

## Ali

### "St. Louis Alumni (Bonus Track)"

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\* Jewelry, M.K., Penelope, Kujo, Mic Checker, Boogie Mann, Suga Chi, King Jacob, Iceberg, Foundation, Storm, West Stone, Goobee Thug & Fister

(Intro: Ali)

Check it out, my name is Ali  
I roll with them Lunatics  
You know us, know what I'm sayin'  
But what you might not know  
Is we got a lot of MC's in St. Louis  
So we gon' do it like this  
First up we got my man Jewelry!!!

(Jewelry)

Now what's a grand finale  
If you ain't drinkin' grams in Cali? El Caminos on toners  
Hotel Nico with Mona, weed from Pamona  
And any ghetto catch this St. Louis nigga on the corner  
My persona known to leave rappers in a coma  
So faggotts stop the grinnin', them chrome rims reflect  
The hate in your face as you see em spinnin'  
MC's are screamin', "No mo' shoutouts" through nine  
innin's  
I'm drama, like two baby mommas and one pendin'  
This here rapper split up your vest, cause the shit I'm  
packin' Dawg'll  
knock your heart out your chest  
Rappers suffer from cardiac arrest  
If I'm uncomfortable I dump a few  
You niggas are actin' like, I won't send em to the  
afterlife  
This is Judah Zor, a hard act to follow  
Murderous clique nigga, known as desperado.

(Ali)

Up next, Hillisdale representative  
My nigga M.K.!!!

(M.K.)

You knew what time it was soon as you stepped in the  
door

Bitches gigglin' and pointin', and whisperin', "There he go!"

Where he go? Me I be loungin' between the ice  
Sippin' Don P with a dime piece right!  
Whisperin' in my ear about menage a trois  
Us and her partners, El Passe panties and bras  
Freaky deaky baby I'm lovin' that  
Dig the way that you think, them your partners?  
Get them a drink, shit one bitch was strippin'  
Cause she didn't get picked, but baby  
We roll with time, it's only rippin' the six, trick  
Minutes later nigga rollin' four deep  
Them bitches tonguin' in the back  
I'm gettin' some head up in the frontseat  
She like, "I got this" you control the cockpit  
While her partners in the back sixty-ninin' tradin' cock  
spit.

(Ali)

Up next, we got that hazel-eyed heartthrob  
Miss Fo' Reel, Penelope!!!

(Penelope)

Hot like fire, makin' these niggas yearn  
Don't be stressin' me dirty, you got shit to learn  
How to keep these seven zeroes that's my only concern  
Put a torch to these hoes, make these bitches burn  
Stern, as I handle my grit, talk mo' shit  
Spit, and let my fo-fo rip, so bitch don't slip  
Don't make me put a lump on your lip  
A dip in your hip, I'm snatchin' your shit  
I want it all so give me it  
Am I a Luna-chic? Uh huh, I'm a looney bitch  
More deadly than the venom that some anacondas spit  
The Marilyn Monroe, of the ghetto  
I'm a sucker for cornrows, niggas in Timbos hey  
(I got old Timbos mama, let me, let me, can I hit that?)  
Oh Lord, look nigga (C'mon mama let me hit that)  
Get the fuck on out of my face talkin' all that  
Old silly ass bullshit.

(Ali)

Up next, Kujo!!!

(Kujo)

Niggas hate me cause I'm nice in the game  
And got a style priceless like ice in the chain  
Ayyo so who am I? I'm the best to ever spit  
I got that, "Hot Shit" like I'm Nelly and the Tics  
I pop a hot block dodge the cops and the dics  
Cause they want me gone, been in the game too long

Here's how you want it, you come with guns nigga  
We cock two, got work? I comp too  
Block one, we pop two  
For the love for my family, and my seed  
Makin' sure them records live on, from now until infinity  
I'm from the 34, live in 3D  
Southsiiiiiiide, hot boy like I'm Figi  
Spit the truth til I die, give a fuck you niggas sick of me  
No matter what the fuck you faggotts do  
You can't get rid of me.

(Ali)

Peace, to my cousin Trife, up next  
The one and only Mic Checker!!!

(Mic Checker)

St. Louis, what you know bout high-grade we wastin' it?  
What you know bout 76 pounds to break down in the  
basement?  
What you know bout chances enough Air Course  
Suitcases and pretty pictures out in Lambert Air Port?  
What you know bout losin' count cause there's so many  
stacks?  
How many niggas can say shit like this  
But there's truth in the tracks?  
What you know bout clicked up nigga? Out the country  
whilin'  
How many you niggas done had pussy from the Virgin  
Islands?  
What you know bout your broad beggin' to be my  
mama?  
Lunatics and Skunk dick player up in Trulany  
What you know bout mo' bail? We brolic like Brutis  
Come for them, everyday and my clique's all exclusive  
What you know bout Spanish Town? Amongst the gun  
clappers  
Buff they penis soup head still on my red snapper.

(Ali)

One love to PL-Spin  
Naw you know, up next Boogie Mann!!!

(Boogie Mann)

Well Mr. B-double-O-G what? M-A-double-N  
I smoke joke and grin, and fuck your best friend  
Only if she a ten, then I slide right in  
Boogie and DJ Spin, be thunder and lightenin'  
Damn that's frightenin, so tuck your vest in  
My lyrical Mack-10, spit flows that kill men  
It's the Midwest y'all, we aimin' at all y'all  
We the ball til we fall or it's nothin' at all

So just warm up the water, cause we Blink like Trotter  
Half-baked half slaughter, comin' like Vince Carter  
How you want it head or cut? We in the back of the  
truck

Tryin' to see if baby girl can make me bust this nut  
Cause I'm 24 inches above the gun creek  
Get these hoes deep, so you pack yo heat.

(Ali)

What up Spud? Up next representin' V.I.P.  
King Jacob and Suga Chi!!!

(Suga Chi)

Microphones I burn bitches to whom it may concern  
with this  
Gotta learn this is to all my foes  
Them baby mommas swervin' Neons and Geos  
Cause they nigros to peep my steelo  
In a ??? ready for war, suited and booted  
Undisputed dame, been the same, in the game  
Since my Tenants had fat laces, smack faces  
With Tipsy (Ouch) intoxicated feel it bitch  
You gettin' thrown out of clubs ever time you see me.

(King Jacob)

Uugh, everybody want to be street  
Guaranteed they bring the most heat  
And swear to God ain't nothin' sweet  
I agree, but I also feel I ain't got to prove shit  
To do it to them punk ass niggas from your click  
I fuck hoes that be so thick, when I roll you know this  
And them twenty inch chrome rims sit so sick  
Motorola shit for communication, this is to aid my flows  
Take over the whole nation.

(Ali)

Iceberg!!!

(Iceberg)

It's the nigga the player that keeps it duplicated  
Or faded in no type of way, hate it if you like  
But you can't stop us gettin' paid  
Unless you sabotage the stage, or drop us in a place  
we stand  
And then you have to worry bout your whole state  
We made it now the legacy's forever more  
Style be forever raw, heaven or hell  
I'll stay forever S-T-L  
Catch me down down baby, in a black Humvee  
Comin' to get my fuckin' corner back for Nelly, (E.I.!)  
My fuckin' record sales were barely, (Uh Ohhhhhhhhh!)

Now there's nothin' they can tell me  
What I do is always too late, for the Louie  
See how you fools respond to these bomb frees  
Bigger Big Lee released all these beats  
And everytime we do what's fuckin' million ???  
And come to answer their question of how come I-C-E-  
B-G  
Gon become part of this Alumni nigga

(Ali)

All the way from the Cle-Town we got my man E  
Hella (Louie Town) Foundation!!!

(Foundation)

You never met a four, better with metaphors  
Metal for whores, like Tiger's metal four  
Shit, that's what I met her for, strictly city  
Thick cliques mixed with Big Lee  
Can't disturb, stand clap hands dance and swerve  
For the spot where nobody else should fix a hand or  
word  
E-Perior bless, since we all wreck mic checks  
You guess me on, Midwest be songs, and testin' Jones  
F with the best be gone, no quest-ion  
School yard parties, forty-four-four  
Seventy West and East, don't get it F in streets  
Style shows like sandals, pumps get handled  
Dismantled, St. Louis is Tony Soprano  
No two, heffers with blow poor, ghetto mo' gurr  
Blow bolo get fooled around the clock.

(Ali)

Up next, we got two live MC's  
My man Storm and his home' West Stone.

(Storm)

You can't fuck with Storm, six niggas in the truck with  
Storm  
You want to jack him, but you won't got no luck with  
Storm  
My dirty run with dirty niggas and he from St. Lou  
Plus he know Kung-Fu, and he got guns too  
That big dick dude, that flip kick fools like Tom Cruise  
You don't wanna battle me dude you gon' lose  
Hit you with one-two's, your lungs bruised  
My foot in the butter so many crews call me doo-doo  
shoes.

(West Stone)

You know Stone is known to break them bones  
Meet your chick and take her home

Get one chick and make her moan  
And you wonder why these niggas hate the Stone  
Broke their backs, when I wrote the raps  
Nigga don't drink I'll smoke to that  
Niggas hopin' that, I'll take a bow  
Want to take my life? Better take it now  
I'm still alive let me break it down  
Turn this shit to the O.K. Corral  
Get to blastin', whippin' asses  
Forget that talk shit, I'm with the action  
Want to make it hot? I'ma bring the heat  
Ain't no nigga that can hang with me.

(Ali)

Up next we got Goobee Thug  
The rhyme spitter!!!

(Goobee Thug)

We gon' get two seats recline and lean harder  
X, smoke green, and buy the spring water  
Y'all niggas polish your jewels to bling harder  
I cock the fifth, y'all drop your shit  
Type of nigga rob you to cop the whip  
Catch me, on 23's with a boxer-twist  
See the rocks twinkle twinkle right in front of your eyes  
I shine brighter than the sun in the skies  
Got a gun on my waist, got one in your eye  
And I stays blowin' haze and that Chocolate Thai  
Y'all smoke swag weed that's brown with seeds in it  
I hustle from first to first through seasons  
And you gotta accept this, I ball like the Celtics  
A. Walker, shake you up  
And I have Ted Foster to make you up.

(Ali)

Up next from the Rawkus Crew  
My homeboy Fister!!!

(Fister)

I'm the man before time, move hands before time  
Like Don Bluth I made The Land Before Time  
Some MC's think they're nice, but not hardly  
That's what they "Say Say Say" like Paul McCartney  
And Michael Jackson, I cypher the action  
To anyone who assists like John Packson  
Who these kids think they is tryin' to act all wild  
They temporary like members of Destiny's Child  
I'm spottin' the top Feds, poppin' the hot lead  
All in his pothead, makin' him drop dead  
Call me Shanksoon, lyrically snatchin' your soul  
Your squad's useless, like the right arm on Bob Dole

Behold, the manifold of a black Aristotle  
Roadkillin' MC's, with my hand on the throttle  
Smashin' em all, mashin' em all, bashin' em all  
Picked up my Friday check cashin' em all

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