

# Blah Blah Blah

## Brother Ali

[Intro]Get yourself together now because it's hit time  
Your known as the hit makers  
Breaker breakers, party makers  
They'll make your back crack, your liver quiver  
For all you cats, we're gonna put more dips in your hips  
More cut in your strut, more glide in your stride  
If you don't dig that you gotta hole in your soul  
If you don't dig this mess, you came to the wrong address  
Because singing might be loud and clear  
[Brother Ali]Ayo, the music made 'em jump back  
Fuck that, how y'all gonna come tracks, some fat, without lettin Ali touch that?  
Gun whack, read his lips  
You're not serious, I got few equals and no superiors (so here he is)  
A seasoned veteran, an ego reckon  
I turn it up another notch to keep the people guessin  
Y'all ain't fuckin with the ox so put your feeble session  
Double teamin for the evening, so you heed the lessons  
Sluggo  
[Slug]Here we go  
Lookin at me like they know me  
Only bout as far as they drunk ass can throw me  
Do it, somebody's bound to catch it, no breakage  
Never that, we keep it basic like breakfast  
So taste it, the vitamins are subtle  
So tighten up to Sluggo, even try to decipher the puzzle  
But shut up though  
(Fuck that, sucka jump back)  
I hold the game like Notre Dame, I know your dame  
(We call her hunch back), Ali run that  
[Brother Ali]From cats lips to gods ears  
We mind yall punk bastards and cross hairs  
Applying our thug tactics till y'all scared  
Don't stop till your drunk ass hits the back stairs (ohh yeah)  
[Slug]Fuck that, jump back, yo, what's that  
Drippin off her nuts, wait, why she got a nut sack?  
You fuckin rappers are she-males  
From the retail to the e-mail, the feet felt cause you need help  
[Chorus] x 2  
Y'all need to watch and observe and then follow

If we open for y'all it's still our show  
I hear the same bullshit wherever I go

Like Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah Blah

[Brother Ali] (Slug)

(Rappers steppin to)

ah yeah they get their shits burned

I throw a roll of quarters and cyphers and then I get learned

(Yo I don't care were you represent son, where's your chicks?)

We'll take her out for breakfast if you want to let your lips run

[Slug] Listen, I know your mission, some type of magician that likes to go fishin

On the mic with air tight precision, the leaders in keeping tradition

when you ain't even keeping the rhythm that the DJ is spinnin

Calm down little camper, I've got the answers

You should fuck exotic dancers

You should grow a pair of tits and some antlers

It doesn't matter, turn it up, what the fuck you think that amp's for?

[Brother Ali] I write poems, write rhymes, write my name in the snow

And I could use all of that to bend the frame of your ho

And I should but instead I'll just pay the waiter and go

But if I didn't have a wife, yo, your kids'd be albinos

Your respect is like a stick in the grass

Mean mugs and tree hugs, I'll go on about it

I wear my toilet paper so that y'all can kiss my ass

with your tongue out and write a love song about it

[Slug] Write that shit inside of your book full of funny little scribbles

The love comes in vomit, the money comes in dribbles

The Minnesota missiles, self taught

communication, mutilation, holding pictures of your sister naked

[Brother Ali] Ha ha, You too drunk to walk down the stairs

And now you're standing here choking on my pubic hairs

Telling me your name is if you think the brother cares

If you keep bumping your gums we can fucking take it there

[Slug] (Brother Ali)

Yo Make a room full of bump rocks stop and do the walk

(Rest those shots from a cop, and ask him who's your pops)

Who's you daddy, Fuck that, Jump back and act happy

(Sing my fucking chorus before I punch you in the face)

[Chorus] x 2

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