

Lovin' It

Little Brother

Oh we get started up one more time
I got the number down right here, I'm looking at it
I couldn't believe she would do me like that be
I just don't understand it dog, can't understand it

Ladies and gentleman,
Wanna welcome y'all back to "The Minstrel Show"
Thank y'all for tuning in; y'all keep watching a lotta the station
But y'all touring us right now
And it feels so beautiful
Performing at black face tonight!
It's my nigga, Joe Scudda
Coming up a little bit later on in the show
I just wanna thank y'all for just tuning in

It's like this yo

Yo, when 'Te pulls his verses out
Promoters pull their purses out
That, money for a purchase out
The charge card that they swipe for the worst amounts
'Cause this is business, not personal
Thought I would switch my personnel
Like Big Doe and Big Pooh would be the first to bounce
But y'all, niggaz is boring me, y'all never gon' change
And please, join a sorority, go step your game up
Y'all boys ain't ready for damage, you need extra planning
You in the game, but you off-size and gotta extra man
And I'm the coach doing your reprimanding
I got a team to run, boy respect my standards
And when I'm on the mic y'all should expect the grandest
Showing lyricism ever let 'em know who your man is
It's Phonte (a ch- a ch- a ch- a check it now)

[Chorus:]

Don't stop, can't stop, yes I wanna
(So gutter)
Can't stop, won't stop, yes I wanna
(Little Brother)
Don't stop, can't stop, yes I wanna
(And all across the world, the fly ladies and girls, tell me they lovin' it)
Can't stop, won't stop, yes I wanna
Don't stop, can't stop, yes I wanna
(East Coast say they lovin' it)
Can't stop, won't stop, yes I wanna
(Midwest say they lovin' it)
Don't stop, can't stop, yes I wanna
(All worlds say they lovin' it)
Can't stop, won't stop, yes I wanna

Its rapper Big Poo!

I got a prob' with, niggaz speaking gossip
Talkin' bout what you know, nothing it is nonsense
That's a Bronson, Charlie take precaution
Get you sold on the block, no not an auction
Dearly departin'

I'm not a G, but I move like they move
With a head full of smarts man
Here these niggaz go rambling

'Cause they don't know about the business we be handling (But let em know!)
Constant hits keep em scrambling
Till the stores, till the shelves dismantlin' (And?)
And what's that joint ninth sampling?
Pooh and 'Te on the mic, them bastards them, (Damn!)
And your women, we attractin' them
And if you ever wanna know what's happening
We tell 'em
It's Joe Scudda!

I wake up every morning, holding my dick
Going through life like I know I'm the shit, ya ain't fucking with me
So why try? Why go that route?
Why take that street? You can't take that heat?
Man your whole flow weak, we will take that beat
Put our own words on it, we will make that street
To the crowds and the masses, and all I ask is
Don't settle for the average, rap cabbage-
Heads; yeah you heard what I said, we the best here
'Cause our worst days be better than your best years
We your worst fears
So get up, get out, and get somethin'
Man, its only getting worse here
Joe Scudda, little brother, man we family
And we here forever so understand me