

## A B-Boys Alpha

Cannibal Ox

My mother said, "You sucked my pussy when you came out  
Don't ever talk back  
I handed ya life and I'll snatch it back"  
I'm just a latch key kid with a snotty nose  
High school drop out  
Space, I'm around me whiteout  
And I ain't dealin with no minimum wage  
I'd rather construct rhymes on a minimum page  
Cynical ways, cats sin for nickels these days  
Pulling the chrome out  
And you actin like pullin the chrome out  
Hated the sound of grandma's cryin the crooked letter  
You could hear it from the ground or when the sky thunders  
Made you wonder 'bout early  
Sunday morning  
Relatives dressed in black and they all mourning  
Flows be bangin in the paint, throwin elbows  
My first fight was me against five boroughs  
I lost my first wish  
But remembered every detail of my first kiss  
That's that Bronx Tale bliss  
The holiest of holies  
Hip hop, it was '88  
Even at the age of 10, phrases levitate  
Drinkin Lil' Hug quarter waters  
Dodgin stray slugs on the corner in that exact order  
While you playin, death is what happens  
I found the passion: aerosol cans and hands clappin  
Backspins, microphones and cats rappin  
Linoleum and up rockers, the show shockers  
Who rip Lee patches off of imposters  
You ain't the Real McCoy, you a wind up toy  
And it's gonna cost ya  
And that's my B-Boy Alpha

Straight outta the depths of hell  
Reflect the sec-ond  
Inhale the buddah wisdom  
Envision and edit inscriptions of Vor-Megala spiritualism  
Paint a picture from the spiritual  
And seriously spit a lyric  
That'll rip through a phsyical ligament  
Trigger livin in these city limits  
Limited with no money, goin through crazy minutes  
Crazy thinkin of back in the days  
When blazin a lazy ridance  
Before we was swallowin duces, poppin with geoses  
And rockin the bubble geoses  
Trouble lose kid, puffin a loosie  
Hoppin off Huffy, stealin Marvel comics and water uzis  
All of us canoeing through sewers with juvenile manuevers  
Caught up in nooses from borders with troubleshooters  
On corners where coppers'll hop outta Dunkin Donuts  
Poppin they gun and shoot us  
Or more of us aware  
Thinkin Rudy Guili really don't give a FUCK ABOUT A MOULE!  
Got me woozy, sippin Kaluha's loosin my noodles

Screwed up in the two triple losers  
Sprayin it live, b-boy grafitti alpha  
Out of rap-palooza  
Looza, looza