

# We Got Now

Little Brother

Ye-yeah, one more time, one last number  
Chaundon, where you at, nigga?  
It's the future right here, man  
We startin' it right now, let's get it goin', Big Pooh, uh  
My attitude real shitty, temper short  
My mind cluttered like the streets of New York  
I ain't tryin' to take a "L" 'cause I casually fought  
This shit, real serious not casual sport  
Let time fly by as I pen these thoughts  
And I'm speedin' through life wit my car in park  
And even in the day sometimes it's dark  
And that cloud hoverin' low is not the worst part  
Second guessin' yourself, tryin' to remain sharp  
See niggas blowin' up, who ain't got yo, spark, uh  
And that alone is a burden to carry  
Either you'll get strong or you'll get buried  
And rap keep plenty room in the cemetery  
Pull out your Blackberry's, change yo itineraries  
I mean you could be the shit today  
Then tomorrow wake up, fame blown away  
And homey, on the real, ain't nothin' you can say  
That's why I work hard now, got later to lay  
In the sands on the beach, mixin' drinks wit Belvy  
The world gon' remember my name, motherfuckers  
Now they heard some of yo' songs and peeped you from the side  
And watched yo videos and seen the car you drive  
Chill and we know what to expect, my nigga  
Done seen it all before, I ain't impressed, my nigga  
But they heard some of our songs and peeped us from the side  
And came out to the shows and seen us on the grind  
Chill and this is how we get down, motherfuckers  
We don't care who got next, this is now, motherfuckers  
I tried to work with niggas, don't wanna jerk them niggas  
But everybody runnin' around thinkin' they murderers  
Gave birth to niggas and when I burp them niggas  
The spit up old lines that I fed to them earlier  
And this is what the state of hip-hop is like  
I'm thinkin', "Damn, this cannot be right"  
And I agree that everybody's a biter but if you Xerox the style  
Then that's infringin' on my copy, right?  
It's the bottom of the 9th with no extra innings  
And we all in the game tryin' to collect our pennants  
And from the old school, I'm a direct descendant  
And y'all can feel it at the end of each and every sentence  
'Cause underground rap is just incense and gimmicks  
An image, they phone in for ten cents a minute  
I knew that since I entered, the rap game, my style  
Would have niggas takin' it back but what about now?  
I think about the youth and how their minds are so closed  
'Cause now "Rap City" look like "Video Soul"  
And that's a sad state of affairs but no need to despair  
'Cause we the next ones that's takin' it there, ya know  
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And came out to the shows and seen us on the grind  
Chill and this is how we get down, motherfuckers  
We don't care who got next, this is now, motherfuckers  
A note to my opponents, yeah, I got now  
And I always got next 'cause I seize every moment  
I'm an opportunist with ambition, keep an eye  
On that number one spot before it wind up missin'  
And the heart of this being is the art of MC-in'  
I feel I'm God with the flow 'cause people started believin'  
Huh, so what I'm cocky, who gon' stop me?  
Twist hoes, leave 'em knock knead, smile for paparazzi  
This is how I get down, got a crib in every hood  
So I'm always the hottest nigga in town  
Hate it or love it, who fuckin' with our music?  
Yeah, y'all niggas are the shit when it comes to bowel movements  
Pooh showed and proved it, can't sleep on his game  
'Te converted all the currency with foreign exchange  
Up next to rock the booth is a rapper named Chaundon  
The Bronx Borough President with "No Excuses"  
Doubtin' me is foolish, don't ask who produced this  
Knowin' damn well only 9th can do this, huh  
It's no secret, Lyor even know  
When me and Little Brother flow, it's guaranteed another video  
Now they heard some of yo songs and peeped you from the side  
And watched yo videos and seen the car you drive  
Chill and we know what to expect, my nigga  
Done seen it all before, I ain't impressed, my nigga  
But they heard some of our songs and peeped us from the side  
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Chill and this is how we get down, motherfuckers  
We don't care who got next, this is now, motherfuckers  
On behalf of myself, Phonte, Big Pooh and 9th Wonder  
And the whole cast of 'The Minstrel Show'  
I wanna thank y'all for watchin' this shit  
I ain't gon' front, only reason I took this job  
'Cause I need the money, I don't need, yo, I ain't gon' front  
I don't give a fuck if UBN pull the plug on me, dawg, I-I gotta be real  
Y'all really wanna know how I feel about 'The Minstrel Show'?  
Y'all really wanna know how I feel about UBN?  
These goddamn crackers get on my motherfuck