

## Room With A View

Brother Ali

One side of the street, is Malone's Funeral Home and the  
Other side's a library, try very hard to picture this shit  
Walk through where I live at  
Where parents are embarassed to tell you they raise they kids at  
You'll need some half and half over 8 bar you can get that  
Fuck with Little Rodney and you'll get all of your ribs cracked  
In a location where slanging crack rock is not seen as a fuckin' recreation  
but a vocation  
And the cellars, and the smoke is a ????  
Got one eye on Minneapolis P.T. they both racin'  
3 for 50 is the supply and demand, and the  
Twin Cities' American heartland, and they  
Been busy, masterminds tearing apart plans  
And hoop dreamers ballin' with blisters on they hands  
With chains danglin' from the rims  
Pain strangles 'em from within  
Till' the belt around the arm makes the veins stand at attention

I try to block it out with a bed sheet the moonlight's as a curtain  
'Cause I'm not comforted by red and blue lights when I'm hurtin'  
Mommy loves you yeah I knew but I wasn't certain  
'Cause the lenses through which she views life wasn't workin'  
As a boy she told me wait till' your father to come home  
I'm 24 still waitin' for my father to come home  
And some parents only touch they children when a whips brought  
That's why bad kids do bad shit, just so they could caught  
And get touched, this growing up shit's rough  
That's a big part of why were so mixed up  
Shit we don't have Bar Mitzvah's  
We become men the first time our father hits us  
And we don't open gifts up  
Sister Regina from across the street is beautiful  
But for 50 bucks ain't nothing she won't do to you  
Used to be premium pussy now she used up  
For that same 50 bucks she got to do some new stuff  
Whatever it takes for you to take the dollars out  
If you don't intervene then there's a day she'll turn her daughter out  
Speaking of kids I'm fixing lunch for my first born  
I had the windows wide open 'cause the weather's warm  
That's when the greatest hits of Donnie Hathaway  
Got interrupted by a drive-by shooting half a block away  
Vaheem was in the window, he didn't get hit though  
All please due to Allah

I see all this from the desk that I write my rhymes from  
Pen starts to scribble on it's own my minds numb  
But you can call me modern urban Norman Rockwell  
I paint a picture of the spot well

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