

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