

# Daylight

## Brother Ali

My friend, give me a minute here  
You have no idea how to frame me  
"Brother Ali is this, Brother Ali is that"  
You ain't been right yet  
So ok I'll do it myself Ant, you got me?(Verse 1:)  
Big Brother the beast I'm showing my teeth  
Feel it all in the air it's too potent to breathe  
Explosive with the free, got a heavy one I wrote up my sleeve  
I could post up or go for the three  
Versatile with it I'm grinding until I get it  
Mindless of the defined limits or consequences I defy critics I ain't scientific  
I find my intrinsic vibe and I ride with it  
Vocals no nothing other than soul touching  
So if they land in yours it's just a home-coming  
If they don't go there they might perish  
Land on deaf ears but die unembarassed  
You don't need to hear my race in the song  
You hear the plane that I'm on  
Your whole face change when I'm on Your ears might help you see  
Fuck hearing me I need you to feel like me(Chorus: x2)  
Daylight  
Let the dark side slide right on out you  
Don't deny it announce it to the Daylight  
Let it get inside of you 'cause you're not alive  
until you open up your eyes(Verse 2:)  
I never asked my brothers to put that crown on me  
Now they want to frown on me, look down on me  
Pardon me I don't think I'm hurting anybody  
Just because I took shahadah but I'm cursing at the party  
Ain't showing I'm holy just showing the whole me  
Ya'll just pretend to be whatever your role be  
Don't get me wrong preist and rabbi innambut maybe that's why the masses don't respond  
Can't sit and nit pick but miss the big shit  
Expect us not to see the contradictions  
Want us to listen and join your religion  
I ain't got a pot to piss in who ya'll kidding  
I believe in the Qu'ran and all that's within it  
The concepts and all of the prophets that are mentioned  
But I talk directly to God so if I'm sinning

ya'll ain't got nothing to do with me repenting(Chorus x2)(Verse 3:)  
If I'm an open book this is how I'm supposed to look  
I got to show it all and don't be shook  
So they ask me if I'm black or white, I'm neither  
Race is a made up thing I don't believe in it  
My genes tie me to those that despised me  
Made a living killing the ones that inspired me I ain't just talking about singing and dancing  
I was taught life and manhood by black men  
So I'm a product of that understanding  
And a small part of me feels like I am them  
Does that make me a liar maybe  
but I don't want the white folks that praise me to think they can claim me  
'Cause you didn't make me  
You don't appreciate what I know to be great yet you relate to me  
and that frustrates me and what can I say 'cause I know that I benefit from something I hate  
But make no mistake our connection ain't fake  
It's never too late to clear off the slate  
You follow my tape then you know What I'm about  
If something comes up then it must come out(Chorus x2)

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