

## Forest Whitiker

Brother Ali

Forest Whitaker Lyrics

And yo whatever comes up comes out  
We don't put our hands over our mouth  
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We don't put our hands over our mouth  
Whatever comes up comes out  
Please mister bass-man lay it on me

Ayo, Dependin on the day, and dependin on what I ate  
I'm anywhere from 20 to 35 pounds over weight  
I got red eyes and one of them's lazy  
and they both squint when the sun shines so I look crazy  
I'm albino man, I know I'm pink and pale  
And I'm hairy as hell, everywhere but fingernails  
I shave a cranium that ain't quite shaped right  
Face tight, shiny, I stay up and write late nights  
My wardrobe is jeans and faded shirts  
A mixture of what I like, and what I wear to work  
I'm not mean and got a neck full of razor bumps  
I'm not the classic profile of what the ladies want  
You might think I'm depressed as can be  
But when I look in the mirror I see sexy ass me  
And if that's somethin that you cant respect then that's peace  
My life's better without you actually  
To everyone out there, who's a little different  
I say damn a magazine, these are gods fingerprints  
You can call me ugly but cant take nothing from me  
I am what I am doctor you ain't gotta love me

If you would please turn in your bible  
To beauty tips according to Forest Whitiker  
In the third chapter of the third line  
Brother Ali would you please read to the choir for me son

I'ma be all right, you ain't gotta be my friend tonight (you ain't gotta love me)  
An I'ma be okay, you would probably bore me anyway (you ain't gotta love me)

Forest Whitaker y'all