Missing Teeth (Ft. Slug)

Brother Ali

[VERSE 1: Slug]
I dictate while most MC's lactate
Can't wait for me to smack (?greats?) and fuck em till my sack breaks
They stand still with a little bit of spittle
Drippin off the middle of they lips tryin to light a cigarette
And I'ma watch em all choke on my vomit
Took apart, shook up they heart, they died on it
And I promise, if you could hide from this monster
You'd quick tryin to ride on my divide and conquer
Some gotta die 'fore the dumb realize
Not everyone can fly, most don't have wings
Keep takin a nap, wear a brick for a cap
Or get the fuck off the lap before you lose everything
I spit shrapnel while the villagers babble
Slice deep, pull, peel, and let the skin unravel
We're here to scrape off a layer of your make-up
So we can see what a bitch is really made of[VERSE 2: Brother Ali]
I step off in your hoola-hoop cypher with my eyes all aglow
Walkin tall enough to make your half moon whole
You don't need to get duct-taped to the bathroom flo'
Cause I don't think your shit is flavor - the rats do, though
You and your little bitch buddies think you're Thelma & Louise
Cause you got a drum machine and you (throw jealous to the breeze)
You need to respect a fuckin legend when he breathes
'fore you get a K-Swiss logo embedded in your knees
Shock the body-body, rock the consciousness
Stagger the imagination, box your esophagus
The paradime, you stepped past the line
And I show you why the masterminds have got a fuckin axe to grind
Street magician like David Blaine with these songs
Crip-walkin through your mental corridor with metal cleats on
Slug got the weed smoke, Ant got the beats broke
And your fuckin eyebrows might grow back, but your teeth won't(You gonna look pretty funny tryin to eat corn on a cob with no fuckin teeth)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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