

"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