

## Pen to Paper

Brother Ali

Put pen to paper the first time when I was barely eight or  
Maybe nine that was the late eighties, Reagan time  
Put in the freshest tape rewind, wait, let me take my time  
The entire landscape of that blank page was mine  
Created space to climb inside, escape the crazy times  
Reshape the climate, break it down, that was my frame of mind  
Thank the divine great designing this as my sacred shrine  
I made myself a place to shine, wait, let me spray this rhyme  
When I was thirteen I met KRS, he put me on the stage  
Suggested I read up on Malcolm X, y'all know the rest  
So much pushing down on my chest  
Both my folks got laid to rest  
Loved ones wishing me all the best  
I'm a ball of stress, yet I digress  
I've spent my every hopeless dream and my unspoken secret  
You hear it floating through your speakers in my old releases  
My fanbase began to grow beneath & crowd around me  
I never tiptoed 'round here shy I spit it loud and proudly  
The U.S. government profiled me and the sponsors dropped me  
Some of my listeners felt away so they no longer got me  
I knew that telling that truth is costly no one alive can stop  
me  
I rolled that flag out on the ground and prostrated my body  
This is more than music to me, this is ancestors  
Speaking through me at the tomb of Rumi  
My mic's a rifle I'm honor bound to fire my weapon truly  
Whether they jeer me, cheer me, boo, salute me or just shoot me  
Let it be known, my whole life I break that cycle set it in sto  
ne  
I'd still rather be known as a man that stand on my own  
Rather than beg at a throne cold  
You know I still honor my own code that go down to the bone  
We just want to get it on shooting at the devil  
With a megaphone till we dead and gone  
Boom!