Writer's Block

Brother Ali

if i dont get this in one take, imma quit rappin
the whole song, i swear to god
im supposed to be a professionali aint 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 aint say nothin new
runnin through a verse, just for somethin to doi 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 thats in your head all day
songs that make you say you never felt that waylike im 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 clothessome flood the blogs, some flood the streets
i dont flood nothin, im watering the seeds
i walk away from emcees offerin me cheese
to author a 16 and drop it on their beatand its not like money aint somethin that i need
theres 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 whats left for me?sometimes i dont write a lot
i know some folks call that writers block
i just call it my process
it comes out when its ready to, i guessi dont wanna let nobody down, so
heres some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i aint tryin to be difficult or no shit
it just hurts too bad to try and force ithad 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
im hyped, imaginin the magic that well createi love my family but damn they distract me
when im at home someones always yellin daddy!
need to get away badly and focus
but its been a couple weeks since i really wrote shitim strugglin, up late hummin
pace around the hotel, the words aint comin
wrote a little somethin, throw it away, fuck it
have an artist freak out moment and start bugginmaybe its the , my fires just lost
im probably a fraud that got lucky before
if i let everybody down, then whats it all for?
lookin at seattle from the twenty third floorcracked the window and swung open wide
nothin between me and the world outside
what if i decide to lean forward and fly?
they say thats the way donny hathaway diedsuch 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 insidei bet that id 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 onesometimes i dont write a lot
i know folks out there call that writers block
i just call it my process
it comes out when its ready to, i guessi dont wanna let nobody down, so
heres some new shit, you tell me how it sounds
i aint tryin to be difficult or no shit
it just hurts too bad to try and force it

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