

Brother Ali "4th King"

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You see trends and pretend, I'm a v trend which means
I'm preaching.

And won't be sweetened weekend toward the town,
I lead men, never follow clowns.

Most time I slow speed, then I drive it down,
Therefore, most weekends I'm out of town.

First class seat fit, throw them on the ground,
Last time in the v she got her pedal to the ground.

I do not friend and defriend, I'm all around,
Keep them to the end of every round.

Now, got a couple dead homies, but no ex-homies,
Once I give my word, know that I'm bound.

Racks on, rack is in my hands, my cash sets in
advance,

I don't just put it on in my raps in my pants

Tucked under the mattress or in the bank,

I don't tell you all exactly, almost sorry that you're fan.

I walked around in taxi, carried a little shame,
'cause the world treat me bad and I couldn't afford a
shrink.

Shit was rough, I scribbled it in my bucks,

They say you must be independent, 'cause your
rhythmic sucks.

They say necessity's a bitch, or the mother of all in
vengeance, should take a pill.

Either way, I ain't afraid to take a risk, so that's the one
I make my babies with.

They say a light skin is in style, dark skin is in style,
How come my folk's always in style, though?

You can check the file, but you know what's never in
style?

Fast mostly rapping albinos.

Yeah, I know, I only love her if she in a struggle,

I never relate to a woman who's never been through
nothing,

High, sedated, privileged and so on,

They're pretty, but they always say something to piss
me off.

My heart's forever with the underdogs,

Who got nothing to give except for love at cost.

You should listen to this when you're occupied,

And humming, open the front lining,

Even if you don't join us in the Ramadan,
Starving, the one thing we all got in common.
That's why I'm not standing on the right,
Just do it in the Maibach, I'm stallion.
More like a four door far beyond,
Took my baby momma from Cali on
Off the type of fallin, divine, inspiring.
Before I finish the rhyme you start rewind,
Is everything that drops out my mind in diamond.
I'm only falcon the blame was in my chain,
Diamonds and jems are shining from the fan, but
That's the shit the poor people say,
Niggers show, but is true for me, either way.
You can ask your man home if I'm blinging,
He gotta admit it "uh, he's just different".
The best song in this song, I don't even own it,
It's even now, fourth king, never steal your role.
For boarding life, A. L. I., your brother, mourning in
America, dreaming in color.

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