

Grown Man

Little Brother

Uh, okaaaay
Yeah, it's gorgeous

I wrote this rhyme in Hawaii while admiring the beautiful stars
To go to big dip on Jupiter, Mars
And from a yard in Brooklyn, hit my usual bars
I rock the Japanese denim and the Cuban cigars
Pack my trees coming in from the Bay
Like Too \$hort I chill with Long Beach Mike and
Dave New York it's, Mr. International, I paddle down a hundred rivers
Know enough, then I show up rollin with a hundred niggas
I pull my pants up and start forcin up like dancer
Get up, stand up, we need to man up
I got a picture of my kids as my screensaver
A grown ass man, I stopped dressin like a teenager
Plus I got my executive bars up
These regular art-usts just reckless and none trust
Cussin cause the streets tight brewed where I come from
The only streets you know is the white dude from London, please

You ain't got a leg to stand on
I'm the man in every city that I land on
I'm in your spot, I'm putting me and my mans on
Don't mind me, I'm just getting my grown man on
Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on
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Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on
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It's a hundred outside, sixty-five in the ride
Butter soft seats, linin on, see me slide
Out, no yeses, know who the best is
Fuck who the rest is, my aura impresses
These young niggas start and stop with a necklace
Your turn Pooh but I like leavin em breathless
Green and purple haze, sprinklin some grey
Summer green low when I'm posted in the Bay
Underground in the A, I like home in DC
Any borough, any time, NYC
Back in NC, everybody
Feel a sense of pride when they hearin LB
Mick and Kweli makin music that's timeless
For the rhymeless, you can find this
{Where at? } In your grown ass man section
If you lookin for that other shit homie then keep steppin, uh

Uh, I was thinkin back on summer's past
When me and my niggas was rollin down Summit Ave.
Windows down with the pedal to the floor
Just how long ago? Man you don't wanna ask, hah
I laugh cause it passed by oh so quickly
And my life went just the way I planned it
I mean I know a nigga got signed cause he got rhymes
But I got kids, got bills, goddamn it
So I ain't got no time for that kiddy rap, chitter chat
Homie with each word I'm paintin a backdrop
Ain't got time for bullshitters cause life's the big picture

In each rhyme I give you a snapshot
Go to the crib and see old flames who missed they old frames
Talkin bout how their life passed em by
I tell em "Baby, you ain't got to be so cold
Just cause you twice as old don't mean you have to stop" uh