

The Counts

Brother Ali

Broadcasting live from the
World tour with Muhammad, my man
I hope that y'all understand
Conquering land ain't part of my plan
Put my forehead all on your sand
I put my heart in the palm of your hand
I make art, and they call it a jam
You play it loud in your car, and they call you a fan
Carve it in your skin, now you're a stan

I arrived with a wandering band
That climbed out of a van
And held the mic like a wand in my dominant hand
Assume a confident posture and stance
And wrecked a record that we chopped in advance

Damn, how many times I gotta kill it
Before they finally admit they kinda feel it?
Been shining for a minute
Only if that's a symbol for infinite
And I'm too consistent not to be considered
It's inconsiderate—I promise that I'm not offended
I'm dope for dope's sake
Cool being me in my own space

Thought I told them what I'm all about
Why they always wanna count me out?

I never bought what they bought
Instead, I fed the kids
I never rocked with the corporate
I don't sell their ish
I ain't in the crowd shopping for a better chick
I'm all about the penmanship, and I'm a specialist

See, the music that I make, it ain't about escaping
I take a look at the world they made and reshape it
If I can chop a beat break based on my imagination
And make my conversation align on it adjacent
And a room full of strangers cry in congregation
Why wouldn't I modify the whole arrangement?

I'm inspired by the most amazing things—
Marginalized teens writing their names on trains
I'm rocking chains with a piece on it
If it's beats, Ali gon' try to beast on it
It's from America's least wanted—
The day is coming that you all hate
Y'all can't escape it like police warrants

Thought I told them what I'm all about
Why they always wanna count me out?