Pedigree

Blutch

One behind the next in line
It's inspection time let me check your design
Your pedigree don't hold up next to mine
I'm a thouroughbred of the most excellent kind
Brother Ali and who's asking
The text book definition of brute passion
The future, the past, a true champion is born
never made and that's a label you can't pretend
I think better outside of the box
I rhyme better outside of the booth
There's no hiding the truth, I'm the genuine positive proof
I buck shots through the roof set the hostages loose, shoo
One might got to give real a minute
But it will recognise A alike once the beat finish
Bleak grimacing winters led him to seek vengeance
With every bit the mistique of a street menace
Self appointed judge with power vested
to hand down sentances from bus stop benches
He's relentless with his it's just in his spirit
You don't want to read about it fool you want to feel it
Shit happens but I'm calm in a shit storm
Its just normal, what you think I balled up a fist for?
They probably thought I was born yesterday right

Well mother fucker I stayed up all night
Hit me hard like huh
Oh the flow gon' cold cock you
You a born bitch local showboating imposter
I'm a known credited stone ghetto philosopher
I think very deeply, I aspire to be free
Read through these credentials of mine
I'm exquisite and only get better with time
And not yet in my prime
I age like wine and got a good goddamn head at the end of my spine
Plus I live outside of those confines
Meaning my expression is yet to be defined
Ya'll will never try putting ribbons in the sky
you would hit your head on that rooty-poot box you live inside
What you gon' do when the well runs dry

Human beings grown images just get old
So when we get old you gon' be out in the cold
and I'ma still keep chasing what I'm owed
Take a breath to check the Pedigree
Check the Pedigree
To check the Pedigree...

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