

A B-Boy's Alpha (3:33 Remix)

Cannibal Ox

My mother said, "You sucked my pussy when you came out
Don't ever talk back
I handed your life and I'll snatch it back"
I'm just a latch key kid with a snotty nose
High school drop out
Space, I'm around me whiteout
And I ain't dealin with no minimum wage
I'd rather construct rhymes on a minimum page
Cynical ways, cats sin for nickels these days
Pulling the chrome out
And you actin like pullin the chrome out
Hated the sound of grandma's cryin the crooked letter
You could hear it from the ground or when the sky thunders
Made you wonder 'bout early
Sunday morning
Relatives dressed in black and they all mourning
Flows be bangin in the paint, throwin elbows
My first fight was me against five boroughs
I lost my first witch
But remembered every detail of my first kiss
That's that Bronx Tale bliss
The holiest of holies
Hip hop, it was '88
Even at the age of 10, phrases levitate
Drinkin Lil' Hug quarter waters
Dodgin stray slugs on the corner in that exact order
While you playin, death is what happens
I found the passion in aerosol cans and hands clappin
Backspins, microphones and cats rappin
Linoleum and up rockers, the show shockers
Who rip Lee patches off of imposters
You ain't the Real McCoy, you a wind up toy
And it's gonna cost ya
And that's my B-Boy Alpha
Straight outta the depths of hell
Reflect the sect
And inhale the buddah wisdom
Envision and? inscriptions of a mega spiritualism
Paint a picture from the spiritual

And seriously spit a lyric
That'll rip through a phsyical ligament
Trigger livin in these city limits
Limited with no money, goin through crazy minutes
Crazy thinkin of back in the days
When blazin a lazy written
Before we was swallowin ducers, poppin with geeses
And rockin the bubble geeses
Trouble lose kid, puffin a lucci
Hoppin off Huffy, stealin Marvel comics and water uzis
All of us canoeing through sewers with juvenile manuevers
Caught up in nooses from borders with troubleshooters
On corners where coppers'll hop outta Dunkin Donuts
Poppin they gun and shoot us
For more of us aware of
Thinkin Rudy Guili don't give a FUCK ABOUT A MOULE!
Got me woozy, sippin Kaluha's loosin my noodles
Screwed up in the two triple losers
Sprayin it live, b-boy grafitti alpha
Out of rap-palooza
Looza, looza
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>