

## **Brother Ali**

### **"We Will Always B"**

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Deep down in the basement the curls of smoke choke  
as they toke,  
inhaling infidelity, rhymes and rhythms, metaphoric  
prehistoric jism.  
An intake of underground sounds and leaves of a dope  
kind while the DJ twists to rewind,  
scra-scr-scr-scratch and ri-rip this sh(it),  
MCs grab the mic kickin' freestyles rhyming one  
hundred miles a minute,  
vocals eclipsing ridiculously dope beats and they are  
blind to the signs that the rhyme combined with the  
mind connects them to their feminine side,  
The groove slips between their thighs and makes their  
hips wide like mine,  
as Mother Hip Hop places her eternal child inside,  
Something impossible to see through these jaded  
eyes,  
as she slides into masculinity, masturbating with their  
climactic virginity,  
Intrinsically, kinetically, genetically redefining their  
DNA,  
So when the archaeologists dig up the past they will say  
"These homosapiens are from the era of hip hop days,  
And they will take the bones and play rhythms that  
were lost on records and cassettes,  
Some will dance to remember and some will dance to  
forget,  
Because even then, no one will truly see all the hows  
and whys of when and where we came to be,  
And they will try to recapture the rapture and velocity  
that left with the flesh of the hip hop fiends,  
They will find curvatures in the bones of MCs hands,  
learning their dominant, prominent stance,  
Remnants of baggy pants will leave fibers of a culture  
that swims in eternity and they will take relics and try to  
sell it,  
Promising that the vibe is still alive and that it will make  
them feel free,  
Jazz, beats and blue sweets will make our primal sex  
rituals indiscrete,  
And the sounds of distorted, contorted scratches

sampling styles will echo in the inner ear of a famous  
DJs great great great great grandchild,  
And they will uncover villages of spirituality redeeming  
them from their new world's fallacys,  
And they will gather the dust of incense sticks to see if  
it might fill them with peace,  
And back here, right here, right now, we will always be,  
creating rhymes, and time, in our history.

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