

## The Wilkinsons

### "Back Stage Pacin"

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[ VERSE 1: Brother Ali ]

Show promoter backstage pacin (Why is that?)  
He's tryin to take control of his situation  
He know damn well he ain't got the money I expect to  
have  
So I'm stuffin all the backstage in my record bag  
But that's what you get when you don't pay shit  
Cause I can't pay my rent on free water and chips  
And if free beer means payment is what you think  
BK drank one and Ali don't drink  
So produce the fetti, cheddar or whatever you call it  
Go get your dough split and come the hell up off it  
This is how I feed my family, so I'm not gonna forfeit  
And if that doesn't get it, I'm gonna go for your wallet  
Let me guess - the turnout wasn't quite what you  
expected  
Let me guess - somethin that the club owner did  
wrecked it  
Let me guess - it's hard to pack em in in this kind of  
weather  
And nobody wanna come and party after 9/11  
That's not a MP, that's a YP - your problem  
You need to have this shit planned out before callin  
This is not a game to me, dog, you stealin from my  
family  
You just gon' have to understand me  
Backstage pacin

[ VERSE 2: Brother Ali ]

Opening act backstage pacin (Why is that?)  
They tryin take control of they situation  
But they mad salty cause they wore they fuckin matchin  
shirts  
And the crowd didn't feel them and they went on first  
It's the monitor, the soundman, it's the muthafuckin  
mics  
Cats in this state are haters and the whole crowd's  
white  
Don't sleep, your Wu-Tang impression is tight  
And if blah-blah would have happened, y'all'd had em  
snappin

Let me guess - you and your girl had a conversation  
Let me guess - she doesn't feel that you're being  
compensated  
Let me guess - you've been rappin for a year and a half  
And you mad brave when you get a little beer in your  
ass  
At this stage y'all really need to show and prove  
Pay attention, pay respect, pay homage, pay your dues  
Be happy with your 20 minutes and your drink tickets  
And go build your own scene if you think different  
Hah, cause we ain't even triyn to take y'all shit  
The Micronauts should have pinky rings to make y'all  
kiss  
It's a road now, but who you think paved all this?  
You're mad-face makin, you're lucky to be backstage  
pacin

Fee-fi-fo-fum  
Watch out, muthafucka, hear the big Brother come  
Like fee-fi-fo-fum  
(Here it come, here it come, here it kiddy-come-come) -  
-> Run-DMC

[ VERSE 3: Brother Ali ]  
Brother Ali backstage pacin (Why is that?)  
He tryin to take control of his situation  
He's a million miles from home and his dick is on hard  
And these girls are gonna make him prove that he  
believe in God  
I'm haunted by an overfriendly poetry chick  
Who keeps showin me hip cause she know that she  
thick  
And if I met her on the street I probably wouldn't look  
twice  
But at a show with my ego on swoll she look like  
A master at applyin Maybelline with thighs you'd love to  
lay between  
Hair was fly with raving sheen, gigantic eyes in hazel  
green  
Revealin just enough to let me know she got it  
But concealin just enough to let imagination frolic  
Let me guess - my poetry makes you feel so inspired  
Let me guess - the way I play off the vibe makes you  
excited  
Let me guess - you wanna go and party after the show  
And you were hopin that the two of us could capture the  
flow  
She like, "Come on Ali, it ain't nothin to dance"  
By the end of the song, girl, I be rubbin your ass  
And by the end of the night I might be fuckin you fast  
Then my wife probably find a new husband and dash

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