

Aceyalone, Say

(uncredited spoken word poet forms the song's intro)

There was a curious secretive streak in the man,
which led to many dramatic effects - but left even his
closest friends guessing as to what his exact plans might be.
He pushed to an extreme, the axiom that the only safe plotter
was he who plotted alone. I was nearer him than anyone else,
and yet I always conscious of the gap between.

(Aceyalone)

Say mayne, let me rap to you for a minute
Say.. yeah, yea you - ay mayne, say you!

Say! Say mayne! Say mayne!

Say mayne let me rap to you for a minute

Yeah I gotta holla at you, yeah

Say what?

The QUESTION is how could a man like me
Actually, a man that's free

Of speech and the ability to reach, the masses

Never not, know what to say I know how brainwaves operate

Consistently and our ideas, FUEL our existence

See if you can see if you can see if my resistance

Against this oppressor, a passive aggressor

Master professor, with every chance I get

To, lure some sleepin people out the pit

One, foot in the grave the other, foot in some shit
Yo time waits for no man, especially not you

Get yo' murk, this'll be yo' very first clue when

WORDS, fail and actions take over you will see

that them are no more you can take away freedom outcome

THERE I WAS, in between my freedom and a slug

When they, pull the plug

I'ma walk through the light that's ahead of me

Could've been, ANYONE instead of me so live and let it be

Spoken like they said it to me
Yo, say what's on yo' mind nigga, let the people see

SOME speaker's on the podium, hit you with the sodium

Go up in equipped without petroleum

But I'm a +Project Blowedian+

More complex than your Napoleon
Okay, Double-A, never runnin out of things to

(Chorus)

SAY, whatchu wanna SAY

And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY

Just SAY, whatchu wanna SAY
And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY
SAY, whatchu wanna SAY

And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY

Just SAY, whatchu wanna SAY

And watch what people SAY, about what you SAY

(Aceyalone)

The QUESTION is how could a guy like me

Actually, a mighty MC with the eye of a bee

Conditioned to the same ol' conditionin

Position in mid-air, limbo

Once upon a time I didn't care but

Now it's not that simple

Maybe I, should refrain

And let the unimaginative, non-creative ones give me some brains

Give me some brains
SAY! Maybe I should rename the talk

Run a lap with my trap while you backslide in the dark

My choppers, OH my choppers

Get me out of the worst work, blade choppers

Save the hoppers, boppers

Disballoon bar not a popper stopper
Feel the dreams cash cropper copper steel wool

Still pull chords

Wrestled with these bullhorns

With both arms, 'til they all submit

Put the mic on B-LAST and let me say some shit

(Chorus)

(Aceyalone)

Never runnin out of things to say..

Never runnin out of things to say, say, say mayne

Say mayne!Y-yeah, ay mayne, SAY!

Let me holla atchu

Say mayne, yeah you, say
Say what?What?

Say, say what say what?

Say what?Say what?
Say why?Yeah

Say when, aight when