

## Champion...

Brother Ali

Im a trend setter with a wicked vendetta  
Been feather, venomous, skeleton shredder, theres never been better  
Plus my fourth to the tenth letter rip  
Heads quick, you're little chick, that deliver get a little glimpse at a  
Ugly charmer, Gentlemen Caller  
Sendin them all to hell in a milk crate  
Forest Whitiker dictate  
You need to get the dick out your intake  
You toilets in a gay bar, never gettin your shit straight  
They'll never find diamonds, as bright as my eyes  
When I find where my competators hide  
And then I slice em, Brother Ali, mean muggin emcee  
Is goin toe to toe with em, Stand nose to nose with em  
My flow for sho(sure) hit em  
I thought especially, one word that I speak at a show, could blow the whole  
system  
Thats word from the big bad, fat ass, motherfuckin, Brother Ali  
Ugh

You're now rockin with the champion  
You know you're in a war that can't be won  
You need to stop and understand me, son  
Cause I got a pocket full and I can hand you some  
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I'm chokin players like I'm Bob Knight, choke the coaches like I'm Spreewell  
They bowin to the 'Sayers till they knees swell  
Shake the game up worse than Single White Females  
Walkin to they car alone flashin three bills  
These little kids are talkin 'bout how little I know  
Boy, I grab a mic and rock you like your Triple 5 Soul  
With a civilized flow, but if you say my name I'm like Beetlejuice  
Dice you up and slap you till your teeth are loose  
I've seen the noose and will not get lynched by the industry  
Nor will I have a A&R pimpin me stickin his thing in me  
I'd sing for free for some years if it's clear to me  
That if I'm there for my team they're there for me  
For real, I be diligently killin the soliloquies  
Of these milipeads that try to pass themselves off as ill MC's  
I weave a web of words so intricately  
That the English dictionary lacks an adjective to fit me  
If he want my album tell him not to fuck with ATAK  
He was hatin and Slug told em "(Slug)Bitch to send our tapes back"  
And if I lose my voice then instead of sayin raps  
I start paintin facts on the wall with hot crayola crayon wax

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No No No

I wasn't lyin 'bout them muthafuckin hairy hands  
Well how you think I tear a man till he can barely stand?  
I share the land with hustlers hollerin my chorus back  
I'll do anything for the cats that show support like that  
When I battle they hold my back, y'all most be smokin crack  
Guys are screamin, "I ain't supposed to rap," come on, you know you're wack  
These Minnesota cats touch down in places where it's dormant at  
Bring they muthafuckin trophies back  
I'm like big up my man Optimus Prime  
I'm like what the fuck do rappers got in they mind?  
I might jump on the stage and start hollerin rhymes  
Maybe bend your back around and make you swallow your spine  
It's clear you ain't seen no one this tight in years  
When I sing I can bring Brian McKnight to tears  
I have to consume, shit I capture a room  
And before my son was born I made him dance in the womb  
MC's put up your titles, I be grabbin em soon  
Them rappers are doomed, worse than breathing hazardous fumes  
Like 'Bam!'  
(There it is...)

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