

Fan Mail

Little Brother

Rapper Pooh's in the motherfuckin buildin
Phonte's in the buildin, Joe Scudda's in the buildin
DJ Babu's on the motherfuckin BEAT!
From NC, to LA

"Regulatin this game, fuck a critic
Cause when I'm spittin, I'm a split your shit in! "

Here we go, yo; niggaz tryna box me in
How the fuck am I suppose to win?
Bruh, Poobie stay cool like I'm West Coast pimpin with Schwinn
I'm a keep doin me, I just pimp with a pen
Til the day that I reach my end
I'm a always do me first, fucker 'fore I let you in
Ronnie J. is my next-to-kin, and to be frank
Muh'fuckers I ain't take it from him (take it from him)
I done been criticize, critique to stone
Even had people tell me I should leave it alone
How you gon throw rocks, but you don't want the throne
Try and keep a nigga outta his zone
You ain't never wrote a rap in your life,
Or even handle bars to put yourself on the mic, but you talk about ME
If I talk about you, you won't buy my CDs'
I'm talkin 'bout y'all, tell me what it's gon be, WHAT!

(Holla, holla, holla, holla)
I'm just huuuuman
I'm onnnnly a maaaaaaaan...
And I'm dooooooin the best that I caaaaaan, yeah...
I was yooooou, would you pleeeeeease understand, yeah...

{"Regulatin this game, fuck a critic
Cause when I'm spittin, I'm a split your shit in"}

Yeah, J-O, aiyyo I'm sick of all the whinin and the bitchin
I swear you act like a bunch of ladies
Cause all you every do is cry like a bunch of babies
Do you really think that y'all opinion with Joe will switch my flow?
Fuckin crazy; you done fell down and bumped your head
You can suck my dick, that's what the fuck Joe said
Simple and plain, I wanted you to catch that shit
I said it, I meant it, so NO I don't regret that shit
But I still got fans that keep it real with Joe
They love my cocky persona and the ignorant flow
They say, "Fuck 'em, ya ignorant Joe"
My manager told me to murder everything, so I'm killin 'em doe
And I'on't really give a fuck if you quote my shit
But it's me, and I should know cause I wrote my shit
Guess this game, truly is a gift and a curse
You said you hate me so I KNOW you gon luh this verse, what!

Peace to D.P.'s and Alchemisssst
And dis is dedicated to them bastard whicccch
Gave me and the crew dey ass to kiss
That's why I'm bout to be Reborn, this verse is just a Braxton hits
(C'mon) Just imagine if, you spend your whole life working hard
And still had niggaz hatin and frontin

Everybody, yeah they own your shit, but got they bones to pick
Like we was playin Operation or sumthin
Maybe then you might lose it, get a little madder
Wanna choke a nigga, maybe slap a cracka
Maybe rethink your whole strategy and be like,
"Fuck these rap geeks, I'm rhymin with Project Pat-a"
I know that's probably too much for y'all
I can tell on the nerves that I'm touchin on
I'm just stayin on my grind like bicuspid, dawg
I ain't got time to fuck with y'all, I'm doin ME, c'mon