

For You

Little Brother

Yea one two ya'll we about to set this like this on em
Little Brother, Justus league, Phonte, Big Pooh and it
Hey yo yo

Once again what you're hearing now is Phonte's
Power steering style, I'm killing niggas at will
Freestyle legend act, capture the ears of show veterans
When the stakes got raised like brown letterin
Down to the exact scale measurements, time to
Let these motherfuckers know exactly what it is I represent
Real rhymes, you prone to remember me, I roam
Like a cell phone in Italy in search of the real shit
Was lookin for niggas who could reck laws and
Rhyme for they personal pleasure till four in the morn
With my back and my chest sore and never have to press
Pause till I stop the tape and hit em with a yes ya'll
Phonte still considered the best deliverer of threat
Troubled nigga got more issues then jet
If you a showin put your stage up, cornball niggas
Throw your maze up, Microsoft niggas say word and page up
To this new style that's about to open doors
Carolina sickness that I wrote with force
Then smack a nigga like he broke his jaws, on the real man
Y'all niggas out there is just a hopeless cause

Right now, what you need
Phonte true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for you

You nice as this, so I'm a verbal chemist
Scientist on the mic yo societies menace
Hip-hop's Popeye and the beats is spinach
No need for olive oil cause her feets is lemon
Overlooking blue notes cause they speech is gimmick
Give a fuck about your car if the jeep is rented
You cheap nigga, it ain't even got features in it
Like to talk about money when you can't even spend it
This is real life and there's more things that's hollow
The tips that chicks swallow throw up tomorrow
Or shells that pierce chests leaving niggas to death
Whispering last words and taking their last breath
Only the mimic emcees is left
Watch em search the earth so they can grieve what's left
Even every rappers know we the best of the best
I'm the reason why most of ya'll keep tapes in ya decks

Right now, what you need
Big Pooh, true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for you
It's for you
Ohh Ohh, Ohh Ohh
It's time to settle the score
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for you

Now for the low low price of only 8.99
Witness Phonte slice a phony, and spit a rhyme
That will settle your bets in 30 measures or less
I stay ahead of the rest with incredible text

We fire off like its New Year's Eve, Pooh is here for
Sucka emcees, this year I made it hard to breathe
I'm the shit so your squad can't leave, got them waiting
To applaud in the club, standing tall like trees

Making the crowd cheer massively, I tell niggas
Ya'll ain't wack, y'all just sound wack rhyming after me
Cause I'm the most magnificent, life is a blessing
And I'm living it, for better worse or indifferent

Thugs getting open to me, and yo mad
Hands up in the air like I told them to freeze
9th Wonder on the boards, who it supposed to be
Rock bottom to the calm standing close to me

Ya'll niggas know ya'll out of there, come on with the real
Ya'll niggas faking the funk, come with it

Right now, what you need
Big Pooh, true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for you
It's for you
Ohh Ohh, Ohh Ohh
It's time to settle the score
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for you