

Brother Ali

"Talkin' My Shit *"

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* originally a B-side to "Uncle Sam God Damn" 12" (the blue version) Intro Sample: Shit, motherfucker you talkin' to the kid. Talking (Brother Ali): Yeah. Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and girls The one and only Brother Ali is in the house tonight That's me. We gettin' directly into this right here Verse One: Hold up Do you mind? I'm trying to build a kingdom here Walk to the store with your boy let's get a ginger beer Listen here I got some shit to sprinkle in your ear Rip and tear the kick and snare, whistle like Rakim was near Independent penmanship, sending bitch-tendency-havin'-rich-rappers to their residences My present tense is legendary livin' Like my fifty grand merch, work for what I'm givin' Build and add to it with the skill I mastered it Carefully grabbin' shit to build a castle with Ended up champion of underground rappin' It ain't what I imagined but I still ain't mad at it I'm in a college town bossin' that crowd around Raise your hands, wave em up, do it like this and holler out Like a Gladiator movie score Try to teach a cracker rapper how to clap on two and four In the crowd I'm shakin' peoples hands Just to take an equal stance with my barely legal fans Can't believe they ass came and heard him raw Made em want to run and hug him with a sweaty shirt and all Labels turn me off, I ain't what they lookin' for I ain't got a six pack, tatoo or a bullet hole But I'm muscle underneath all that You get your peanut smacked I scrap like I'm Butterbean on crack How he manage not to catch heat flashes? On stage Adidas jacket doin' Heavy D dances These rappers are graffiti on canvas Even if they snappin' they could only be half of it Chorus: I say shit motherfucker shit Ali and I'm sittin' on another hit He got his fist up to the government Still tryin' to get his dick sucked, son of a bitch So let me talk my shit C'mon now, let me talk my shit Calm down, let me talk my shit Verse Two: Let me start off my shit like this Quiet down now the masters rappin' And Ant got his back trying to craft a classic Joe Mabbott track, they have to grab it Like my dick when they...naw, I ain't sayin' that shit We all thought some weak lines by now But you actually rewind and write yours down You must

be high in the studio to speak it And then decide to
keep it and release it So either you believe it Or you
don't give three shits about havin' lyrics, you can take it
or leave it So if you're not really thinkin' about the
things that you say Then don't call me a hater when I
feel the same way Came up in the day, listening to the
greats Love the smell of fate, half a cotton and a
weight? I ain't dumbin' down you're gonna have to
smarten up Too tough, your blade ain't sharp enough
to cut Bout to fuck em up Someone should have ran
and told him that I'm nuts Buttercup ain't tryin' to
knuckle up Sock 'em in the eye, baby, slug 'em in the
gut Should have never let the Brother run a muck What
the fuck! Chorus Verse Three: Big bad, fat ass Cat that
can rap fast Straight up nasty like a New Orleans lap
dance Last chance to pass on the chitterlings But act
now and we can still split a thing of chicken wings
Fredo Corleone, bitch kiss the pinky ring Backpack raps
answer to Sam Kinison Is in your town Act like your shit
isn't brown Your highness probably piss sitting down
These Eddie Brock MCs is so venomous Can't seem to
picture the authenticity Trying to keep up is bad for
your health It's a walk in the park, I'm photographing
myself Chorus Scratching: "People round town talkin'
this and that" - EPMD on "So Whatcha Sayin"

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