

# 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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