

Writer's Block

Brother Ali

if i don?t get this in one take, imma quit rappin?
the whole song, i swear to god
i?m supposed to be a professional
i ain?t tryin? to be one of them dudes
that make hundreds of new songs and none of them are good
some of ?em are cool, but ain?t say nothin? new
runnin? through a verse, just for somethin? to do
i wanna be the cat, that put the straw on the back
of the camel and send him to the chiroprac
i wanna write a line that?s in your head all day
songs that make you say you never felt that way
like i?m tryin? to give myself goosebumps, ok?
find the truth inside me and put it on display
many dedicated folks listen to me close
i open my inner soul and slip it in my clothes
some flood the blogs, some flood the streets
i don?t flood nothin?, i?m watering the seeds
i walk away from emcees offerin? me cheese
to author a 16 and drop it on their beat
and it?s not like money ain?t somethin? that i need
there?s a business side and i wanna succeed
plus i got a wife and a couple kids to feed
but if i sell my love, then what?s left for me?
sometimes i don?t write a lot
i know some folks call that writer?s block
i just call it my process
it comes out when it?s ready to, i guess
i don?t wanna let nobody down, so
here?s some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i ain?t tryin? to be difficult or no shit
it just hurts too bad to try and force it
had a week off ?
i flew out to seattle to go and build with jake

he can make a break that make the famous do a take
i?m hyped, imaginin? the magic that we?ll create
i love my family but damn they distract me
when i?m at home someone?s always yellin? ?daddy!?
need to get away badly and focus

but it's been a couple weeks since i really wrote shit
i'm strugglin', up late hummin'
pace around the hotel, the words ain't comin'
wrote a little somethin', throw it away, fuck it
have an artist freak out moment and start buggin'
maybe it's the ?, my fire's just lost
i'm probably a fraud that got lucky before
if i let everybody down, then what's it all for?
lookin' at seattle from the twenty third floor
cracked the window and swung open wide
nothin' between me and the world outside
what if i decide to lean forward and fly?
they say that's the way donny hathaway died
such a beautiful life ended in suicide
maybe tryin' to write was tearin' him up inside
maybe tryin' to write was tearin' him up inside
i swear that tryin' to write is tearin' me up inside
i bet that i'd regret it, the second that i did it
wish that that instant i could continue livin'
i pushed the window closed said 'man, you trippin'??
sat down on the bed and wrote this one
sometimes i don't write a lot
i know folks out there call that writer's block
i just call it my process
it comes out when it's ready to, i guess
i don't wanna let nobody down, so
here's some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i ain't tryin' to be difficult or no shit
it just hurts too bad to try and force it

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