

Pen to Paper

Brother Ali

Put pen to paper the first time when I was barely eight or
Maybe nine that was the late eighties, Reagan time
Put in the freshest tape rewind, wait, let me take my time
The entire landscape of that blank page was mine
Created space to climb inside, escape the crazy times
Reshape the climate, break it down, that was my frame of mind
Thank the divine great designing this as my sacred shrine
I made myself a place to shine, wait, let me spray this rhyme
When I was thirteen I met KRS, he put me on the stage
Suggested I read up on Malcolm X, y'all know the rest
So much pushing down on my chest
Both my folks got laid to rest
Loved ones wishing me all the best
I'm a ball of stress, yet I digress
I've spent my every hopeless dream and my unspoken secret
You hear it floating through your speakers in my old releases
My fanbase began to grow beneath & crowd around me
I never tiptoed 'round here shy I spit it loud and proudly
The U.S. government profiled me and the sponsors dropped me
Some of my listeners felt away so they no longer got me
I knew that telling that truth is costly no one alive can stop
me
I rolled that flag out on the ground and prostrated my body
This is more than music to me, this is ancestors
Speaking through me at the tomb of Rumi
My mic's a rifle I'm honor bound to fire my weapon truly
Whether they jeer me, cheer me, boo, salute me or just shoot me
Let it be known, my whole life I break that cycle set it in sto
ne
I'd still rather be known as a man that stand on my own
Rather than beg at a throne cold
You know I still honor my own code that go down to the bone
We just want to get it on shooting at the devil
With a megaphone till we dead and gone
Boom!