

Brother Ali f/ MURS**""Round Here""**

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[Chorus - Brother Ali] Brother Ali is back in town Came a long way to make that sound Break through Earth from hallowed ground Played with my blood to wear this crown Brother Ali is back in town World on my shoulder, weigh me down Break through Earth from hallowed ground Played with my blood to wear this crown [Verse 1 - Brother Ali] Uh, fact about it, I'm a force of nature Leader of men, boss of my organization I ain't in to bein ostentatious I offered the pages that caught a lot of y'all in the Matrix Soon as I caught a break, I was off to the races Invaded the remotest possible places Seen it first hand, yeah it's hard to explain it I've been around the world, left my heart on them stages They want your boy, all all on they faces Hollered out a roar, they holla in amazement I follow all the greatest, A-list, taste makers That shaped this and they're all innovators I'm so firmly grounded in the basics Yeah, dishonor, get pounded to the pavement Dealin with the voice of the nameless, faceless Face it, your participation ain't gonna be painless I won't debate that I'm sort of a sadist I use most your faces to sharpen my blade with Combat takin place, not entertainment Lives been lost, it's a hostile arrangement [Chorus] [Verse 2 - Brother Ali] Uh, your eyes never spied where I've been Low parts where the heights of rhymin Back alleys where the dice is flyin Darkness is tryin, the lights are blindin Sheist environment, the nights are violent Red beam silent, the siren's cryin Clean mighty tights or your life survivin Nights where the roaches or mice might slide in The highest you can climb is that limelight And so downin on that mic meant fightin Braggin rights are all that you rhyme with Can't stand to see all your pride get sliced in When the spotlight hit, my shit, y'all just Bet I'm a stomp this motherfuckin party 'til it's cold and lifeless Close your eyelids, behold the righteous It's cold as night gets [Chorus] [Outro - MURS - talking] There was a standoff And there's like a Russian dude, a old, black pimp dude Some gangsta black dude, some Armenian dude Like a motley crew, literally Like a weirdo but street, angry, grown ass men Against me and Dibbs and Art and the

God Loves Ugly crew And it's like a line and I walk in
between 'em And I just start goin off Like Cuz, Blood,
like mother, fucker I'm a get on the phone and I'm a
make everybody cry I'm just talkin crazy, I'm mad, this
is my hometown I'm about to call the homies But you
know like the old pimp dude had a piece or somethin
Like a gun or somethin And it was about to jump off
And then he goes like "oh, ain't you Brother Ali?"
Brother Ali, you a bad motherfucker man

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