

The Wilkinsons

"Victory!"

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[CHORUS]

Victory

Ours are the cries that breathe life in the concrete

Victory

Ours are the tears that splash genius at God's feet

Victory

Ours are the prayers that weave poetry through drum
beats

Victory

[VERSE 1: Brother Ali]

Step inside the mind of a soon-to-be legendary

Straight paramilitary

Brother Ali exist to read the scripture, it's never read

Whoever said this underground hip-hop shit is dead

Must have fallen on his head

Spent my lifetime buildin

Writin rhymes I remind rappers of everything that

scared them as children

They call me show stopper

No opera singer has hit the exact pitch, I spit my flow
out of

Taught directly by the source of all knowledge

You don't affect me till you're forced to draw powers

Respect me as a voice amongst scholars

Who speak deep to thee, move the sleep from your eye
lids

Make your lungs flutter

Get it right, my inner light cast shadows on the sun,
brother

I'm where the rubber meets the concrete

It's a cold world, not sayin bring your your own heat

I'm just sayin don't sleep

I'm walkin with the lion till the day that I die

And the pens have been lifted and the pages have
dried

And a big smoke screen wrote my name in the sky

Politickin with the angels knowin they would reply

Got the lungs of a cyclone, tongue of a python

The reason why your favorite MC sleep with the lights
on

Right on, brother, we def as fuck
Not 'deaf' like (What?) but 'def' like (WHAT!)
From the depths around the planet where my name's
spoken
We here to get our brains open and our chains broken
Watch me walk around the planet with the same notion
His adversaries thought the pain broke him
But we run up in a stadium with diagnostics
Two tables and a mic and take a crowd hostage
And the very first item on my list of demands
Is that all these freedom fighters start liftin they hands

[CHORUS]

To my freedom fighters and the graffiti writers
And the people like us - come forward
And to the torch carriers speakin Arabic
Ridin on your charriots - come forward
To my political prisoners, individual listeners
Who feelin this - come forward
And to the bone shakers and the home makers
Raisin our own saviors - come forward

[VERSE 2: Brother Ali]

Me and my people are signed, sealed, delivered,
incorporated
brought to your by Rhymesayers Entertainment
You got to face it, we not complacent
We came for your debasement and left your face bent
And me, mister Brother Ali is the stomp-down-beat-
kicker
Who walkin the streets with the so real philosophy
Until I fulfill prophecy there's no real stoppin me
Obviously I'm the bomb, believe me
Opponents come up missin and they all beneath me
I know my soldiers need me, they call and beep me
I walk the streets freely with (?) beneath me, boy
We stays gettin it on
Act hard and I probably make you strip to your thong
Dissin your song and feel you mouth to fist when you
yawn
Nibblin on a rapper till the gristle is gone
I stand and sing from atop Mount Ararat
I am a king, just ain't got my kingdom yet
And my anthem ring from the Congo to your set
I'm Alfred Hitchcock with my silhouette
Pourin Blood On Beats till the trumpet is blown
Coffins, I release em when I'm up in the zone
Fortune favors the brave and press on is the motto
Cast shadows on the sun with my bravado

[CHORUS]

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