

# Headaches And Woes

Aceyalone

Intro:

oh man i got a splittin' headache  
and my heart is broken up into a thousand tiny little microscopic pieces

Chorus:

i got a head full of headaches a heart that's full of woes  
i'm constantly singin' them downhome blues and not many people knows  
that leaves me with a twisted view of the whole wide world as i know it  
and i guess i got no choice but to be a poet

Verse One:

now in my natural habitat i gravitate towards having that  
and i elevate on having that  
and i'll never get caught in your rabbit trap  
from Yellowstone to Venezuela  
Nigeria down through Australia  
there's somethin i learned that i gotta tell ya  
there's a whole lot of us ain't wrapped too tight  
now i could been your doctor or your lawyer  
or come to your house and clean up for ya  
self destruction won't destroy ya  
if you got somebody that's lookin out for ya  
men are murdered women raped  
people gettin beat on videotape  
and people elsewhere tryin to escape  
just to come to America to lick the plate  
helicopters scope the land  
hell is here so i hope you 'stand  
hip-hop culture is African  
and rappers like me gon' rule the earth

Chorus

Verse One:

now everyday i manifest and i generate and smoke cannabis  
and i penetrate and i innovate and i demonstrate from Los Angeles  
from Amsterdam to the Northern border  
Panama Spain to Atlanta Georgia  
somethin' i learned that i haven't told ya  
brothers like me don't live too long  
now i know you know it ain't who you know but do you know you  
see cause you could go just like any Joe and that's for sho' true  
so if you're straight and you're narrow and the snake's in the barrel  
and the serpent is under the rainbow  
and you're head over heels instead of the reals  
then you're bound to be tangled  
cause brothers are singin' and dancin' and rappin'  
like they was a vaudeville act  
but knowledge is wealth and you gotta know self  
and you gotta know God's still black  
cause every so often i sit and i wonder why i even trip at all  
cause half are down when i get down  
the other half want to see me fall  
waitin around all heaven bound and you seen that your L-7's round  
and when the sky falls to the ground  
and you found that the only way up is down  
don't give me no additives no sedatives or preservatives  
or repetitive rhetoric you give  
just let it live  
yet my head is poundin' i'm dealin' with this load on my mind  
i got a head full of headaches a heart that's full of woes man

i'm constantly singin' them downhome blues and not many peoples knows man  
that leaves me with a twisted view of the whole wide world as i know it  
and i guess i got no choice but to be a  
i got no choice but to be  
i guess i got no choice but to be a poet  
i guess i got no choice but to be a prophet  
i guess i got no choice but to be a griot  
a gangster  
a athlete  
a bum  
a nobody  
a criminal  
a convict  
a black man  
a MC  
a MC  
a MC

Chorus

Verse Three:

mmmmhmmmm

you know that's right  
that's why people got to get their high so they can get high  
they blast and they passed the pipe to get high  
just like a Jedi  
never said i would i  
even if i could i  
didn't do it but i just rather get a little shut eye  
so i sleep from dawn to dusk in a bomb shelter  
cause ya never know  
when the man is gonna drop that big one  
oh pelting, people burning melting  
alarm the farmers  
armageddon karma psychic readings  
greetings earthlings i'm from mars  
got two more planets to go and then i'm on my way to the stars  
oh no there i go through the ozone layer hole  
where the men are the men and they mean it  
down where the wind don't blow where the indo grow in the snow  
and everybody po'