

Brother Ali f/ Freeway, Joell Ortiz

"Best@It"

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[Brother Ali Intro] Freeway got a voice like an electric guitar I'm the bass to it Walk to the speaker hold your face to it Freezer [Freeway] I'm 'bout to rip it straight from the rip Body every beat the scriptures to me that we close to the end Listen, Kill 'em with the spit and put my boys in position So none of my niggas got to pitch on the street It's Young Freezer the bar spitter the big beard From the city of brotherly hate where we bear eagles The desert kind and we pay them coppers no never mind Niggas still palm heaters My hood is bad they turn teen they grab ninas A couple aunts one mother no dad Streets was their father figure and they never had that's why they run up in your spot with a couple glocks Had hunger pains I couldn't make it to eat Got introduced to Islam started making Salat We in two different cities Minnesota and Philly But I'm on the same page as Brother Ali [Brother Ali talking] Yeah Joell Ortiz, get it [Joell Ortiz] I Ain't make believe like some of these costume fuckers So YAOWAH, I literally got you Brother Ain't a hood too rough ain't a block too gutter These rappers starting to look like them pork chops you smother Slide me a fork damn right I eat pork I'm sick I dine on the swine flu with every thought Every track I rhyme to develops a heavy cough Till it's fully blown and it turns into a smelly corpse I'm eatin' I ain't fat this just how my belly floss I'm on the road so much I'm build me a telly porch Bitches be hawkin' I be turnin' my celly off They crazy like the ass on Miss Tracee Ellis Ross Come home early I might be in that bed of yours Girls like me I'm sort of like a walking metaphor And this mic seems like it kinda just might be a gift and a curse They give me ass and curse me out when I don't make 'em wifey I'm on the set mic check like your favorite Nikes A Rhyme Sayer so it's only right that they invite me On the track with 'em I'm oozing that rap rhythm Could rhyme forever whatever I'll let Ali scrap with 'em [Brother Ali] Some of the greatest got respect for the way that I rock the set But you ain't seen no Jacob shit dangling off my neck So of course, dudes around the way are all suspect Why them Rhymesayers boys ain't break you off with a check Wait a minute it's

not that I ain't get it It's just that I'm considerate And
shit about they way I spend it You ain't never heard me
say I'm pimpin' I referee the game I'm in and so I play it
Different I Need the deed to my home and the title to
my car Make sure that my health and my life are all
insured If I ain't got all four I consider myself poor
Diamonds to the floor is something I can not afford You
see these cats and most of them are lying Selling CDs
and packs, both of them are dying My man Free earned
that shit it ain't a costume And I ain't 'bout to cop a fake
joint to give props to 'em You ain't seen nothing crazy
on my arm My kids got a stay at home mom Until my
grand kids are straight I ain't buying jewelry And truly
can't thank my fans enough for what they do for me
Industry suits wasn't digging my jams I tour like a
madman build my brand Soundscan never meant
nothing to the fans They ain't in it for the trends they
want to listen to the man I give 'em what I can and when
I'm in the jam I get to spittin' so ridiculous they pissing
in their pants They listen every chance that they can
get it their hands Until they wear the CD out and go and
get that shit again God damn it got me back on my rap
shit Got that home run king batting average
Achievements, no 'roids taken, no astrict, don't need it
No styles bitten, no ass kissed Believe it Record is
flawless my respect is enormous My current peer group
is a short list Only way I lose if I forfeit The only way you
climb in these shoes is if I tire of the throne and climb
off it Dont' hold your breath on it Only begun If you ain't
the Rhymesayers I don't owe you a crumb Can't no MC
call me his son The lowest ever been uttered is kid
brother but that's only been one I paved my own road
to the sun My aura glow has become A beacon of hope
the closer I come I'm sorry there can only be one
Champ around here I am not a peer I'm up here, you
down there Look down and the ground's near Au
contraire I hear you heart pound fear loud and clear
Feet of sasquatch MC's are mad soft Make their weak
ass glass jaw meet the asphalt Better hope Ali don't
blast off He'll twist your hand off Take you in the back
and saw the cast off Can't slow him up the more he get
the more he want They steady telling me hip hop is in
some sort of rut That's cause they watching the TV and
they ignoring us It ain't my fault they fail to see that we
done tore it up I'm from a broken mold y'all are from
that carbon cut That shit has all been done before I'm
here to call your bluff I don't compare myself to dead
rappers I'm here to write the next chapter in braille and
left handed Consider yourself reprimanded Fresh rap
shit and y'all know we the best at it

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