

Not Enough

Little Brother

We spent the last year writing rhymes doing shows and chopping records
And traveled all around the world to spread the message
'Cause ain't no rest for the weary when it comes to my team
We only sleep on December the 32nd
DJ's dissin' the album before they check it
Dealin' with their managers and program directors
And even though I try not to stress it
Sometimes it feels like a waste of time and not worth the effort

Naw but I won't let it
Put a block on my team's hustle for a second
Poobie keep it rushing, as long as Tay and I on the mic
And 9th is on the percussion, these fronting dudes can't say nothing
It was only time for we finally spoke out
Plenty cold nights ahead I suggest you get your coats out
No time to stand here lips poked out we bout to closeout that stored up doubt
And keep it moving

Seems like whatever I do
It's not enough for you
I paid the cost and gave you my all
But you still want more
I'm still standing right here
But it seems so unfair
That I sacrifice and give you my life
But you still want more

Been a long time comin'
But damn we just made it
So much to discuss so frustrated
Yes, I must say that the industry lost touch
Radio better play this, 'cause Tay's style is nuts
And y'all's is just dated
It's history in the making
When I write it for all of N.C., call me the state pen
And now I'm making my name for those who hate that I'm
Staking my claim just like Nationwide
Radio, them suckas never play us
Took our wax to the station and they straight played us
That's how the game got contaminated
And now they sayin' we're at fault like the San Andreas

And still trying to play us
But not spin the record or disc
I got a fire burning deep that will not be extinguished
I mean this from the depths of my soul
People no more mind talk let my heart take control (ohhhhh)

- Listen to this, just listen to this
- Uh, right now, we gettin' it right now and now we gonna give you what you want
- Just listen to this, just listen to this
- I'm talking you, you, you, and all of you in the back
and in the middle in the front, come on

Homie, this here is pain

I'm speaking on this pitiful thing
That's now forever stained in the banks of my memory
You probably like, 'they running this, b'
But naw, I'll doubt we'll ever be
Its funny cats don't remember me
And don't think cause we all here that its gonna be all we
Or all love, its all bugged
Trying to mask them emotions with pounds and hugs
No more I say gotta make'em pay
'Cause I'm tired of getting stepsonned in the worst way just wait
Them chips on my shoulder getting attached
When my pockets catch up Pooh's never turning back

Yo I ain't never heard a act to blow and go global
Then come back home and still be called local
And when we onstage the people they all front
Dope beats, dope rhymes what more do y'all want (shout it out)