

Back Stage Pacin'

Brother Ali

(VERSE 1: Brother Ali)

Show promoter backstage pacin (Why is that?)
He's tryin to take control of his situation
He know damn well he ain't got the money I expect to have
So I'm stuffin all the backstage in my record bag
But that's what you get when you don't pay shit
Cause I can't pay my rent on free water and chips
And if free beer means payment is what you think
BK drank one and Ali don't drink
So produce the fetti, cheddar or whatever you call it
Go get your dough split and come the hell up off it
This is how I feed my family, so I'm not gonna forfeit
And if that doesn't get it, I'm gonna go for your wallet
Let me guess - the turnout wasn't quite what you expected
Let me guess - somethin that the club owner did wrecked it
Let me guess - it's hard to pack em in in this kind of weather
And nobody wanna come and party after 9/11
That's not a MP, that's a YP - your problem
You need to have this shit planned out before callin
This is not a game to me, dog, you stealin from my family
You just gon' have to understand me

Backstage pacin

(VERSE 2: Brother Ali)

Opening act backstage pacin (Why is that?)
They tryin take control of they situation
But they mad salty cause they wore they f**kin matchin shirts
And the crowd didn't feel them and they went on first
It's the monitor, the soundman, it's the muthaf**kin mics
Cats in this state are haters and the whole crowd's white
Don't sleep, your Wu-Tang impression is tight
And if blah-blah would have happened, y'all'd had em snappin
Let me guess - you and your girl had a conversation
Let me guess - she doesn't feel that you're being compensated
Let me guess - you've been rappin for a year and a half
And you mad brave when you get a little beer in your ass
At this stage y'all really need to show and prove
Pay attention, pay respect, pay homage, pay your dues
Be happy with your 20 minutes and your drink tickets
And go build your own scene if you think different
Hah, cause we ain't even triyn to take y'all shit
The Micronauts should have pinky rings to make y'all kiss
It's a road now, but who you think paved all this?

You're mad-face makin, you're lucky to be backstage pacin
Fee-fi-fo-fum
Watch out, muthaf**ka, hear the big Brother come
Like fee-fi-fo-fum
(Here it come, here it come, here it kiddy-come-come)--> Run-DMC(VERSE 3: Brother Ali)
Brother Ali backstage pacin (Why is that?)
He tryin to take control of his situation
He's a million miles from home and his dick is on hard
And these girls are gonna make him prove that he believe in God
I'm haunted by an overfriendly poetry chick
Who keeps showin me hip cause she know that she thick
And if I met her on the street I probably wouldn't look twice
But at a show with my ego on swoll she look like
A master at applyin Maybelline with thighs you'd love to lay between
Hair was fly with raving sheen, gigantic eyes in hazel green
Revealin just enough to let me know she got it
But concealin just enough to let imagination frolic
Let me guess - my poetry makes you feel so inspired
Let me guess - the way I play off the vibe makes you excited
Let me guess - you wanna go and party after the show
And you were hopin that the two of us could capture the flow
She like, "Come on Ali, it ain't nothin to dance"
By the end of the song, girl, I be rubbin your ass
And by the end of the night I might be f**kin you fast
Then my wife probably find a new husband and dash

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>