

## The Wilkinsons

### "Star Quality"

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[Verse 1]

Yo it's the Ox in the flesh, of course I'm fresh  
Yes, I'm livin for the funk like I was Lord Finesse  
Last night I screamed till I lost my voice I guess  
Had a few things left to get up off of my chest  
Like I'm, facing the fact that I'm not, what my mom  
wanted  
Only gold plaque that I got, had the Qu'Ran on it  
I flipped your eviction notice over, wrote a song on it  
Like to hear it, here it go, light your spirit, clear your  
soul  
If I would've known that tonight was Ladie's Night  
I would've stopped and swabbed my balls with the baby  
whipe  
In the van, Hold your sorry little life in my hand  
Watch me toss it in the sky and swing right for the  
stands  
Battling me is like trying to ride your bike in the sand  
I'ma eat one more helping, then I'm, whipping my hands  
And you frustrated rappers, must hate the fact  
That I walk in first class, have so much ladies gaspin  
for breath  
Tryin to catch me, with the ass and the chest  
I ain't tryin to be rude lady, I'm just passin a test  
Got enough hustle and stress, with one woman cashing  
my cheques  
I'll take the compliment and pass on the sex

[Chorus]

We like  
Brother Brother Brother, how ya making 'em get down  
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground  
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound  
Thats our policy, we step out there on Star Quality  
Brother Brother Brother, how ya making 'em get down  
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground  
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound  
Thats our policy, we step out there

[Verse 2]

You ain't hardcore, you soft more than Shamar Moore

In a tight shirt sayin 'Let's slow this train down ya'll'  
You stink hoes, spills a whole, lot of nothing  
Got the nerve to look Ox in the eye, you got it coming  
While your woman nod her face to the beat, you tasting  
defeat  
Whiping the waste from my cleets, between the space  
in your teeth  
Erogation, facial features all hung down  
That little dumb frown is perfect for salt water to run  
down  
Talk harder to some clowns, cause they need it rough  
Make sure they never sleeping deep enough to dream  
of beating me, what  
My styles a little belligerent, isn't it?  
Considerin that Im belittling them, with little more then  
My pad and my pen and my sediments  
Weither its your chorus scratching, or wack track  
blasting,  
Your whole approach to rapping, is ass crack  
backwards  
Cats'll see me in the spot and act salty  
Stressing you save hip hop, you can't even save a wack  
party

[Chorus]

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[Chorus 2]

And the preachers say  
"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"  
And the choir say  
"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"  
And the preachers say  
"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"  
And the choir say  
"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"

[Verse 3]

Brother Ali is Two Hundred, Fifty Pounds of Piss and  
Vinegar  
Few try to sit me down, they missing limbs and  
I got nothing on, but a lifestyle, black tuxedo  
An Arethra Franklin record, and Im rockin Captain Ego

like

'Dun Dadda, Shit, Ya Done Poppa'

There's only three reasons Ali would need a Ramada

One; to move the bowels, two; to steal the towels

Three; Shave, shower, pray for my spiritual power

I can handle this, if my man Ant would just

Give me a chance to splatter some antics across his  
canvisses

Damage is unavoidable at this point

I twist joints till they pop lock, too loud and get ya knot  
rocked(?)

Im too proud to let you hop scotch through

The section of the Earth that I occupy, without making  
you testify

Best that I could do for you, is ingore you

Cause Id probably conquer you if I explore you

Words from the Brother.

[Chorus]

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[Outro]

"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"

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"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"

"Oh Ah Hey, Oh Ah Hah"

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