

A B-Boys Alpha

Cannibal Ox

My mother said, "You sucked my pussy when you came out
Don't ever talk back, I handed your life and I'll snatch it back"
I'm just a latch key kid with a snotty nose
High school drop out, space, I'm around me whiteout And I ain't dealin' with no minimum wage
I'd rather construct rhymes on a minimum page
Cynical ways, cats sin for nickels these days
Pulling the chrome out and you actin' like pullin' the chrome out Hated the sound of grandma's cryin' the
crooked letter
You could hear it from the ground or when the sky thunders
Made you wonder 'bout early Sunday morning
Relatives dressed in black and they all mourning Flows be bangin' in the paint, throwin' elbows
My first fight was me against five boroughs
I lost my first witch but remembered every detail of my first kiss
That's that Bronx Tale bliss, the holiest of holies Hip hop, it was '88, even at the age of 10, phrases levitate
Drinkin' Lil' Hug quarter waters
Dodgin' stray slugs on the corner in that exact order
While you playin', death is what happens
I found the passion in aerosol cans and hands clappin' Backspins, microphones and cats rappin'
Linoleum and up rockers, the show shockers
Who rip Lee patches off of imposters
You ain't the Real McCoy, you a wind up toy
And it's gonna cost ya and that's my B-Boy Alpha Straight outta the depths of hell, reflect the sect
And inhale the Buddah wisdom
Envision and added inscriptions of a mega spiritualism
Paint a picture from the spiritual and seriously spit a lyric
That'll rip through a physical ligament Trigger livin' in these city limits
Limited with no money, goin' through crazy minutes
Crazy thinkin' of back in the days when blazin' a lazy written Before we was swallowin' duces, poppin' with
gooses
And rockin' the bubble gooses, trouble lose kid, puffin' a lucci
Hoppin' off Huffy, stealin' Marvel comics and water uzis
All of us canoeing through sewers with juvenile maneuvers Caught up in nooses from borders with
troubleshooters
On corners where coppers'll hop outta Dunkin' Donuts
Poppin' they gun and shoot us, for more of us aware of
Thinkin' Rudy Guili don't give a fuck about a moule Got me woozy, sippin' Kaluha's loosin' my noodles
Screwed up in the two triple losers
Sprayin' it live, B-Boy grafitti Alpha

Out of rap-palooza, looza, looza, yeah

Songwriters

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