(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 Seinfield 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...)

I hear the people talkin all of the time
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 quest 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!