

## Brother Ali

### "Best At It"

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[Brother Ali Intro]

Freeway got a voice like an electric guitar  
I'm the bass to it  
Walk to the speaker hold your face to it  
Freezer

[Freeway]

I'm 'bout to rip it straight from the rip  
Body every beat the scriptures to me that we close to  
the end  
Listen, Kill 'em with the spit and put my boys in position  
So none of my niggas got to pitch on the street  
It's Young Freezer the bar spitter the big beard  
From the city of brotherly hate where we bear eagles  
The desert kind and we pay them coppers no never  
mind  
Niggas still palm heaters  
My hood is bad they turn teen they grab ninas  
A couple aunts one mother no dad  
Streets was their father figure and they never had  
that's why they run up in your spot with a couple glocks  
Had hunger pains I couldn't make it to eat  
Got introduced to Islam started making Salat  
We in two different cities  
Minnesota and Philly  
But I'm on the same page as Brother Ali

[Brother Ali talking]

Yeah Joell Ortiz, get it

[Joell Ortiz]

I Ain't make believe like some of these costume fuckers  
So YAOWAH, I literally got you Brother  
Ain't a hood too rough ain't a block too gutter  
These rappers starting to look like them pork chops you  
smother  
Slide me a fork damn right I eat pork  
I'm sick I dine on the swine flu with every thought  
Every track I rhyme to develops a heavy cough  
Till it's fully blown and it turns into a smelly corpse  
I'm eatin' I ain't fat this just how my belly floss

I'm on the road so much I'm build me a telly porch  
Bitches be hawkin' I be turnin' my celly off  
They crazy like the ass on Miss Tracee Ellis Ross  
Come home early I might be in that bed of yours  
Girls like me I'm sort of like a walking metaphor  
And this mic seems like it kinda just might be a gift and  
a curse  
They give me ass and curse me out when I don't make  
'em wifey  
I'm on the set mic check like your favorite Nikes  
A Rhyme Sayer so it's only right that they invite me  
On the track with 'em I'm oozing that rap rhythm  
Could rhyme forever whatever  
I'll let Ali scrap with 'em

[Brother Ali]

Some of the greatest got respect for the way that I rock  
the set  
But you ain't seen no Jacob shit dangling off my neck  
So of course, dudes around the way are all suspect  
Why them Rhymesayers boys ain't break you off with a  
check  
Wait a minute it's not that I ain't get it  
It's just that I'm considerate  
And shit about they way I spend it  
You ain't never heard me say I'm pimpin'  
I referee the game I'm in and so I play it  
Different I Need the deed to my home and the title to  
my car  
Make sure that my health and my life are all insured  
If I ain't got all four I consider myself poor  
Diamonds to the floor is something I can not afford  
You see these cats and most of them are lying  
Selling CDs and packs, both of them are dying  
My man Free earned that shit it ain't a costume  
And I ain't 'bout to cop a fake joint to give props to 'em  
You ain't seen nothing crazy on my arm  
My kids got a stay at home mom  
Until my grand kids are straight I ain't buying jewelry  
And truly can't thank my fans enough for what they do  
for me  
Industry suits wasn't digging my jams  
I tour like a madman build my brand  
Soundscan never meant nothing to the fans  
They ain't in it for the trends they want to listen to the  
man  
I give 'em what I can and when I'm in the jam  
I get to spittin' so ridiculous they pissing in their pants  
They listen every chance that they can get it their  
hands  
Until they wear the CD out and go and get that shit

again

God damn it got me back on my rap shit  
Got that home run king batting average  
Achievements, no 'roids taken, no astrict, don't need it  
No styles bitten, no ass kissed  
Believe it  
Record is flawless my respect is enormous  
My current peer group is a short list  
Only way I lose if I forfeit  
The only way you climb in these shoes is if I tire of the  
throne and climb off it  
Dont' hold your breath on it  
Only begun  
If you ain't the Rhymesayers I don't owe you a crumb  
Can't no MC call me his son  
The lowest ever been uttered is kid brother but that's  
only been one  
I paved my own road to the sun  
My aura glow has become  
A beacon of hope the closer I come  
I'm sorry there can only be one  
Champ around here I am not a peer  
I'm up here, you down there  
Look down and the ground's near  
Au contraire I hear you heart pound fear loud and clear  
Feet of sasquatch  
MC's are mad soft  
Make their weak ass glass jaw meet the asphalt  
Better hope Ali don't blast off  
He'll twist your hand off  
Take you in the back and saw the cast off  
Can't slow him up the more he get the more he want  
They steady telling me hip hop is in some sort of rut  
That's cause they watching the TV and they ignoring us  
It ain't my fault they fail to see that we done tore it up  
I'm from a broken mold y'all are from that carbon cut  
That shit has all been done before  
I'm here to call your bluff  
I don't compare myself to dead rappers  
I'm here to write the next chapter in braille and left  
handed  
Consider yourself reprimanded  
Fresh rap shit and y'all know we the best at it

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