

## **Brother Ali**

# **"Victory! (Come Forward)"**

Visit "[Victory! \(Come Forward\)](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[ CHORUS ]

Victory

Ours are the cries that breathe life in the concrete

Victory

Ours are the tears that splash genius at God's feet

Victory

Ours are the prayers that weave poetry through drum  
beats

Victory

[ VERSE 1: Brother Ali ]

Step inside the mind of a soon-to-be legendary

Straight paramilitary

Brother Ali exist to read the scripture, it's never read

Whoever said this underground hip-hop shit is dead

Must have fallen on his head

Spent my lifetime buildin

Writin rhymes I remind rappers of everything that  
scared them as children

They call me show stopper

No opera singer has hit the exact pitch, I spit my flow  
out of

Taught directly by the source of all knowledge

You don't affect me till you're forced to draw powers

Respect me as a voice amongst scholars

Who speak deep to thee, move the sleep from your eye  
lids

Make your lungs flutter

Get it right, my inner light cast shadows on the sun,  
brother

I'm where the rubber meets the concrete

It's a cold world, not sayin bring your your own heat

I'm just sayin don't sleep

I'm walkin with Allah till the day that I die

And the pens have been lifted and the pages have  
dried

And a big smoke screen wrote my name in the sky

Politician with the angels knowin they would reply

Got the lungs of a cyclone, tongue of a python

The reason why your favorite MC sleep with the lights  
on

Right on, brother, we def as fuck

Not 'deaf' like (What?) but 'def' like (WHAT!)  
From the depths around the planet where my name's  
spoken  
We here to get our brains open and our chains broken  
Watch me walk around the planet with the same notion  
His adversaries thought the pain broke him  
But we run up in a stadium with diagnostics

Two tables and a mic and take a crowd hostage  
And the very first item on my list of demands  
Is that all these freedom fighters start liftin they hands

[ CHORUS ]

To my freedom fighters and the graffiti writers  
And the people like us - come forward  
And to the torch carriers speakin Arabic  
Ridin on your charriots - come forward  
To my political prisoners, individual listeners  
Who feelin this - come forward  
And to the bone shakers and the home makers  
Raisin our own saviors - come forward

[ VERSE 2: Brother Ali ]

Me and my people are signed, sealed, delivered,  
incorporated  
brought to your by Rhymesayers Entertainment  
You got to face it, we not complacent  
We came for your debasement and left your face bent  
And me, mister Brother Ali is the stomp-down-beat-  
kicker  
Who walkin the streets with the so real philosophy  
Until I fulfill prophecy there's no real stoppin me  
Obviously I'm the bomb, believe me  
Opponents come up missin and they all beneath me  
I know my soldiers need me, they call and beep me  
I walk the streets freely with chalk beneath me, boy  
We stays gettin it on  
Act hard and I probably make you strip to your thong  
Dissin your song and feel you mouth to fist when you  
yawn  
Nibblin on a rapper till the gristle is gone  
I stand and sing from atop Mount Ararat  
I am a king, just ain't got my kingdom yet  
And my anthem ring from the Congo to your set  
I'm Alfred Hitchcock with my silhouette  
Pourin Blood On Beats till the trumpet is blown  
Coffins, I release em when I'm up in the zone  
Fortune favors the brave and press on is the motto  
Cast shadows on the sun with my bravado

[ CHORUS ]

Visit [Brother Ali](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.