

## When The Beat Comes In

Brother Ali

Open the doors, let the people in  
Turn up the mics, let me speak to them  
Victorious when the evening ends  
It all starts when the beat begins

You're now fuckin with the show stopper  
A-l-i the Brother, since "'89's the number"  
Fuck "another summer," I'm the world's most accurate  
Take the roughest cats and get em passionate  
Shake awake the walking dead Lazarus  
With off-the-head narratives, it'm embarrassing  
I mean, I'm the albino but y'all pale in comparison  
I'm not arrogant, oh shit, well yeah, I'm arrogant  
Grab the microphone out your arm so fast I tear a limb  
Roman fashion, give yo soul a spasm  
If you don't know find someone that knows and ask him  
I'm right in front of ya, tight muthafuckin mic muzzler  
Who might struggle ya, my shit's wild like that  
There's 8 million ways to stretch words around beats  
And 6 million rappers be sharin the same three  
But me takin the time to be creative with mine  
Touch your soul till I see it in your face when I rhyme  
And in the two or three seconds it may take to rewind  
I hold a rapper to the flames until I make him resign  
Want nobody hold your place in this rhyme, you find a space to  
recline  
You're dead, got to stay breakin your spine

Every father, mother, son and daughter send em to me  
Do not approach the ock without bendin your knees  
I might be on the stage but my head's in the streets  
We settle the beef (when the beats commence) --> Run-DMC