Room With A View

Brother Ali

(Brother Ali]
I guess its no different from any place else in the world man, I look out my window i see the whole thing.
One side of the street, is Malone's Funeral Home and the
Other side's a library, try very hard to picture this shit
Walk through where I live at
Where parents are embarassed to tell you they raise they kids at
you need some half and half of an 8-ball, you can get that
Fuck with Little Rodney and you'll get all of your ribs cracked
In a location where slanging crack rock is not seen as a fuckin' recreation but a vocation
And the sellers, and the smokers are both patient
Got one eye on Minneapolis P.D. they both racin'
3 for 50 is the supply and demand, and the
Twin Cities' American heartland, and they
Been busy, masterminds tearing apart plans
And hoop dreamers ballin' with blisters on they hands
With chains danglin' from the rims
Pain strangles 'em from within
Till' the belt around the arm makes the veins stand at attention
I try to block it out with a bed sheet the moonlight's as a curtain
'Cause I'm not comforted by red and blue lights when I'm hurtin'
Mommy loves you yeah I knew but I wasn't certain
'Cause the lenses through which she views life wasn't workin'
As a boy she told me wait till' your father to come home
I'm 24 still waitin' for my father to come home
And some parents only touch they children when a whips brought
That's why bad kids do bad shit, just so they could caught
And get touched, this growing up shit's rough
That's a big part of why were so mixed up
Shit we don't have Bar Mitzvah's
We become men the first time our father hits us
And we don't open gifts up

Sister Regina from across the street is beautiful
But for 50 bucks ain't nothing she won't do to you
Used to be premium pussy now she used up
For that same 50 bucks she got to do some new stuff
Whatever it takes for you to take the dollars out
If you don't intervene then there's a day she'll turn her daughter out
Speaking of kids I'm fixing lunch for my first born

I had the windows wide open 'cause the weather's warm
That's when the greatest hits of Donnie Hathaway
Got interrupted by a drive-by shooting half a block away
Vaheem was in the window, he didn't get hit though
All please due to Allah
[Chorus]I see all this from the desk that I write my rhymes from
Pen starts to scribble on it's own my minds numb
But you can call me modern urban Norman Rockwell
I paint a picture of the spot well
I see all this from the desk that I write my rhymes from
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I see all this from the desk that I write my rhymes from
Pen starts to scribble on it's own my minds numb
But you can call me modern urban Norman Rockwell
I paint a picture of the spot...well
(outside my window, outside my room. Outside my window, outside my room,i can just feel the soul.)

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