

Brother Ali "Writer's Block"

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if i donâ€™t get this in one take, imma quit rappinâ€™
the whole song, i swear to god
iâ€™m supposed to be a professional

i ainâ€™t tryinâ€™ to be one of them dudes
that make hundreds of new songs and none of them
are good
some of â€˜em are cool, but ainâ€™t say nothinâ€™
new
runninâ€™ through a verse, just for somethinâ€™ to
do

i wanna be the cat, that put the straw on the back
of the camel and send him to the chiroprac
i wanna write a line thatâ€™s in your head all day
songs that make you say you never felt that way

like iâ€™m tryinâ€™ to give myself goosebumps, ok?
find the truth inside me and put it on display
many dedicated folks listen to me close
i open my inner soul and slip it in my clothes

some flood the blogs, some flood the streets
i donâ€™t flood nothinâ€™, iâ€™m watering the seeds
i walk away from emcees offerinâ€™ me cheese
to author a 16 and drop it on their beat

and itâ€™s not like money ainâ€™t somethinâ€™ that i
need
thereâ€™s a business side and i wanna succeed
plus i got a wife and a couple kids to feed
but if i sell my love, then whatâ€™s left for me?

sometimes i donâ€™t write a lot
i know some folks call that writerâ€™s block
i just call it my process
it comes out when itâ€™s ready to, i guess

i donâ€™t wanna let nobody down, so
hereâ€™s some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i ainâ€™t tryinâ€™ to be difficult or no shit
it just hurts too bad to try and force it

had a week off â€¦
i flew out to seattle to go and build with jake
he can make a break that make the famous do a take
iâ€™m hyped, imagininâ€™ the magic that weâ€™ll
create

i love my family but damn they distract me
when iâ€™m at home someoneâ€™s always yellinâ€™
â€œdaddy!â€
need to get away badly and focus
but itâ€™s been a couple weeks since i really wrote shit

iâ€™m strugglinâ€™, up late humminâ€™
pace around the hotel, the words ainâ€™t cominâ€™
wrote a little somethinâ€™, throw it away, fuck it
have an artist freak out moment and start bugginâ€™

maybe itâ€™s the â€¦, my fireâ€™s just lost
iâ€™m probably a fraud that got lucky before
if i let everybody down, then whatâ€™s it all for?
lookinâ€™ at seattle from the twenty third floor

cracked the window and swung open wide
nothinâ€™ between me and the world outside
what if i decide to lean forward and fly?
they say thatâ€™s the way donny hathaway died

such a beautiful life ended in suicide
maybe tryinâ€™ to write was tearinâ€™ him up inside
maybe tryinâ€™ to write was tearinâ€™ him up inside
i swear that tryinâ€™ to write is tearinâ€™ me up
inside

i bet that iâ€™d regret it, the second that i did it
wish that that instant i could continue livinâ€™
i pushed the window closed said â€œman, you
trippinâ€™ â€¦
sat down on the bed and wrote this one

sometimes i donâ€™t write a lot
i know folks out there call that writerâ€™s block
i just call it my process
it comes out when itâ€™s ready to, i guess

i donâ€™t wanna let nobody down, so
hereâ€™s some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i ainâ€™t tryinâ€™ to be difficult or no shit
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