet could I be on?  
I don't know, but I'ma be on, for eons, and eons  
While many think that they can never play out  
Get trapped in a timeframe, and never find their way out  
I stay off the dramatization, and I balance  
Always seeking the challenge, to show the world  
the incredible talents, I cut the corners, smooth out the surfaces  
Worthlessness is just, half of the problem  
I read the grid kid, I did every column  
I note the animal kingdom, and the phylum

WHYLUM style em, until they get to hit the target  
I mark it on the bullseye, of flies  
and the buffalo wing in the sky  
My architectnique sparks the dark streets of your resting ground  
I suggest that you warn your town  
I inhabit the oxygen, mark off the memory  
You will never forget to remember the lone wolverine  
marine biologist machine with the verbal  
Internal mind fertile, foot, over hurdle  
Tight, like girdle, and my word'll be the last  
I incubate, every other millennium  
I fast and I hibernate, to pass any of em  
I am potent, untraceable  
No color no odor no taste no replaceable parts  
No heart, no head, just a carcass  
The darkest days come, right before the light  
I watch my watch and stand right before the mic  
By the powers, vested in me, I digested MC's  
food for thought, caught on to the end of the rope and swung  
Then stood stiff, as if, I was on a cliff  
Not beneath sticks, my feet are made of bricks  
When I walk my footprints indent cement  
I am not practical, nor am I unusual  
Nor am I oblivious to, hideous crimes  
Every city is captured and trapped in my mind  
Given the spinal tap, as the final rap climbs  
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You can play the sidelines, write rhymes in your spare time  
Cause I have become the night owl on the prowl  
Master of the free penpal style  
Cause I'm, om-nipotent  
I'm, some, government experiment that is out of control  
I'm from some big black hole  
I square up, select, and rec'd, every tangle  
I flare up, and you can try, any angle  
Even Bermuda, but I bury the barracuda  
then I'm, octa-gone in the wind with the pollen