

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 (VERSE 1: Brother Ali)
You're now f**kin with the show stopper
A-l-i the Brother, since "'89's the number"
F**k "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 muthaf**kin 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

(CHORUS)

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 (VERSE 2: Brother Ali)
Ladies and gentlemen, Brother Ali bare the resemblance
Of Moses freein y'all with sentences, vocabulary venomous
Telling domestic horror stories
Non-fiction with the majestic oratory
Instead of concentratin on strippin the youth naked
I give em the truth naked, livin proof for the sacred
Unless I'm mistaken there's like three kind of people
Black people and white people and my people
I blister MC's and let em' twist in the breeze
I got a funny knack for bringin kids to their knees
Y'all got Christopher Reeve-sized bravery tryin to play with me
Have you in fetal positions shoutin "Get away from me!"

Every day I see rappers I wanna slap or strangle
Around they neck disaster dangles, so that's the angle
Next millennium, same percentage of em are weak
Y'all thinkin y'all can rhyme, don't even come from the streets
You got any sense at all, you mean-mug and retreat
Or end up a human pinada hung from your feet
When I told you you were tight I had my tongue in my cheek
And you ain't lookin at my team, buddy, our huddle is deep
Born to hustle on beats, I just have it within
If I had any more potential I would have to be twins
Cackle and grin when rappers begin to babble and spit away
Y'all should pick a day, the it-day, the off-the-ick day
(CHORUS)(VERSE 3: Brother Ali)
I'm a desperado, but I guess that y'all know that already
My stick-and-move flow pattern steady
The Bro has already dissed rappers of every race
Got em together for a "We Are the World" remake
If Ali's fake please take this opportunity to tell he
To his face, get your infrastructure erased
When I flip damn it I'm fly, kick sand in your eye
And tell your record company to eat a shit sandwich and die
Ali's a big teddybear
Till they scream, "Stop slammin the car door, that's my f**kin head in there!"
Your teeth are everywhere, I serve your family
And write about it in my journal like I'm Mister Belvedere
I seldom stare in the sky, only at nighttime
Envision endin your mission when I write rhymes
History's never witnessed a mission quite like mine
And the more they try to extinguish it, the more the light shines(CHORUS)

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