

# The Listening

Little Brother

Yo, I bought a brand new album today  
Decide to take it home kick off my shoes relax and play  
And spin it for the whole joint cause I like to ge the whole point  
Music is everything to me and I refuse to rock the piece  
Cause you're my favorite emcee  
All I want is what you would ask of me; Hi Kwelity  
And some Definition  
Wonder why we bootleg like it's prohibition  
It's difficult it's dismissing  
I got suspicions that your ears to the streets where we're whispering  
Are you listening?  
I took your LP to DC, where some youngins  
Gave me the LD on how it should be  
Make sure the beat knock 'til the trunk pop  
And everybody pause when you cruise down the block  
Roll down your window and they ask what you playin  
But don't nobody care what you're sayin...  
That's what they told me y'all

This is a message for our people chasing benjamins  
With real rhymes and skills they believing in  
Keeping them bad tapes rolling like michellin  
it don't matter, cause niggaz ain't listening  
They ain't listening, they thinkin bout they timbalands  
They say the shit we talk about ain't interestin  
We got a better chance of blowing up in switzerland  
Holla if you hear it cause niggaz ain't listening

Music was my sanctuary so I take a long listen  
To hip hop living out my life in songs wishin  
My parents I could get along with them  
So I would go inside my room and dig deep inside the strong rhythms  
Back when fresh was the word, and raw was on prism  
Marley on the boards, plus Kane was long livin  
G rap and A spittin murderous  
Bought long live the kane sat down and learned every word of it  
Sneakin my walkman in the homeroom playin it  
Listen for punchlines delivery and cadences  
But nowadays it's like niggaz wanna play with it  
They hear some good shit but don't stop to savor it  
Like one night we was out in my whip  
With some broads just chillin playin demos and shit  
Asked 'em how I sounded rockin the mike  
One chicl told me all she listened to was beats, thank god for ninth  
Trying to get pressed on vinyl cause muh'fuckers buy your CD  
But turn around don't even know your song titles  
Like track 2 is hot, and track 6 is long  
Ain't even listening, I'm hoping I get through to y'all

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Fly Motorola diploma style ice niggaz  
Asparagus rosemary chips for all my nice niggaz  
We roll through niggaz masked in vengeance  
U-Haul emcess chasing Brown Sugars  
And you thought that it would never happen  
Thought that it would never happen  
My clever rappin keeps my celery growing  
Judy Jetson up in Elroy's thought he was home  
With the Gold Bond Armor-All fatigues on  
Rosey in the pantry with Velma and Shaggy getting they lean on  
He sweeter than a Whitney Hous' track hittin them high notes  
And Alex Keaton always frontin like he high post  
Screaming on Justine when he flippin the script  
Tony Danza left a playa celibate  
Rippin rhymes for the hell of it  
Check all these bitches on my Soul Glow city  
Walkin round with Madagascar titties  
Imported for my Cole Train leaves ya elephant niggaz  
Yo peace Jovan the sky be purple and orange. . .

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