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 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 to 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 caresIf 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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