Ya'll know what time it is
And Justus for All
Little Brother
It's that time again
Time to get loose
Time to give it to em'
We gon' keep doin' our thing
Get it right to the people
Yeah, let's get it goin'

Yo, give the drummer some, Pipe down, give the plummer some You are checking out the number one Assassinator of lame ducks Phontigga got the game fucked like a cummerbun Young C, we got another one Giving these niggaz another run for their money I'm the crap table when them dice get hot Phonte doin' shock, put your money on the spot People wanna ask Tay, "Why you so mad?" I say it's because comfortable niggaz like you ain't made enough The war for our minds, just intensifies We got bigger fish to fry, nigga so +batter+ up We on the battlefield with the monster, man Pretty soon your own thoughts gonna be contraband They can harass, abuse, and try to knock us As long as we got breath, man, they can't stop us

A dedication to all the DJs keepin our music alive All the people wantin' real Hip-Hop all over the world As long as we out here doing out thing They won't be able to shut us down, baby This what we do, man It's who we are, it's us, right here

Fuck out of here, I just started gettin' mine Niggaz got they hands out like an All State sign Where were they when I was down on me luck Now the beggin' for change, them niggaz came wit a sqwuigy and a cup Another one is bitin' the dust; tables turned I'm the man now, bitches fightin' over to fuck See the best in New York is in the South I gained a few pounds, no the overweight love is in the house Shades on, I'm ready to stunt; Ladies love me You couldn't pay a broad enough money to front Not a chance, this nigga is nice; I was a "Thriller" Way before Michael Jackson teamed up with Vincent Price You mad and you ready to fight? I'm buffin your face on sides til you resemeble a knife You lost twice, lick your wounds and bounce Chaundon it was a winner's name when it was announced

Some say I ain't reach my peak
Most niggaz max out after one year in the street
So you made a little tape, got a little pay
Nigga think he straight, til' he taste defeat
I see you in the mall next week, not a peep
Sellin' back change, cuz your ass can't eat

Listen, the game ain't built for the weak
Hammurabi Code, we don't turn the other cheek
The most consistent, the most complete
And still I got niggaz tryna play me cheap
That ain't a good look, you ain't heard I'm a good cook
And keep plenty recipes in my rap book
Most shook when they hear my name
It must be the skill, cuz I'm lacking the fame
There's plenty of areas, where I could place the blame
I wouldn't be a man if I asked for change

I'd like to thank, all of the people
That's been ridin' and supportin' Little Brother
For the past five, six years
Also wanna thank all them hatin' muh'fuckers
That's been downin' us for the past five, six years
Ha, I love it, ha, I love it