

Pedigree

Brother Ali

(Chorus: x2)

One behind the next in line
It's inspection time let me check your design
Your pedigree don't hold up next to mine
I'm a thoroughbred of the most excellent kind

(Verse 1:)

Brother Ali and who's asking
The text book definition of brute passion
The future, the past, a true champion is born
never made and that's a label you can't pretend
I think better outside of the box
I rhyme better outside of the booth
There's no hiding the truth, I'm the genuine positive proof
I buck shots through the roof set the hostages loose, shoo

One might got to give real a minute
But it will recognize A alike once the beat finish
Bleak grimacing winters led him to seek vengeance
With every bit the mystique of a street menace
Self appointed judge with power vested
to hand down sentences from bus stop benches
He's relentless with his it's just in his spirit

You don't want to read about it fool you want to feel it Shit happens but I'm calm in a shit storm
It's just normal, what you think I balled up a fist for?

They probably thought I was born yesterday right
Well mother fucker I stayed up all night
Hit me hard like huh (Chorus x2) (Verse 2:)

Oh the flow gon' cold cock you
You a born bitch local showboating impostor
I'm a known credited stone ghetto philosopher
I think very deeply, I aspire to be free
Read through these credentials of mine
I'm exquisite and only get better with time
And not yet in my prime

I age like wine and got a good goddamn head at the end of my spine
Plus I live outside of those confines

Meaning my expression is yet to be defined Ya'll will never try putting ribbons in the sky
you would hit your head on that rooty-poot box you live inside

What you gon' do when the well runs dry
Human beings grown images just get old
So when we get old you gon' be out in the cold
and I'ma still keep chasing what I'm owed (Chorus x2) (Hook:) Take a breath to check the
Pedigree

Check the Pedigree

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