

Brother Ali, 'Round Here

F/ Murs

Uh, your eyes never spied where I've been
Low parts where the heights of rhymin
Back alleys where the dice is flyin
Darkness is tryin, the lights are blindin
Sheist environment, the nights are violent
Red beam silent, the siren's cryin
Clean mighty tights or your life survivin
Nights where the roaches or mice might slide in
The highest you can climb is that limelight
And so downin on that mic meant fightin
Braggin rights are all that you rhyme with
Can't stand to see all your pride get sliced in
When the spotlight hit, my shit, y'all just
Bet I'm a stomp this motherfuckin party 'til it's cold and lifeless
Close your eyelids, behold the righteous
It's cold as night gets

[Chorus]

[Outro - MURS - talking]

There was a standoff
And there's like a Russian dude, a old, black pimp dude
Some gangsta black dude, some Armenian dude
Like a motley crew, literally
Like a weirdo but street, angry, grown ass men
Against me and Dibbs and Art and the God Loves Ugly crew
And it's like a line and I walk in between 'em
And I just start goin off
Like Cuz, Blood, like mother, fucker
I'm a get on the phone and I'm a make everybody cry
I'm just talkin crazy, I'm mad, this is my hometown
I'm about to call the homies
But you know like the old pimp dude had a piece or somethin
Like a gun or somethin
And it was about to jump off
And then he goes like "oh, ain't you Brother Ali?"
Brother Ali, you a bad motherfucker man