

Toki Wright f/ Brother Ali

"The Feeling"

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"I've got a feeling. I just can't reveal it. When you are near me. Just ?" Intro: (Brother Ali Speaking) No no no. Naw. Not buying it dude. I'm not buying you on the microphone See these dude over here man, see this is a lifetime thing that's goin' on man We put our life into this. This is not something you jump up and do Toki please testify right now [Verse 1: Toki] Tabernacle Grabbin' on your Adam's apple Wild as Axl, Rose when it comes to shows Hop up in the front row knock your beer down Screaming into the microphone, blow your ear out Oww I'm rockin' on them haters mane Make the crowd hit the ground when they hear that 808 Get my can on blam on When I rock you swear it was a shan bar in Ann Bar? Prophets And I promise when you touch the booth Can I come out of it you're gonna need a couple screws Blow the doors off the hinges The door break the frame and your frame break your lens I build and destroy Ain't Larry Craig leg but you're feeling your boy And y'all ain't messing with this excellence Send them in and you can get your next of kin stretched again [Chorus] [Toki speaking] Lay down flat. Naw, you ain't fuckin' with Ali man Yo Ali man, you gotta let these cats know what time it is man Let's go. Let's go [Verse 2: Brother Ali] Uptown, downtown Crowned and world renown Stuck my dick in the ground and spun the whole world around Booty Graymore?, reborn my dirty mouth Swerve through your little urban town ready to burn it down Rap is feeling is like the curb is in your mouth Doc Martin steady restin' on your neck, you're plenty nervous now They heard about it word of mouth The truth is the lights is when I'm in the house roach's scurry out Rude bwoy, murder sound I burst around I hit you dead directly in the chest, spun your shirt around Jump back daddy My size 12 wide Kenneth Coles will reside in your ass cavity Come back hand slap spectacularly Never hit a woman, but a rapper I will smack them silly Why one would try to wrestle with me If I go to war I'm bring half of Minne Apple with me [Chorus] [Brother Ali Speaking] Ha ha ha ha. This is how it's done Toki man. Take me back to the North side man As a kid, take me back [Verse 3: Toki Wright] I

used to take 808 breaks On cassettes made off the
best techs with the paper mate Scrape every nickle out
the bottom of the pickle jar Rather count the record
though I know where mama's pistols are Growin' up
Buddhist in the middle of the apple seed Raised
around some wankstas, straight up out the baby
factory Every up day another punk would want to scrap
with me Now-a-days I see the same old punks, they
want to rap with me I tell them e-mail me Now them
same suckers be e-mailing me daily On the road I got
dissed on the Internet But I was on the road and you
hoes was on the Internet I punk fire out a young squire,
heavily Get a penalty, from the umpire I'm so hungry
check my appetite So y'all better eat your heart out like
a sacrifice You can call it all basic I'm AT&T more bars
in more places I got more lines than Asics Gels, you
can tell that I'm tight by how I laced it Bout to do to y'all
is nothin' Best hit to come up out the Twins since Kirby
Puckett When it comes down to having more to say
Best believe a brother knows the Time and the Morris
Day I'm on my up north shit My DC, midwest, bust off
quick And I roll with the Brother like We were two seeds
born out the same mother Wright [Chorus] [Outro:
Brother Ali speaking] Ha ha. Yeah, that's right. Shit,
that's exactly right Mr. Wright. See we come from a
time where, we had to fight We had to bleed for this
shit. We come from a time where to grab a microphone
you had to be willing to get stole in the face if you
weren't tight Now y'all cats got a computer, now all of a
sudden you an MC You wanna write websites and all
that old bullshit What you hearing in this music man,
this is our experience This is our heart. This is our soul
in this shit And it just so happens we're blessed to take
this music around the world

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