

Oblique Brown

"Chee MalaWho?"

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[Verse 1]

Malabar, vocal's pop like shots from shotguns sawed
Rap's Scratch Perry mixed with bits of Coxson Dodd
I--brought some bars, I--talks 'em hard
On my walls, no plaques, just the tongues of
slaughtered squads

... Don't answer to no gods

at no temple, synogogue, No church or the mosque
just the culture's 5 pillars, Emceein' is my hajj
start trippin', get maimed, they scream "strains of
Jihad"

Not Master Fard Muhammad, but that bastard Chirag
And I want it all yall, them Aston's in ya garage
To the stone studded broaches on the bras of ya
broads

... Give a fuck who applauds

dog, this is real (Israel) intelligence, shades of Mossad
uh, played the odds and strayed from the Mirage
and went from an, iron fist in a velvet glove faÅšade
to manhandlin' beats with this brass-knuckle massage

[Hook]

(Chee ain't no joke) (But he's got no dough)

(He's got dope flows) (Man, he's just so so)

(We got lo-pros, hoes on the hoe stroll

we got coco, to keep ya nose froze)

(Oh bro! Motherfuck what you sayin

your off beat DJ, if anything he play

sound familiar, I'll wait till Zeeb say. slay 'em)

[Verse 2]

Squandered a few nights, got up in some new Nikes
Walk like a pimp, but talk my age, not my shoe size
Spit on crews, give 'em weather, when they asked for
news bytes

Dead a rapper's career, hit his wake screamin' "Who's
Live!"

.....Man I'm livin' for this rap shit

but half of it's slapstick and no one crafts a classic
its four finger rings, Benzes and spinner rims
cause America won't buy it unless we pander to its

ignorance
.....Cause if its filtered through intelligence
they'd have to stare square at the ivory tusked
elephants
in the room, and I guess you'd be relevant
but nah, stick your ass out so your sponsorship can
poke it
as I cram a phrase in this space till the page is
claustrophobic
and it leaps off in angst and hope like Monster Cody
wrote it
listen homey, sign over the check and run it
I ain't the One, I'm all of Urb's nex One Hundred!

[Hook]

(Chee ain't no joke) (But he's got no dough)
(He's got dope flows) (Man, he's just so so)
(We got lo-pros, hoes on the hoe stroll
we got coco, to keep ya nose froze)
(Oh bro! Motherfuck what you sayin
your off beat DJ, if anything he play
sound familiar, I'll wait till Zeeb say. slay 'em)

[Verse 3]

Brown man in a white world, live it through Black music
Scrapped my way out the crab barrel, got the scabs to
prove it
Shadow my movements, I shadow box till noon hits
And splits my shadow in two and I bask in its newness
... At times the feud shifts
up against the ropes, getting' pummeled, man I jab
through it
fuck a Larry Merchant sermon homes, I move at Harry's
urging
and he's screamin' "Attack, kill, show 'em your granite
will"
... I don't fit your standard bill
built from raw nerves like that man-child in the Catskills
I'm sick, they just act ill
Bunch of hypochondriac cats with a bag of bad pills
Trying to swim in talent pools with sharks, but they lack
gills
. .and their whole album sounds like a gag-reel
Hog tie their steez and cook 'em up on Cadillac grills
And chill, let the Cognac spill

[Hook]

(Chee ain't no joke) (But he's got no dough)
(He's got dope flows) (Man, he's just so so)
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