For You

Little Brother

Yeah, one two y'all we about to set this like this on 'em
Little Brother, Justus league, Phonte, Big Pooh and it, hey yo yoOnce again what you're hearing now is Phonte's
Power steering style, I'm killing niggas at will
Freestyle legend act, capture the ears of show veterans
When the stakes got raised like brown letterin'Down to the exact scale measurements
Time to let these motherfuckers know exactly what it is
I represent real rhymes, you prone to remember me
I roam like a cell phone in Italy in search of the real shitWas lookin' for niggas who could reck laws and
Rhyme for they personal pleasure till four in the mornin'
With my back and my chest sore and never have
To press pause till I stop the tape and hit 'em with a yes y'allPhonte still considered the best deliverer of threat
Troubled nigga got more issues then jet
If you a showin' put your stage up, cornball niggas
Throw your maze up, Microsoft niggas say word and page upTo this new style that's about to open doors
Carolina sickness words I wrote with force
Then smack a nigga like he broke his jaws, on the real man
Y'all niggas out there is just a hopeless 'causeRight now, what you need
Phonte true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for youYou nice as this, so I'm a verbal chemist
Scientist on the mic yo societies menace
Hip-hop's Popeye and the beats is spinach
No need for olive oil 'cause her feets is lemonOverlooking blue notes 'cause they speech is gimmick
Give a fuck about your car, if the jeep is rented
You cheap nigga, it ain't even got features in it
Like to talk about money when you can't even spend itThis is real life and there's more things that's hollow
The tips that chicks swallow throw up tomorrow
Or shells that pierce chests leaving niggas to death
Whispering last words and taking their last breathOnly the mimic emcees is left
Watch 'em search the earth so they can grieve what's left
Even every rappers know we the best of the best
I'm the reason why most of y'all keep tapes in ya decksRight now, what you need
Big Pooh, true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for youIt's for you, oh oh, oh oh
It's time to settle the score
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for youNow for the low, low price of only eight ninety-nine
Witness Phonte slice a phony, and spit a rhyme

That will settle your bets in thirty measures or less
I stay ahead of the rest with incredible textWe fire off like its New Year's Eve, Pooh is here for
Sucka emcees, this year I made it hard to breathe
I'm the shit so your squad can't leave, got them waiting
To applaud in the club, standing tall like treesMaking the crowd cheer massively, I tell niggas
Y'all ain't wack, y'all just sound wack rhyming after me
'Cause I'm the most magnificent, life is a blessing
And yo, I'm living it, for better worse or indifferentThugs getting open to me, and yo mad
Hands up in the air like I told them to freeze
Ninth Wonder on the boards, who it supposed to be
Rock bottom to the calm standing close to meY'all niggas know y'all out of there, come on with the real
Y'all niggas faking the funk, come with itRight now, what you need
Big Pooh, true in deed
Little Brother on the mic
About to rock it for youIt's for you, oh oh, oh ohh
It's time to settle the score
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About to rock it for you

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