

Love on Display

Brother Ali

Goodbye Goodbye my love

We move all the merch, CDs and shirts
For you, this is a game but for me this is work
I punch in ha, when I step on the stage
I get paid when my record is played

Word to Printmatic
I'm a poetry chick magnet
With Goldie the pimp habits
I roll with a limb that is
Droven Omaha, flowin' for hick ass kids
Knowin' I was zonin' at the moment I hit that shit (I love y'all)
Kris references and no one will get that shit
I even make the best of it and go home and slit my wrists
Imagine what a trip it is, rappin' for little shits
Who think that DJin' was created by Mr. Dibbs
Remember this, those are the main ones that show us support
So I owe them my existence and shit so
I got to thank them, my home is broken ain't it?
I downloaded parents cause I heard they're overrated
I pushed a demo tape when the group was first created
Younger Brother was the debut album when they made it
E! Behind The Music, believe that I've been through it
I either write the true shit or feel my life is useless
You should, do this, math with me right quick dog
I cry myself to sleep when the lights get soft
Tour twice, in the spring and the fall
Ten weeks each my son doesn't see me at all
Now out of 12 months daddy's gone for 5
Spot dates in the mix, I'm absent for 6
So I'm a half ass daddy
Part time singer
Half ass crazy, got my wife feelin' half single
In New Jersey, bitchin' with the word play

About how my parents raised me in the worst way possible
Doin' what I gotta do
And tryin' to get a rap or two
Missin' my own son's third birthday
I'm a self centered piece of shit
Stomped down hypocrite
Tryin' to get a grip on it but now I got to live with it
This is me motherf*cker, I'm a mean mugger
Not intentionally brother, I was tryin' to see somethin'
I never drive because I'm legally blind
All I can do is describe what I see in my mind
People are fine until they peep a weakness of mine
Then they f*ck me over so I need to leave them behind
Shit's real
My wrist is still stiff from my last hook
Cat learned how to scrap just by gettin' his ass whupped
I'll catch an elbow and that shit will just hurt
So I swing mine the next time I get in some dirt
And that works
And that's why Murs is the homie
Because the brothers ain't scared to dig out spurs in the moment

My recipe for greatness, there is no depleting this
Because the active ingredient in it is my weaknesses
I speak with this little drawl that the Midwest created
When they treat someone like shit for a decade
Anthony can't chirp, flare or backspin
But he'll listen to my f*cked up life without laughin'
I'm challenged and offended by sheets of blank paper
Who act like they are too good to carry my strange flavor
Painstakingly, suffice is to say
I ain't scared to put my motherf*ckin' life on display