

# The Honorable

Little Brother

Okay, we runnin it now  
Like this baby, feel it  
Yo, get out your pens and pads, get out your pads and pens  
Guitars, keyboards, 8-tracks and your mandolins  
It's real music, real business that we handlin  
Bout to bring the real shit back so stop the panickin  
Go cast your votes on it and put your folks on it  
Pushing my knee sign but still payin notes on it  
It ain't a classic till that nigga 'Te done spoke on it  
Holy Grail shit, call the Vatican and poke on it  
With our immaculate flows makin the fans cuckoo  
Smackin my hoes leavin em bamboozled  
I'm not a teacher, just a grand pupil  
A Pit Bull walkin hard and talkin shit over these damn Poodles  
That ain't outspoken, there's no way I could be outspoken  
As long as 'Te is on the mic, ignite this mouse holdin  
If niggas from the South ruin - the head doctor got your spouse chokin  
With her mouth open, get it right bitches

Let's get it on niggas, they thought they could hang with us  
Their bad, just a pain to us, we trained to flush  
Out the weak links that's chained to us  
Real cats can't afford to give slack  
We battle back, now the League's in search of the ring  
Championship watchers do our thing  
Made for TV after-school specials and prime time  
The latest talk shows, now every broad knows  
And every squad goes to all of our shows  
It's so beautiful and that's the usual  
Heavy rotation, played on every radio station  
US, Asia, even hero every vacation  
It's so plain to see it's so plain to me  
This is not what I do, this is who I must be  
And it's not just me cause it's just we  
Hip Hop passed the torch, now I rest comfortably

I ain't both of us but I can smell your feminine fragrance  
So foul, rappers started callin me flagrant  
Bein South dog is my duty  
And I agree with Teddy Riley, when you on the mic I see booty  
All your TV sounds obsolete  
Why would I need BET when I got hits on the street?  
Fuck who I offend when I say this  
Cause your name show the first with an asterisk on Wendy Willaims gay list  
You're so wack I can't stand it  
Your rap book is holdin onto more junk than Fred G. Stanford  
You nicer than me? Nigga please  
You can battle like samurai and still take an L in Japanese  
If my name's in your mouth, every time the wind blows  
I toss your Microsoft ass out of ninety-eight windows  
Tough talk niggas be scared on the low  
Every time I come around they speak in binary codes  
Got em wishin all day that I disappear  
Cause I keep startin new shit like freshman air  
I'm about to climb the charts like "Pardon me dogs"  
I keep motherfuckers jumpin like lottery boards motherfucker...