

Can't Stop Us

Little Brother

Ya'll know what time it is
And Justus for All
Little Brother
It's that time again
Time to get loose
Time to give it to em'
We gon' keep doin' our thing
Get it right to the people
Yeah, let's get it goin'

Yo, give the drummer some, Pipe down, give the plumber some
You are checking out the number one
Assassinator of lame ducks
Phontigga got the game fucked like a cummerbun
Young C, we got another one
Giving these niggaz another run for their money
I'm the crap table when them dice get hot
Phonte doin' shock, put your money on the spot
People wanna ask Tay, "Why you so mad?"
I say it's because comfortable niggaz like you ain't made enough
The war for our minds, just intensifies
We got bigger fish to fry, nigga so +batter+ up
We on the battlefield with the monster, man
Pretty soon your own thoughts gonna be contraband
They can harass, abuse, and try to knock us
As long as we got breath, man, they can't stop us

A dedication to all the DJs keepin our music alive
All the people wantin' real Hip-Hop all over the world
As long as we out here doing out thing
They won't be able to shut us down, baby
This what we do, man
It's who we are, it's us, right here

Fuck out of here, I just started gettin' mine
Niggaz got they hands out like an All State sign
Where were they when I was down on me luck
Now the beggin' for change, them niggaz came wit a squuigy and a cup
Another one is bitin' the dust; tables turned
I'm the man now, bitches fightin' over to fuck
See the best in New York is in the South
I gained a few pounds, no the overweight love is in the house
Shades on, I'm ready to stunt; Ladies love me
You couldn't pay a broad enough money to front
Not a chance, this nigga is nice; I was a "Thriller"
Way before Michael Jackson teamed up with Vincent Price
You mad and you ready to fight?
I'm buffin your face on sides til you resemble a knife
You lost twice, lick your wounds and bounce
Chaundon it was a winner's name when it was announced

Some say I ain't reach my peak
Most niggaz max out after one year in the street
So you made a little tape, got a little pay
Nigga think he straight, til' he taste defeat
I see you in the mall next week, not a peep
Sellin' back change, cuz your ass can't eat

Listen, the game ain't built for the weak
Hammurabi Code, we don't turn the other cheek
The most consistent, the most complete
And still I got niggaz tryna play me cheap
That ain't a good look, you ain't heard I'm a good cook
And keep plenty recipes in my rap book
Most shook when they hear my name
It must be the skill, cuz I'm lacking the fame
There's plenty of areas, where I could place the blame
I wouldn't be a man if I asked for change

I'd like to thank, all of the people
That's been ridin' and supportin' Little Brother
For the past five, six years
Also wanna thank all them hatin' muh'fuckers
That's been downin' us for the past five, six years
Ha, I love it, ha, I love it