Star Quality

Brother Ali

Yo it's the Ox in the flesh, of course I'm fresh
Yes, I'm livin' for the funk like I was Lord Finesse
Last night I screamed till I lost my voice I guess
Had a few things left to get up off of my chest
Like I'm, facing the fact that I'm not, what my mom wanted
Only gold plaque that I got, had the Qu'Ran on it
I flipped your eviction notice over, wrote a song on it
Like to hear it, here it go, light your spirit, clear your soul
If I would've known that tonight was Ladie's Night
I would've stopped and swabbed my balls with the baby Whipe
In the van, hold your sorry little life in my hand
Watch me toss it in the sky and swing right for the stands
Battling me is like trying to ride your bike in the sand
I'ma eat one more helping, then I'm, whipping my hands
And you frustrated rappers, must hate the fact
That I walk in first class, have so much ladies gaspin' for breath
Tryin' to catch me, with the ass and the chest
I ain't tryin' to be rude lady, I'm just passin' a test
Got enough hustle and stress, with one woman cashing my cheques
I'll take the compliment and pass on the sex
We like
Brother brother brother, how ya making 'em get down
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound
Thats our policy, we step out there on Star Quality
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You ain't hardcore, you soft more than Shamar Moore
In a tight shirt sayin' ?Let's slow this train down ya'll?
You stink hoes, spills a whole, lot of nothing
Got the nerve to look Ox in the eye, you got it coming
While your woman nod her face to the beat, you tasting defeat
Whipping the waste from my cleets, between the space in your teeth
'Erogation, facial features all hung down
That little dumb frown is perfect for salt water to run down
Talk harder to some clowns, cause they need it rough
Make sure they never sleeping deep enough to dream of beating me, what

My styles a little belligerent, isn't it?
Considerin' that I'm belittling them, with little more then
My pad and my pen and my sediments
Whether it's your chorus scratching, or wack track blasting
Your whole approach to rapping, is ass crack backwards
Cats'll see me in the spot and act salty
Stressing you save Hip-Hop, you can't even save a wack party
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Brother, Brother, brother, how ya making 'em get down
Come, straight to your town, vibrating the ground
Keep the people out there scared, of making a sound
Thats our policy, we step out there
And the preachers say
"Oh ah hey, oh ah hah"
And the choir say
"Oh ah hey, oh ah hah"
And the preachers say
"Oh ah hey, oh ah hah"
And the choir say
"Oh ah hey, oh ah hah"
Brother Ali is two hundred, fifty pounds of piss and vinegar
Few try to sit me down, they missing limbs and
I got nothing on, but a lifestyle, black tuxedo
An Aretha Franklin record, and I'm rockin' Captain Ego like
'Dun Dadda, Shit, Ya Done Poppa'
There's only three reasons Ali would need a Ramada
One, to move the bowels, two, to steal the towels
Three, shave, shower, pray for my spiritual power
I can handle this, if my man Ant would just
Give me a chance to splatter some antics across his canvasses
Damage is unavoidable at this point
I twist joints till they pop lock, too loud and get ya knot rocked
I'm too proud to let you hop scotch through
The section of the earth that I occupy, without making you testify
Best that I could do for you, is ignore you
'Cause I'd probably conquer you if I explore you
Words from the Brother
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