

Brother Ali

"Original King *"

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* originally appeared on Scribble Jam '06 Compilation
[Intro] Now just you hold on a god damn minute now!
Motherfucker hold your eyes up when you're talking
talking to me Don't you know you're in the presence of
greatness boy? Original shit Love to do his thing. You in
trouble right now motherfucker [Verse One] Yes y'all
the flesh and bone season Veteran, yet it's just my
second whole season Etched in stone one of the best
poets breathin' They don't kick over the respect I don't
need 'em I bring it like it never been brung man I swing
it like it never been swung I'm second to none As long
as I still got a breath in my lung Might as well find
yourself a place to rest til I'm done Bless the son,
caught a sophomore curse That mean you waitin' for
me cause you love my first Must have heard hunger
and thirst up in the verse And now wanna bust so much
that it hurts Plus what am I? A flash in the pan? I fizzle
out and stand here, ass in my hand I ain't that kind of
man, I'm attached to my fans Every track that I smash
gotta match their demands I'm the first to defend you,
last to the van I can't turntables from the wax from my
man I shoot a star out the sky, land in my hand I'm off
to the next one catch me if you can Amen [Brother Ali]
Not fuckin' around. Been watchin' you motherfuckers
scurrin' around and shit Swear to God you real. You
ain't seen shit. You ain't did shit You bout shit. Hold up
[Verse Two] I hear tell that I ain't your cup of tea I fuck
with white rappers and you can't fuck with me I sold my
old pistol and don't run the streets And I ain't got
tattoos all up my sleeves Well All I can tell you is that I
am what I am How could you not respect one that stand
as a man? Lest you never peek up out your box You a
follower I don't kiss ass and suck dick, I'm not popular
but If you were real you would recognize me They don't
make them like motherfuckin' Ali No more I ain't here to
blow my own horn But it takes a certain person to write
those songs The biggest difference between us Is
unlike them I don't pretend to be no thug Just a city kid
and know how to throw a punch I'm no stranger to the
taste of my own blood Got you chain and decide to
grow nuts That shit is Golden Girls that ain't golden

gloves Tell 'em Ant I ain't scrap no more, I'm growed up
Too busy, no free hand to hold a grudge Told your ass
once that my shit is amazin' Seen me on stage, think
it's biscuits and gravy I spent my young life in the eye
of the shit Don't hate me for anything I ever did
Motherfucker! [Speaking] I mean come on now. Would
you stand at your speaker for a minute? There's
nothing wrong with it. There's no holes here It's you,
you're hatin' [Chorus] - 3X I live I die, I laugh so that I
don't cry I work hard I bust my young ass to survive
Ain't no rap video this is real ass life!

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