

"Whoop whoop whoop"

Yo, this be unorthodox  
Dunn awesome ock  
Niggas ain't on they job  
Dumb off the clock  
I'm all on my watch  
Y'all all have to watch  
How I made niggas run into a halt and stop  
Hot  
Scorchin' mic devices  
Nice since, Morgan Freeman got his driver's license  
Niggas bars aight, but really that hype shit  
Is Torae, Phonte, Big Pooh and Khrysis  
Whoop whoop is the sound of the po po  
But the sound of my vocals, sound like a choke hold  
All over these so called  
Niggas that's so dope  
Nigga you about as hot as a snow cone  
(You so gone)  
Your monic is monic go way about your head like yamakas  
I'm fire everyday like it's Chanukah  
Thermometer monitor  
Meteoric measurer barometer  
Rhymin' niggas don't wanna follow, huh  
The Donald Goines of flowin'  
Cause when I pen it, I go when I'm heartless/Hart less  
Like the brothers of Owen  
I already got it done I'm just keepin' it goin'  
This is grown folk talk  
Youngin' speak when you spoken  
Hopin' the hopeless note these bars that I wrote  
If you devote your focus you could come as dope as this  
This track's atrocious  
The verses too  
Cause we got Khrysis on the board like he's surfen' dude

Yeah, it's Little Brother. My nigga Khrysis on the beat. My nigga Tor.  
Let's show these niggas what MCin' sounds like man.

Ayo, get on the mic spit a couple of verses  
Make niggas give it up like "What the fuck is my purpose?  
Cause he's such an elaborate wordsmith."  
Phon-teezy  
Spit greezy like a bucket of churches  
Three piece  
These streets wanna see what I'm workin' with  
So you Ringling niggas can stop that Circus shit  
Y'all got hip hop soundin' like kids-bop  
So I'm gonna murk these tracks like Berkowitz  
The Son Of Samuel, watch me surface with  
A new rhyme that make y'all wack niggas call time out  
Let's talk real shit  
If you can't feel this  
You sniffin' that Lohan or smokin' that Winehouse  
I'm on the grind now  
Just tryin' to find out

If y'all niggas really gonna waste your time  
Takin' shots at Phonte, wastin' all your rhymes  
Wanna step to the kid, you done lost your mind  
I'll do your school of thought like Columbine  
Can't stay there in Virginia Tech all combined  
I'm a Reservoir Dog like?  
Tell the truth when most niggas will hardly drop  
When I roll through the borough they say, "Phonte home."  
When I spit that hard shit they say, "Phonte wrong."  
Sang a hook, they be like, "Uww, that's Phonte's song."  
24 bars, it's over nigga, Phonte gone  
Like uh uh on

Hear ye hear ye, come one come all  
Niggas pray and pray on my downfall  
I can get knocked down, be back tomorrow  
Pooh still looks fresh, no scrapes or scars  
Get on my Suge Knight, puff on a cigar  
Or my Tracy Chapman, this is my guitar  
And my best so far, continues to be light years and your sub par  
Like if we both box, with me you couldn't spar  
Be who you are, that's lame my nig  
I'm a be who I am, won't change for shit  
Greatest in my hands with a hell of a grip  
Don't quit your day job, that's a hell of a tip  
Kind of funny finding you on mine, don't trip  
I write rhymes daily  
Records come yearly  
Got to make sure all my people gon' hear me  
Told y'all sincerely, I won't quit  
Triumph in my words, every line I spit  
Jim Crow wack niggas, to the back you sit  
It's Rapper Big Pooh, small minds don't fit  
Tell 'em H.O.J. is the crew I'm with  
Bull City down here, better come meet quick  
Even on black ice, won't see me slip  
Put the pressure on niggas, make 'em all submit  
What what what