

## Lookin' At Me Sideways

Brother Ali

Now baby you gon' get a crook in your neck looking at  
me sideways  
I play high stakes made crook in a crime wave  
Must be something on my face  
Yelling that they ought no tell em what they spellin on  
MySpace dot com  
Bold type face rhetoric  
You gon' clickety click and get your head split  
What the hell you look like on a message board  
Discussing whether or not the brother is hard core  
I ain't got to prove to any of you  
That anything I ever said was is the truth but I'm  
ready to do it  
And do it leisurely, Ant give 10 beats a week  
So fuck it I'll put the record how it needs to be  
I understand I ain't perfect alright  
I been a thugged out nerd all my life  
Thank God I ain't got to serve dirt or snatch purses at  
night  
I feed people with the verses I write  
And I fill them with my personal strife  
Had some of y'all concerned for my life  
For what I've had the nerve to recite  
I cut my grass grow, bring the serpants to light  
Now baby you ain't never heard me I'm tight  
And I'm surgical like, with this bitch Jake  
You know that shit fuck around and get a closed casket  
and I'm old fashioned  
Trying to figure out how we got from Whipper Whip to  
this silly bullshit  
It's just so tragic  
But it ain't impossible to solve  
I ain't learned jack shit from Dorian at all  
Let me hear you abusing the culture I adore  
I'll come across the hall and get involved like this  
here

I'm just here to play my part, and inbetween scenes got  
to stay on guard  
I ain't way out y'all, you just don't get me dog  
You gon fuck around and miss me dog, it ain't my fault  
And they love the way I talk  
Eyes get real wide when I say my thoughts  
I ain't way out y'all, you just don't get me dog  
You gon fuck around and miss me dog, it ain't my fault