

Brother Ali

"Tight Rope"

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(Verse 1) Frigid frozen Minnesota Chip on his shoulder
Sick sleeping on a pissy sofa Unwanted visitor in a
different culture Missing home and he cant go their
civil waring Listen solider forget getting over Prison
state around the corner homeless is even closer Kids
with similar skin color still don't even wantcha Spit and
insult ya cause they have been here longer He leave
his crib he guaranteed the pigs approach ya Where ya
going where ya from any weapons on ya? Your family
is stressed out your getting older You don't live the way
they did back in Somalia Its extra difficult to be a
daughter Trying to keep it modest with sinners all
around you Where the wrong garment your parents get
an ulcer If you wrap it up the other children picking on
you Chorus (x 2) Live in two worlds with your eyes
closed Tip toeing on a tight rope Holding on for
survival Nobody to blame this is just how it goes (Verse
2) Holidays and you know what the business is You get
two birthdays and two Christmases Older you get you
resent how sick it is They're trying to cover their guilt
with the gifts they give Bounce from his house to her
house Too bad that marriage didn't work out Now you
don't have a your house Daddy fighting mommy they
both tell me they love me If I get to close to one the
other one start acting funny Ma went and had a baby
with a different dad You act happy to please em but
you are really sad Seeing first hand that family that you
will never have Plus you ain't no real brother, you're just
a half Got to pick up the pieces and move on Bed time
stories and greet them on the phone Live in two houses
and neither one is home Wishing you were grown have
the freedom to get gone Chorus (x 2) (Verse 3) Daddy
was a preacher, momma was a Sunday school teacher
Big brother, football squad leader Now far be it for you
to disappoint or displease them Your just being what
you feel you see in That mirror every time you peer in
Swallow the tears inside that empty feeling Her boy
terrified to let the world in He has girlfriends but
doesn't want a girlfriend He retreats inside himself
Where he lives life itself in secret Daddy says people
go to hell for being What he is and he certainly believes

them Cause there ain't no flame that can blaze enough
To trump being hated for the way you love And cry
yourself to sleep and hate waking up Its a cold world
y'all shame on us Chorus (x 2)

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