Bitchslap!

Brother Ali

Yo Ant, kick the beat you just kicked a little while ago...[VERSE 1]
I bitchslap rappers so hard it give em whiplash
You fuckin with sleeveless t-shirts, where your tricks at?
Look left, look right, wait, where your chick at?
She findin out she walk and talk right, provide dick pipe
I'm a big baller, shot caller, all a y'all are runnin laps
Let me tell you little fuckers a story walkin out
You probably think you're somebody big talkin loud
You're transparent, I been starin through your Karl Kani
Art imitates life imitates art
Get it straight, slice through the mic, pourin out my heart
When it's late night we litter the landscape
Animate our dead opposition to get one last phoney handshake
I read a lot and write a lot, empty my pockets at the giro shop
Hit the cash machine for some green, maybe a ten spot
I said giro cause my Greek's a little broken
But my four-letter French works fine if you're provokin[CHORUS]
And we killers in the morning, killers in the evening
Wake up and we yawnin, happy we still breathin
Got one longin, that's to keep eatin
We here to stay and we ain't leavin(Rock y'all)
(Everything gonna be alright)[VERSE 2]
I'm a cross between John Gotti and Mahatma Ghandi
Look between pimp and square, you probably find me
There, in vain I solemnly swear
I'm a Guardian Angel with gang signs in the air
I spent too much time fuckin with sorry sobs
Treatin beats like bitches, flippin mÃ©nage Ã trois's
You ain't tryin to see us angry, pop, we already hard
Fuckin the the diplomats'll get you horribly scarred
From the cat behind the wall who play handball in the yard
To the one that run the block as head baller in charge
To the brothers with the kufis on that walk with the gods
Mission Hill, Caprini Green, all ghetto scenery
Every city got us beaten up, down tryin creepin up
Soundbombing people, what? Till we get a equal cut
We come through straight smashin on the haters
Witness the world, the Rhymesayers[CHORUS](Rock y'all)
(Everything gonna be alright)[VERSE 3]

Often the brain runs
And expresses itself in words, sometimes profane ones
That's when it first occurred to me where the pain comes
From, page one in my rhyme book
If you listen closely you can picture how my line looks
You presently pressed to be restin next to me
The best of me molestin destiny wrestlin with ecstacy
The recipe for immoratlity
Flows actually be on the malls and factories
Of urban life with the laws of gravity
Audacity, you got a lot of it
Common sense should tell you not to rap against
My obvious dominance
My real lilfe size is bigger than your confidence[CHORUS]

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