

## DJ Benzi f/ Brother Ali, Wale

### "2nd Time Around"

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[Wale] You gotta understand man Personifying hip-hop  
Try to [Verse 1: Wale] I rely on no man, but him that's  
speakin' Him that lead him Bleed on a track, like a pole  
vault freakish Accident victim Meanwhile beatin' up the  
beat via Benzi Haters eyes gettin' wide like bench seats  
I bring Maybach You getter get me Wale, yeah All them  
haters get me Osmosis, now niggas get me I spit that  
halitosis You got Lystrine I'm that extreme So haters  
complain So Blame It On my Rain (reign) You all lip sync  
Wale I turn beef into mince meat Your condescending  
ways don't convince me And I didn't know what  
condescending meant till yesterday So I threw it in a  
rap so I'd remember that Yeah, it ain't nothin' to me I  
play the background whole time Mario 3 Gone [Chorus:  
X8] Second turnaround [Brother Ali] Ha. It's Brother Ali.  
Hey Benzi my man. You gotta forgive me I might go a  
little long. I got some shit I gotta get off my chest right  
now Bring it back for me [Verse 2: Brother Ali] Rappers  
can't clap me Jackers can't gat me Original meaning of  
Jazzy Fat Nasty I don't bite rapper's lines, I bite the  
captain's arm off I don't throw shots in the air, I throw  
that Molotov Cocktail, reservoir dog my collar off Y'all  
scared to get that revolution popping off You really got  
the guns you claim in the track Then my question to  
you is who you aiming 'em at You complain that the rap  
police caught you with a gat under the seat  
Misdemeanored that twenty bag of weed But little old  
me with the few facts that I speak The homeland  
security gaffed me over seas Froze my bank account  
and seized my guarantee And y'all are soundscanning  
like a hundred more than me They kicking you off tour  
for freaking a chick or two Verizon dissed me too  
'cause I was too political Y'all are all safe and shit, y'all  
are not saying shit You just snap your fingers and  
dance and make your label rich Gotta pay back that  
advance, so they ain't gave you shit This is your chance  
to say something and you're wasting it People are  
starving, you talking bout balling Can't think of nothing  
more important than that jargon Hundred different  
ways to describe diamonds sparkling Eighty percent of  
kids are listening to y'all shit I heard that statistic I

almost cried Never wanted so bad for 2pac to be alive  
What the fuck happened to rap when The gangsters  
are scared of upsetting they industry masters It ain't  
my place to say and I hear all that But fuck that, I live in  
the hood and we need y'all cats So as soon as I hear  
y'al on some real pro black Then I will gladly go back to  
my emo rap They say the truth don't belong to nobody,  
if you see it you speak it It would be a sin to keep it a  
secret So if I need to breathe then believe that I mean it  
Quit trying to be somebody's boss and be a leader If it  
wasn't bad enough your labels are hoeing you You  
can't even scan, your fans are downloading you  
There's no connection, so they're not supporting you  
You ain't never shed light on nothing that they're going  
through We ain't buying CDs, we striving to live And  
these artists don't need me they already rich I ain't  
hating on you, rock them shines Just remember us from  
time to time when you drop them lines Rappers can't  
clap me Jackers can't gat me Original meaning of Jazzy  
Fat Nasty Busy raising babies and living on tour  
Signing off Brother Ali, sincerely yours

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