

# Love on Display

Brother Ali

Goodbye Goodbye my love

We move all the merch, CDs and shirts  
For you, this is a game but for me this is work  
I punch in ha, when I step on the stage  
I get paid when my record is played

Word to Printmatic  
I'm a poetry chick magnet  
With Goldie the pimp habits  
I roll with a limb that is  
Droven Omaha, flowin' for hick ass kids  
Knowin' I was zonin' at the moment I hit that shit (I love y'all)  
Kris references and no one will get that shit  
I even make the best of it and go home and slit my wrists  
Imagine what a trip it is, rappin' for little shits  
Who think that DJin' was created by Mr. Dibbs  
Remember this, those are the main ones that show us support  
So I owe them my existence and shit so  
I got to thank them, my home is broken ain't it?  
I downloaded parents cause I heard they're overrated  
I pushed a demo tape when the group was first created  
Younger Brother was the debut album when they made it  
E! Behind The Music, believe that I've been through it  
I either write the true shit or feel my life is useless  
You should, do this, math with me right quick dog  
I cry myself to sleep when the lights get soft  
Tour twice, in the spring and the fall  
Ten weeks each my son doesn't see me at all  
Now out of 12 months daddy's gone for 5  
Spot dates in the mix, I'm absent for 6  
So I'm a half ass daddy  
Part time singer  
Half ass crazy, got my wife feelin' half single  
In New Jersey, bitchin' with the word play

About how my parents raised me in the worst way possible  
Doin' what I gotta do  
And tryin' to get a rap or two  
Missin' my own son's third birthday  
I'm a self centered piece of shit  
Stomped down hypocrite  
Tryin' to get a grip on it but now I got to live with it  
This is me motherf\*cker, I'm a mean mugger  
Not intentionally brother, I was tryin' to see somethin'  
I never drive because I'm legally blind  
All I can do is describe what I see in my mind  
People are fine until they peep a weakness of mine  
Then they f\*ck me over so I need to leave them behind  
Shit's real  
My wrist is still stiff from my last hook  
Cat learned how to scrap just by gettin' his ass whupped  
I'll catch an elbow and that shit will just hurt  
So I swing mine the next time I get in some dirt  
And that works  
And that's why Murs is the homie  
Because the brothers ain't scared to dig out spurs in the moment

My recipe for greatness, there is no depleting this  
Because the active ingredient in it is my weaknesses  
I speak with this little drawl that the Midwest created  
When they treat someone like shit for a decade  
Anthony can't chirp, flare or backspin  
But he'll listen to my f\*cked up life without laughin'  
I'm challenged and offended by sheets of blank paper  
Who act like they are too good to carry my strange flavor  
Painstakingly, suffice is to say  
I ain't scared to put my motherf\*ckin' life on display