

Without You

Little Brother

Uh, yeah, uh, it's Rapper
Uh, I got my man, a newcomer to the HOJ
Jozeemo's in the building {Yes sir}
Uh, then I went to the west coast
And I got my man Bishop Lamont
Aftermath's in the building {West, west y'all}

I put my trust in it, swear to god no rushin it
Catch up, don't muster it
No rust when I bust, leave us discussin it
And this is the thanks I get
So you not happy and you threatenin to leave
If you walk away then that's how it's gonna be
I had a vision that I wanted you to see
But apparently it didn't translate to TV {Turn em off}
I'm top shelf yo picture that
You can't cause you busy with aristocrat drinkin
And this here is a risk in fact
Cause once it gets out ain't no reelin it back
Check how my pride though still intact
Bounce back with a smile, I'm just settin a trap
But some of y'all be settin be back
Got a mean two-step, that don't mean I tap
See it a uphill battle, that don't mean I pack
Put on look like money, that just mean I stack
A slow burner, truth like sojourner
See you back soon cause I'm a head turner
I earn the, respect I get
Hate when you talk sideways and ain't did shit
Can't live with or without you, that's real spit
Don't be mad, I'm just speaking my bit
I can't get enough of it

You the, only, one that I could ever kill for
I gotta get more
You the, only, one that I could ever live for
It's you I adore

Yo I don't care what the people say, I'll die if you leave today
You get around but I ride with you either way
For me to say you got me open is an understatement
I'm locked in till I'm under pavement
Somethin flagrant, kind of bold with it too
I got jealous when I heard you got a hold of my crew
But I knew that you was comin back to Jozee
Lookin all blue, don't believe you, now you got to show me
Now you got to roll me emotional oceans
Put me in the groove while I'm floatin and coastin
Pop when awoken, again in the nighttime
Get my grown man on and drown you in white wine
Dollar signs, high maintenance you are
But a date from the day you laugh straight to the mall
Many ways you can sex my heart
Just follow the map, X marks the spot

Fuck bitches... nah I mean literally fuck bitches
Then get back to your riches

Matter of fact let me make it exact
Do what I said in the verse and reverse the order of the rap
Meaning chase the paper first, them bitches will holler back
They cursed with insatiable thirst, they hunger for your stacks
Like Nosferatu these hoes will plot you
Open up their legs, booby trap, they got you
I sound like a woman hater though I try not to
But since I like to breathe motherfucker I got to
Switchin topics, what's up with this nonsense?
Wack ass jams with a built in dance
Rappers snap they fingers in a B-Boy stance
Radio play it all day but real rap no chance
Real rap don't mean take em to school
I like bitches, cars and money but I use my brains too

Yeah, there you have it
NC to CA, Little Brother and Bishop Lamont
Stop the simpin and get with the pimpin
Step ya game up niggas