

## Brother Ali

### "Bad Ma Fucka"

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I circle my opponents like a bird of prey, in search of a vertebrae  
Just to curse your day and make blue sky revert to gray  
Tryin' to work my way back to where the purpose gave birth  
To the perfect way to quench my thirst to slay rappers  
Penetrate your fragile brain matter  
Stand glarin' at you with command and frame and stature  
Actually mastered the talent it takes to seize the breath  
Out of your chest and leave em shakin'  
These heads never impressed us, I credit the best cause I  
?Mix every breath? with respect from my predecesors  
To die the best of deaths is meaning gunfire  
Blessed with faith alone, testin' the oppressive  
This dimension inside your pain is my domain  
By signing my name I solidify the rain  
In an instant I will drain 'em, get 'em out the game  
Insisted upon bickering with death until the quiet came  
Then silence remained, touched him with his lights out  
and  
I'm in his veins, ushering his life out him  
He cried when it came, the moment he froze  
And death pulled his soul through the hole in his nose

From the moment I sight 'em, decide I don't like 'em  
I evacuate the little bit of light they got inside 'em  
Somebody gonna get dead tonight  
Bad mothafucka gottta split heads tonight  
From the moment I sight 'em, decide I don't like 'em  
I evacuate the little bit of light they got inside 'em  
Somebody gonna get dead tonight  
Bad mothafuck gottta split heads tonight

Let 'em watch the Brother rip, they need to fuckin'  
study it  
Hella missing pieces like they tryin' to make the puzzle  
fit  
It's some other shit, nothin' like when we discovered it  
Fools rapping like they tried to suck a dick and bust a

lip  
Half asshole and ain't mastered the craft for shit  
They pacifists and ain't nothing bout 'em passionate  
Never had to pay a bill or spent a day in jail  
And hold mics like they're scared as hell to break a nail  
You ever hide inside your seat, eyes upon your feet  
Need to keep riding the dick instead of trying to ride  
the beat  
I come from a time when rhymin is true self defining  
Aint no time for whining, protecting your little hymen  
If your crews really the shit, prove it in your set  
You really should get off the stage, youre too pretty to  
sweat  
If he's not in alliance, beat him in the compliance  
Somethin to do while I'm feeding him to the lions  
Keep being defiant, ain't nothin I can say to you  
Except you better stay out my range of view a day or  
two  
Your friendly neighbourhood Rhymesayer, I lay a  
Asswhoopin on you thats one of a kind, playa

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You live in a world of artificial turf, plastic sky  
Got the nerve to stay up nights and ask it why  
?Hoes? fuckin your shit up, you're forced to pluckin  
your lips up  
That gets ripped up, you could kiss your own ass  
goodbye  
You don't understand me, I don't have Plan B  
I don't have a mom and dad to help me land on my feet  
I don't have the luxury of living where the grass is  
green  
Ink pen victims and ten of their friends with them  
I've been kickin, scratchin scrapin for respect  
Since knee-high, believe I will take it to your neck  
I release my, venomous sentiments at the drop of a hat  
You motherfuckers got a problem with that?  
I step through all possible traps  
Once you walk with your bones fully exposed its hard to  
look back  
And I gotta react, not for nothin, just to cuss you  
There ain't nothin subtle about an old fashioned "Fuck  
You"

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