

The Wilkinsons

"When the Beat Comes In"

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Open the doors, let the people in
Turn up the mics, let me speak to them
Victorious when the evening ends
It all starts when the beat begins

[VERSE 1: Brother Ali]

You're now fuckin with the show stopper
A-l-i the Brother, since "'89's the number"
Fuck "another summer," I'm the world's most accurate
Take the roughest cats and get em passionate
Shake awake the walking dead Lazarus
With off-the-head narratives, it'm embarrassing
I mean, I'm the albino but y'all pale in comparison
I'm not arrogant, oh shit, well yeah, I'm arrogant
Grab the microphone out your arm so fast I tear a limb
Roman fashion, give yo soul a spasm
If you don't know find someone that knows and ask him
I'm right in front of ya, tight muthafuckin mic muzzler
Who might struggle ya, my shit's wild like that
There's 8 million ways to stretch words around beats
And 6 million rappers be sharin the same three
But me takin the time to be creative with mine
Touch your soul till I see it in your face when I rhyme
And in the two or three seconds it may take to rewind
I hold a rapper to the flames until I make him resign
Want nobody hold your place in this rhyme, you find a
space to recline
You're dead, got to stay breakin your spine

[CHORUS]

Every father, mother, son and daughter send em to me
Do not approach the ock without bendin your knees
I might be on the stage but my head's in the streets
We settle the beef (when the beats commence) -->
Run-DMC

[VERSE 2: Brother Ali]

Ladies and gentlemen, Brother Ali bare the
resemblance
Of Moses freein y'all with sentences, vocabulary
venomous

Telling domestic horror stories
Non-fiction with the majestic oratory
Instead of concentratin on strippin the youth naked
I give em the truth naked, livin proof for the sacred
Unless I'm mistaken there's like three kind of people
Black people and white people and my people
I blister MC's and twist the debris
I got a funny knack for bringin kids to their knees
Y'all got Christopher Reeve-sized bravery tryin to play
with me
Have you in fetal positions shoutin "Get away from
me!"
Every day I see rappers I wanna slap or strangle
Around they neck disaster dangles, so that's the angle
Next millennium, same percentage of em are weak
Y'all thinkin y'all can rhyme, don't even come from the
streets
You got any sense at all, you mean-mug and retreat
Or end up a human pinada hung from your feet
When I told you you were tight I had my tongue in my
cheek
And you ain't lookin at my team, buddy, our huddle is
deep
Born to hustle on beats, I just have it within
If I had any more potential I would have to be twins
Cackle and grin when rappers begin to babble and spin
away
Y'all should pick a day, the it-day, the off-the-ick day

[CHORUS]

[VERSE 3: Brother Ali]

I'm a desperado, but I guess that y'all know that
already
My stick-and-move flow pattern steady
The Bro has already dissed rappers of every race
Got em together for a "We Are the World" remake
If Ali's fake please take this opportunity to tell he
To his face, get your infrastructure erased
When I flip damn it I'm fly, kick sand in your eye
And tell your record company to eat a shit sandwich
and die
Ali's a big teddybear
Till they scream, "Stop slammin the car door, that's my
fuckin head in there!"
Your teeth are everywhere, I serve your family
And write about it in my journal like I'm Mister
Belvedere
I seldom stare in the sky, only at nighttime
Envision endin your mission when I write rhymes
History's never witnessed a mission quite like mine

And the more they try to extinguish it, the more the
light shines

[CHORUS]

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