

Cannibal Ox

"A B-Boys Alpha"

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[Vast Aire]

My mother said, "You sucked my pussy when you came out

Don't ever talk back

I handed ya life and I'll snatch it back"

I'm just a latch key kid with a snotty nose

High school drop out

Space, I'm around me whiteout

And I ain't dealin with no minimum wage

I'd rather construct rhymes on a minimum page

Cynical ways, cats sin for nickels these days

Pulling the chrome out

And you actin like pullin the chrome out

Hated the sound of grandma's cryin the crooked letter

You could hear it from the ground or when the sky thunders

Made you wonder 'bout early

Sunday morning

Relatives dressed in black and they all mourning

Flows be bangin in the paint, throwin elbows

My first fight was me against five boroughs

I lost my first wish

But remembered every detail of my first kiss

That's that Bronx Tale bliss

The holiest of holies

Hip hop, it was '88

Even at the age of 10, phrases levitate

Drinkin Lil' Hug quarter waters

Dodgin stray slugs on the corner in that exact order

While you playin, death is what happens

I found the passion: aerosol cans and hands clappin

Backspins, microphones and cats rappin

Linoleum and up rockers, the show shockers

Who rip Lee patches off of imposters

You ain't the Real McCoy, you a wind up toy

And it's gonna cost ya

And that's my B-Boy Alpha

samples and scratches overlap

[Vordul]

Straight outta the depths of hell

Reflect the sec-ond

Inhale the buddah wisdom
Envision and edit inscriptions of Vor-Megala
spiritualism
Paint a picture from the spiritual
And seriously spit a lyric
That'll rip through a phsyical ligament
Trigger livin in these city limits
Limited with no money, goin through crazy minutes
Crazy thinkin of back in the days
When blazin a lazy ridance
Before we was swallowin duces, poppin with geoses
And rockin the bubble geoses
Trouble lose kid, puffin a loosie
Hoppin off Huffy, stealin Marvel comics and water uzis
All of us canoeing through sewers with juvenile
manuevers
Caught up in nooses from borders with troubleshooters
On corners where coppers'll hop outta Dunkin Donuts
Poppin they gun and shoot us
Or more of us aware
Thinkin Rudy Guili really don't give a FUCK ABOUT A
MOULE!
Got me woozy, sippin Kaluha's loosin my noodles
Screwed up in the two triple losers
Sprayin it live, b-boy grafitti alpha
Out of rap-palooza
Looza, looza

samples and scratches until fade

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