

# Lookin' At Me Sideways

## Brother Ali

(Verse 1:)

Now baby you gon' get a crook in your neck looking at me sideways  
I play high stakes made crook in a crime wave  
Must be something on my face  
Yelling that they ought no tell em what they spellin on MySpace dot com  
Bold type face rhetoric  
You gon' clickety click and get your head split  
What the hell you look like on a message board  
Discussing whether or not the brother is hard core  
I ain't got to prove to any of you  
That anything I ever said was is the truth but I'm ready to do it  
And do it leisurely, Ant give 10 beats a week  
So fuck it I'll put the record how it needs to be  
I understand I ain't perfect alright  
I been a thugged out nerd all my life  
Thank God I ain't got to serve dirt or snatch purses at night  
I feed people with the verses I write  
And I fill them with my personal strife  
Had some of y'all concerned for my life  
For what I've had the nerve to recite  
I cut my grass grow, bring the serpants to light  
Now baby you ain't never heard me I'm tight  
And I'm surgical like, with this bitch Jake  
You know that shit fuck around and get a closed casket and I'm old fashioned  
Trying to figure out how we got from Whipper Whip to this silly bullshit  
It's just so tragic  
But it ain't impossible to solve  
I ain't learned jack shit from Dorian at all  
Let me hear you abusing the culture I adore  
I'll come across the hall and get involved like this here

(Chorus:)

I'm just here to play my part, and inbetween scenes got to stay on guard  
I ain't way out y'all, you just don't get me dog  
You gon fuck around and miss me dog, it ain't my fault  
And they love the way I talk  
Eyes get real wide when I say my thoughts  
I ain't way out y'all, you just don't get me dog  
You gon fuck around and miss me dog, it ain't my fault(Verse 2:)  
Tabernacle my hand, expand to the size of a big black granite statue  
Divide it by the lightning speed that they can move  
It ain't an autograph, do that math I'm a smack you  
I like to pull up my pants and lean back too

Organic vegetables, mix em with fast food  
I'm Howard Stern meets Howard Zinn  
How could you not find a pal in him and get attracted too  
I take it back for you when possible  
If your hear this then I'm confiding in you  
Pop call me, "Ali what's bothering you  
Don't you want to tell your friends you and your father are cool"  
"NO." You got more X's than the Honorable Elijah Muhammed do  
But that ain't my problem with you  
Truth is your just an impossible dude  
You get hostile with fools when their honest with you  
I could make me a snide little comment or two  
But I don't see what that nonsense would prove  
I don't give fake props to the dude or walk around in his shoes  
I just do what the Qu'ran says to do and respect him  
Now I ain't even here to get clandestine  
But best believe I'm a get what's destined  
Be it an Escalade or a fixed up F10  
It's better than this bus, best friend believe that  
I ain't got a free minute to lean back  
Spiderman 2 coming out and Faheem need that  
Plus I wanna teach him how to read on a Leap Pad  
Shining bright, smiling like "look at me dad! "  
That's the shit that I'm in to I defend to the death  
That I'm every bit as gangster as them fools  
If I wasn't G I wouldn't flow like this  
If you were really a G you wouldn't know I exist, you bitch  
(I don't understand what they're sayin'  
But little did they know they could get a smack for that, man)  
So I'd advise you to shut the fuck up  
Silly muhfucka  
(Chorus)(Bridge: x2)  
I said clap your hand to the beat y'all  
'Cause the beat make you clap your hands  
I said clap your hand to the beat y'all  
'Cause the beat make you clap your hands

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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