

Sensitive

Brother Ali

To the beat y'all
(Check this out)

(This announcement I'm about to make is very important)

Yes

(Now listen)

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)

(And I'm sensitive about my shit)

To the beat y'all

(Sensitive about my shit)

Can't believe I'm still doing this
I thought my political views might ruin this
I figured you might've moved on to these newer kids
My extra, extended hiatuses
Who would've thought you woulda let me get away with this?
I mean, no one's waiting to see what an aging hater thinks
I kinda wanted to be finished
I didn't wanna pull my heart out, let you see in it
I just wanna grow privately, be free a minute
Plus my soul don't always have peace within it
I tell the truth, but I can see that I'm conceded with it
I make a whole lot of mistakes, please don't be offended
I used to have this recurring nightmare
I'm on stage with the whole city inside here
I start choking and my lungs won't provide air
Then I dropped an album, they reacted to it
Started selling out First Avenue
Now all the bad dreams I have are that you no longer care for dude

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)

(And I'm sensitive about my shit) That's right

(Sensitive about my shit)

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)

(And I'm sensitive about my shit) Say that then

(Sensitive about my shit)

I love rappers with the big voices
They put the power in their lyrics so you live for it
And spit it boisterous, the ignorant can't ignore it
I put the preacher's style in my delivery
And I remember vividly somebody tweeted Chuck D
And asked him who the best voices are, and he mentioned me
I did seven shows a week for like five years
And used to scream on that mic to make it sound clearer
Now I'm staring down my most profound fear
Started catching up with my vocal chords
I'm not so sure that I should perform no more
Back on my mind, wonder what you're applauding for?

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)

(And I'm sensitive about my shit) Feel like the wrestler

(Sensitive about my shit)

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist) Yes ma'am

(And I'm sensitive about my shit)

(Sensitive about my shit)

Huh, flying to New York to do some press

I just imagine that these people won't be too impressed
The loot he getting all at once is how they view success
But then the writer's like, "Brother Ali, sir
I've been so excited just for writing this feature"
He asking all these dope questions and did his research
And then I meet the editor and staff
And everybody got their cell phone camera to flash
And a story about how my music helped 'em in the past
I gotta ask y'all a honest question:
I mean, I'm beyond honored by this warm reception
But since you got respect and an obvious connection
And every time you bless us with the tiniest little speck
Of an online mention, our fans all shower you with affection
And just blow up your comment section
Well, what the hell, I mean I ain't complaining
But, how come you don't place us in the hip-hop conversation?
They just look back with blank faces

(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)
(And I'm sensitive about my shit) That joint got awkward fast
(Sensitive about my shit)
(Keep in my mind that I'm an artist)
(And I'm sensitive about my shit)
(Sensitive about my shit)