

Champion...

Brother Ali

Im a trend setter with a wicked vendetta
Been feather, venomous, skeleton shredder, theres never been better
Plus my fourth to the tenth letter rip
Heads quick, you're little chick, that deliver get a little glimpse at a
Ugly charmer, Gentlemen Caller
Sendin them all to hell in a milk crate
Forest Whitiker dictate
You need to get the dick out your intake
You toilets in a gay bar, never gettin your shit straight
They'll never find diamonds, as bright as my eyes
When I find where my competators hide
And then I slice em, Brother Ali, mean muggin emcee
Is goin toe to toe with em, Stand nose to nose with em
My flow for sho(sure) hit em
I thought especially, one word that I speak at a show, could blow the whole
system
Thats word from the big bad, fat ass, motherfuckin, Brother Ali
Ugh

You're now rockin with the champion
You know you're in a war that can't be won
You need to stop and understand me, son
Cause I got a pocket full and I can hand you some
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I'm chokin players like I'm Bob Knight, choke the coaches like I'm Spreewell
They bowin to the 'Sayers till they knees swell
Shake the game up worse than Single White Females
Walkin to they car alone flashin three bills
These little kids are talkin 'bout how little I know
Boy, I grab a mic and rock you like your Triple 5 Soul
With a civilized flow, but if you say my name I'm like Beetlejuice
Dice you up and slap you till your teeth are loose
I've seen the noose and will not get lynched by the industry
Nor will I have a A&R pimpin me stickin his thing in me
I'd sing for free for some years if it's clear to me
That if I'm there for my team they're there for me
For real, I be diligently killin the soliloquies
Of these milipeads that try to pass themselves off as ill MC's
I weave a web of words so intricately
That the English dictionary lacks an adjective to fit me
If he want my album tell him not to fuck with ATAK
He was hatin and Slug told em "(Slug)Bitch to send our tapes back"
And if I lose my voice then instead of sayin raps
I start paintin facts on the wall with hot crayola crayon wax

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No No No

I wasn't lyin 'bout them muthafuckin hairy hands
Well how you think I tear a man till he can barely stand?
I share the land with hustlers hollerin my chorus back
I'll do anything for the cats that show support like that
When I battle they hold my back, y'all most be smokin crack
Guys are screamin, "I ain't supposed to rap," come on, you know you're wack
These Minnesota cats touch down in places where it's dormant at
Bring they muthafuckin trophies back
I'm like big up my man Optimus Prime
I'm like what the fuck do rappers got in they mind?
I might jump on the stage and start hollerin rhymes
Maybe bend your back around and make you swallow your spine
It's clear you ain't seen no one this tight in years
When I sing I can bring Brian McKnight to tears
I have to consume, shit I capture a room
And before my son was born I made him dance in the womb
MC's put up your titles, I be grabbin em soon
Them rappers are doomed, worse than breathing hazardous fumes
Like 'Bam!'
(There it is...)

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