

## For You

### Little Brother

Yea one two ya'll we about to set this like this on em  
Little Brother, Justus league, Phonte, Big Pooh and it  
Hey yo yo

Once 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 shit  
Was lookin for niggas who could reck laws and  
Rhyme for they personal pleasure till four in the morn  
With my back and my chest sore and never have to press  
Pause till I stop the tape and hit em with a yes ya'll  
Phonte 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 up  
To this new style that's about to open doors  
Carolina sickness that 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 cause

Right now, what you need  
Phonte true in deed  
Little Brother on the mic  
About to rock it for you

You 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 lemon  
Overlooking 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 it  
This 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 breath  
Only 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 ya'll keep tapes in ya decks

Right now, what you need  
Big Pooh, true in deed  
Little Brother on the mic  
About to rock it for you  
It's for you  
Ohh Ohh, Ohh Ohh  
It's time to settle the score  
Little Brother on the mic  
About to rock it for you

Now for the low low price of only 8.99  
Witness Phonte slice a phony, and spit a rhyme  
That will settle your bets in 30 measures or less  
I stay ahead of the rest with incredible text

We 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 trees

Making the crowd cheer massively, I tell niggas  
Ya'll ain't wack, y'all just sound wack rhyming after me  
Cause I'm the most magnificent, life is a blessing  
And I'm living it, for better worse or indifferent

Thugs getting open to me, and yo mad  
Hands up in the air like I told them to freeze  
9th Wonder on the boards, who it supposed to be  
Rock bottom to the calm standing close to me

Ya'll niggas know ya'll out of there, come on with the real  
Ya'll niggas faking the funk, come with it

Right now, what you need  
Big Pooh, true in deed  
Little Brother on the mic  
About to rock it for you  
It's for you  
Ohh Ohh, Ohh Ohh  
It's time to settle the score  
Little Brother on the mic  
About to rock it for you