

# Aceyalone, Not When You Get Down

[uncredited spoken word poet forms the song's intro]

A tall, handsome, chocolate syrup colored kid  
in a fresh boxcut hairstyle.

Quiet manner was more in tune with his, well-heeled patrons  
than with his hip-hopping friends.

"Who hooked you up man?Yo' momma?!"

[Aceyalone]

I wrote a poem the other day

I hope you like it

[Chorus]

Roses are red, and violets are blue

Sugar is sweet love, but not as sweet as you

Boogers are green, and doo-doo is brown

Life is uphill but, not when you get down

I said roses are red, and violets are blue

Sugar is sweet love, but not as sweet as you

Boogers are green, and doo-doo is brown

Life is uphill but, not when you get down

[Aceyalone]

Sticks and stones, flesh and bones

+Organic Electricity+ chromosomes

I'm home alone, but not by choice

I pick up the phone and I hear a strange voice

Hocus pocus, boogedy boo

Abra-cadabra, what's a nigga to do?

Back and forth, and open and closed

And if you can't see through it then poke you some holes

It's like glass and dirt, water and sand

Things tend to burn the hotter the pan

Left and right, and right and wrong

Wrong and guilty, convicted and hung

Young and old, and old and new

Knew and never knew and tellin the truth

It's like black and blue, and battered and bruised

And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news  
I said

[Chorus]

[Aceyalone]

Jack and Jill, and +Jill+ and +Scott+

Scotch and soda, a twisted plot

Bums and cops, covers and quilts  
Pillows and blankets, cottons and silks

Mind so heavy hope the bed don't tilt

Cuts and welts, and screams for help

Eat and sleep, shit shower and shave  
Work and play, cradle to the grave

It's all for nothin, or nothin at all  
It's all for one, and one for all

You better look up at me like I'm ten feet tall

Cause you're lookin down at me like I'm two feet small

Hopes and wishes, wishes and dreams

It's ugly and dirty, I wish it was clean

Win or lose, smoke or booze

And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news

I mean

[Chorus]

[Aceyalone]

Ready or not, sweaty and hot  
Tired and hungry but haven't forgot

Guns and shots, runs and drops

Or buried alive under tons of rocks  
A beautiful day, a wonderful night  
A suitable pastime just rockin the mic

A day in the life, a life in a day  
You know when they comin so you might get away

Space and time, nickels and dimes

Bass and rhyme that tickle your spine

A brand new mind, a fresh design

One of a kind, seek and you find

Homies and crews, weapons and tools  
Lovers and haters and teachers and fools

Just try walkin one day in my socks and shoes

And if you get away from this one then, that'll be news

It's like

[Chorus]