

Back At It

Little Brother

(We back at it!)

Uh, and like that I'm back at it to win
Rapper Pooh muh'fucker, don't ask again
So what I'm from the South, I don't "snap" with trends
I'm tryna fill my backpack, to the top with ends
Wanna ride real low and drive slow in the Benz
Play a lil' D-Brock, put 'em on to some skins
When you done, pass that broad right back to yo friends
It ain't no fun if the homies cain't spin 'er
But that's later thinkin, I'm up later drinkin
I'm tryna come up on the beat that I can sink my teeth in
I get busy, "What shit was HE on? "
Poobie "prime time" get it shine like De-ion
I'm cold-blooded, you can call me Fre-on
Got a couple stripes homie, I'm no d-on
You seem concern with everything I be on
Album three's comin, bitch nigga now be warned!

I hear the people talkin all of the time
Sayin we out of they league, they must be outta they mind
They betta know somethin
(I say H-O-J, we back at it)
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)

My son love to said it, gun unsympathetic
Ones that ever dis-cuss, too much distrust
Went from rock fight to pickin brick up
Stick boards to stick-ups
Playin cops and robbers to hatin cops and robbin
Monopoly to the money and the power
Playin in the rain to playin with bitches in the shower
Bicycles to flossin Coupes with chrome to bright to view
From blue Icee's to the ice that's blue
From suede Puma to suede New Balance, "Good Times" to "Martin"
Water guns to the nines we sparkin
From George Jefferson, to George on Seinfeld
From, "you ain't fresh", to "y'all don't rhyme I'll"
From two turntables and a microphone
To weak niggaz livin off hype alone
'Mega here, niggaz scared like Tyson's home
And I still got my license, homes...
(Ay, yo yo...)

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Sayin we out of they league, they must be outta they mind
You betta know somethin
(I say H-O-J, we back at it)
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)
Yo, they think it's all a sport
Wanna talk the talk, but cain't walk the walk
When it's time, you betta show somethin
(I say H-O-J, we back at it) Yes, yes...
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)

I see 'em whisperin, sayin that we fallin off
And in his own town, treated like a foreigner

And that's the reason I ain't had any R&R
Cause these nights I'm "Remembering" like Shalamar
My own team sayin, "Nigga, you should go for yours"
"We underground, but fuck it! Rule 'em like overlords"
Cause they ain't see a nigga creepin through the corridor
All black, back drop, next stop the coroner
Body count now around three hunnid
Don't know how many ways I can tell you we run it
Witout bein redundant, niggaz scared to top me
Callin fours posse like we on Teen Summit
But this ain't a talk show, and I ain't yo guest star
Even on our worst day, you know who the best are
Tay is not the one to test par, X marks the spot
You a target, good night and God bless y'all
Silly white folks say, "He speak so well
Cause he got a way with words, it's so extraordinary"
Give you a peak into my intimate thoughts
Givin these I-lliter-ate niggaz where all the fuckin coronaries
You ain't gotta worry who the next man is
Work your own grind, use it to your ad-vantage
Sensitive ass niggaz stop bein so {? }
Phontigga that nigga, and yes he's back at, UH!