

Brother Ali

"Love on Display"

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Intro Sample: Goodbye Goodbye my love Chorus: We move all the merch, CDs and shirts For you, this is a game but for me this is work I punch in ha, when I step on the stage I get paid when my record is played Verse One: Word to Printmatic I'm a poetry chick magnet With Goldy the pimp habits I roll with a limb that is Droven Omaha, flowin' for hick ass kids Knowin' I was zonin' at the moment I hit that shit (I love y'all) Kris references and no one will get that shit I even make the best of it and go home and slit my wrists Imagine what a trip it is, rappin' for little shits Who think that DJin' was created by Mr. Dibbs Remember this, those are the main ones that show us support So I owe them my existence and shit so I got to thank them, my home is broken ain't it? I downloaded parents cause I heard they're overrated I pushed a demo tape when the group was first created Younger Brother was the debut album when they made it E! Behind The Music, believe that I've been through it I either write the true shit or feel my life is useless You should, do this, math with me right quick dog I count myself to sleep when the lights get soft Tour twice, in the spring and the fall Ten weeks each my son doesn't see me at all 9 out of 12 months daddy's gone for 5 Spot dates in the mix, I'm absent for 6 So I'm a half ass daddy Part time singer Half ass crazy, got my wife feelin' half single In New Jersey, bitchin' with the word play About how my parents raised me in the worst way possible Doin' what I gotta do And tryin' to get a rap or two Missin' my own son's third birthday I'm a self centered piece of shit Stomped down hypocrite Tryin' to get a grip on it but now I got to live with it This is me motherfucker, I'm a mean mugger Not intentionally brother, I was tryin' to see somethin' I never drive because I'm legally blind All I can do is describe what I see in my mind People are fine until they peep a weakness of mine Then they fuck me over so I need to leave them behind Shit's real My wrist is still stiff from my last hook Cat learned how to scrap just by gettin' his ass whupped I'll catch an elbow and that shit will just hurt So I swing mine the next time I get in some dirt And that works And that's why Murs is

the homie Because the brothers ain't scared to dig out
spurs in the moment My recipe for greatness, there is
no depleting this Because the active ingredient in it is
my weaknesses I speak with this little drawl that the
Midwest created When they treat someone like shit for
a decade Anthony can't chirp, flare or backspin But
he'll listen to my fucked up life without laughin' I'm
challenged and offended by sheets of blank paper
Who act like they are too good to carry my strange
flavor Painstakingly, suffice is to say I ain't scared to
put my motherfuckin' life on display Chorus [X3]

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