

Red

Brother Ali

Yo, every time I write I start reverting to my life
It feels more important than any words that rhyme
And what I mean is this: I can't rap for other rappers
My truth has to be told, if not then I'm an actor
I played roles til it didn't feel redeeming
I saved my breath when it's earned more than when I'm scheming
My day's light compared to feelings in the evening
At night, I'm an angel on my shoulders wearing demons
I wear my heart on my articles of clothing
And play my cards, I'm just an artist who ain't folding
I saved my scars for the day I started flowing
In the same way the hardest shit to learn's a part of growing
Told the world my dreams and lived through it
And I came apart at the seams, then I renewed it
Wipe the slate clean
Validate everything I knew since I was eighteen
Might just rock a gold chain like B.A. from A-Team
My God, these are not words with empty promises
These are from a person who's immersed in where the drama is
I thought the feeling was dead
So I wrote a second verse but kept the first one instead
My God, if these four walls could talk
My drum chops have seen it all
His eyes were dead
Mine always been bloodshot red

Midwest or Venice
First or second amendment
Shell casing or penmanship
They felt it when I sent it
I'm sixth sense, sentence sensitivity is vintage
Busy curing sicknesses that's yet to be invented
Engendered, respected, Nth degree is endless
The main emphasis is to be felt instead of mentioned
Man listen, I step up on this land pissin'
And rocking a chunky gold link chain of transmission
My bandwidth is blistering
Ancestors hissin' and
Standing on the brick to push my passion through this instrument
My God, extended breaks to invite me
And dilate my peoples by standards can't indict me
I got a brother named Amir Sulaiman
If you know my name and not his, then something's wrong
Word bond, here's a bar he spit, I wanna honor it
He said it's counterfeit to think that cowardice lengthens life; bravery shortens it
This is the author of the warrior poets
The inordinate glorious that slaughtered by the lawless
I know that all the rawness that the hearts could harness
The healing tears applauded on performance, flawless
My God, if these four walls could talk
Drum chops have heard it all
His eyes were dead, mine always been albino red
My God, if these four walls could talk
Drum chops have heard it all
His eyes were dead, mine always been albino red
My God