

Brother Ali

"Shit Happens"

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Intro (Brother Ali speaking): I have this dream all the time shit. Everybody has sex dreams Mine, you know they gotta be fucked up at the end Like get caught cheatin' and shit I can't keep my shit right. I can't. So far that is Chorus: Be careful, what you pray for Cause you just might get it and it might come true Nine times out of ten you're not prepared for How to react if it happens to happen to you Be careful, what you pray for Cause you just might get it and it might come true Nine times out of ten you're not prepared for How to react if it actually happens to you Verse One: Tours is like Ground Hog Day Everyday is exactly the same And don't shit change but the Hanes and the name of the cities that we're rappin' in Set the Kool-Aid stand up and hope to pack them in One day this lady got caught in my eye Like Rosario Dawson standin' off to the side Please My post show game is none other Gentleman mack, elderly cat stalk the young Brother Who did you steal this section of the floor from? Underground rap show she stuck out like a sore thumb She write for whatever-the-fuck magazine And she got up on the guest list just to come and check this Artist that she heard about Word-A-Mouth Little did she know she could bat her eyes and turn 'em out Here's me Forrest Whitaker, pretty baby maker Never mind I've been wearing these same pants for three days Chorus [X2] Verse Two: Don't get me wrong It's not in my personality to cheat But I'm a charming motherfucker in my sexual peak And I swear to God it's not done out of greed Intelligence ?, y'all see where this is gonna lead I've just seen the bootie in it's natural habitat But never as fat as that Shit god damn She can't even keep the elastic back of her jacket down Shit, she came across the street and made a clappin' sound Got hips like the holsters of a gunslinger One thing touchin' her thing will make your nuts tingle Send a shiver up the middle of your spinal cord Lettin' your mind explore that's what the vagina's for Humpin' it like I got up in the Final Four On a wild card, double team and it's time to score Let a primal roar like a fuckin' dinosaur And filled her with a pint or more of fine white slime dijour!

But once the life juice leaves your little head It makes
your big one want to take back everything you said And
now I can never look my kids in the eye I would
probably rather die then to live this lie Chorus [X2]

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