

The Listening

Little Brother

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 get 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 L-P to D-C, where some youngin's
Gave me the L-D 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 Benjamin's
With real rhymes and skills they believing in
Keeping them bad tapes rolling like Michellin
It don't matter, cause niggas 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 niggas 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 walk man in the homeroom playin' it
 Listen for punchlines delivery and cadences
 But nowadays it's like niggas 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 chick told me all she listened to was beats, thank god for ninth
 Trying to get pressed on vinyl cause motherfuckers 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 niggas
 Asparagus rosemary chips for all my nice niggas
 We roll through niggas masked in vengeance
 U-Haul emcees 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 niggas
 Yo peace Jovan the sky be purple and orange
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