

# 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 thoroughbred 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 sentences 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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