

So Fabulous

Little Brother

Good evening ladies and gentleman, this is Eddie Hendricks the legend
I want to thank y'all for comin' out this evening
And I'm sorry 'bout that \$2 coverage charge, but we have to pay the entertainment

As I present to you Phonte, Big Pooh, 9th Wonder
So y'all just put yo hands together as we bring to the stage, Little Brother
Little Brother, y'all go 'head and do a little somethin' for 'em

Hey, I flew in from NC to keep us movin' on schedule
Nap, gold shit, I came unforgettable
Writin' on the plane, these words is barely legible
But once again back is the incredible
The Little Brother, we number one
Always getting' the job done, we some smooth operators
Haters come close, but they can't touch
Run back and they can't rush, imagine dat shit
Jay Dee's dreams is plastic
I'm tired of stretchin' money out like elastic
Drastic measures we gon' have to take
Like servin' classes up fresh out da gate
Without the papes (papers) we 'bout to get this rap shit nailed down
Cause stakes (steaks) is high, so I eat at Taco Bell now
Yo, get it up cause it's alright for y'all to yell now
Wearin' yo' Avirex, the cowry shell down

It's so beautiful, so fabulous
So exclusive, so extravagant
We money makin' (show stoppin' emcees)
Neva fakin', keep on

If you think you can out rhyme me, boy I bet
I ain't met the motherfucka who can do that yet
Why their played out rhymes remain odd
I stay cool like James Todd, and still remain dominant
Up in yo spot tonight, we steady rockin' it
And I'm gonna knock you out, just like mama said
To Lenny, blunt smokes, cigarettes, Henny
But it's somethin' 'bout these hoes, Lord forgive me
I stepped in about a quarter pass, you know, whatever
I'm tryin' to get up on some ass, like whatever
And grab a quick bite by the end of the night
I drain tryin' to complain, and knees killin' me, right
But you know we got dat hot shit
Known to rock da block, and cause turbulence when you in da cock pit
Cool. Cause he don't get upset
I grab a bucket of wings, get some snacks, and I jet

MC P O, people call me Pooh
When I'm bustin' up the party, I'm a rock fa you
9th is cuttin' up for the
Niggas in the Justice League
And to you rappers takin' all figures
For industry niggas, da ball players
Droppin' 'em off of all makers
With yo' whole team in ambulances
We buildin' more beef than cattle ranches
Against the snowstorms and avalanches

Well, it was one of those days (not much to do)
I was steady writin' rhymes (for the Little Brother crew)
Of the two be Phonte, and 9th, plus Eccentric
And Big Doe in case I didn't mention
(But did you tell 'em 'bout the League) Oh yes, the League of Justice
(And did you remember what they need) These kids, they want substance
Rhymes and beats keep my day flowin' lovely
But I'm a save crumbs and pass it off to Doug E
This is all about no doubt for Little Brother
But first, let's take a moment to recover
{Beatbox} Shwang
This has been writtin', it's never bitin'
You keep forgettin' the lyrics on tracks that I'm spittin'
The only thing worse are the emcees that I'm rippin'
They talkin' shit and wishin'
Some of these guys getting' all hurked up
From a ghost-writtin' rhyme by a chump, word up
It don't make you a big man, and
To wanna diss Little Brother man, and
We all know, it's part of the plan (Why?)
Cause Phonte and Pooh is in full demand

One time for your mind, one time for your mind
One time for your mind, one time for your mind
One time for your mind, two times for my nigga Big Pooh
Three times for my Greensboro dimes, seven times whatever
I don't trip, Doe don't trip, 9th don't trip, Leg don't trip
Mike don't trip, Te don't trip, Justice League forever now