

On The Way

Little Brother

Just to let niggas know, what time it is
Phonte, Big Pooh and 9th Wonder
Little Brother, never be another
For the real y'all haha
Check it, like this baby

Now that finally we done reached a settlement
I rhyme at the crime scene and purposefully leave the evidence
The honourable, least benevolent
It's 'Te spitting game like a ref with a speech impediment
Whether they radical screamin "Impeach the President"
Or a senator caught in Middle East embezzlement
I never ease the elegance, Phonte - he's the delegate
Sent to tell all your peeps they delicate
For fuckin with a pro, steppin out of your element
I came to spit truth cause y'all need it
Natural, man of all seasons, used to have a fetish for weed
Women and breaks and I like them all seedless
Now I'm laid back in the spots that y'all frequent
Embarressin niggas that y'all used to call leaders
Won't stop till our shit bangs in all speakers
The word of this brother - y'all heed it

Now we on the way y'all, we on the way y'all
The shinin light lookin for a better day y'all
We on the way y'all, we on the way y'all
We makin moves, ain't there no time to play y'all
We on the way y'all, we on the way y'all
The shinin light lookin for a better day y'all
We on the way y'all, we on the way y'all
It's 9th Wonder, Big Pooh and Phonte y'all

Hip Hop's newest jack takin over the carter
Pure 80's, we rock harder than your LA starters
Serving greens for the price of blacks
Get your salary taxed, off the top cause you over the cap
Life on the de-ly is hard shit
We re-write the script and spit hard till we soak the mic
I'm down to grind if the price is right
There's been too many nights
Two stepping back was the way of life
So we push till them fiends smile, full court press meanwhile
Back in the locker room shit is wild
Players frontin on each other's style
They show but we tryna win the crowd
But I respect money, only as far as this music go
If it's any other shit homeboy just take it personal
Three-pointer on that, foes know the story
Have a nice day, to better high lister for me

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Yeah, it's like this baby
Feel it, it's like this
(On and on and on and on and on...)
Uh, feel me
Check it out

Come take a walk with a nigga
They say the rap world is like a corn field - all these ears be stalkin a nigga
Hangin on my every word and syllable
Like the finest of herbs and minerals
{And the talking like they feelin you
The plan's unoriginal, the place un-habitual
Your shit compared to mine, we'll see who remember you
Back on the block like the Great Q}
I rhyme till they hate you
And fans wonder why they overate you
{Steady sinkin fast and your niggas wasn't faithful}
Betrayed you, but my fam is tighter than Nike strings
Your crew verse LB - nice dream
I pick my niggas like Joe Jackson and Katie for Ice Cream
It's time to make moves and start takin off
I write so my thoughts won't be un-channelled
Like a nigga with the cable off
And this is food for thought
Get a plate nigga, finish what you take off motherfucker...

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It's 9th Wonder, Big Pooh and Phonte y'all}