Yeah, uh. Rapper. Ha, yeah. Uh, some of that good LB shit. Ha, yeah, uh.

I ain't a freedom fighter I'm a freedom writer Doin' this shit in spite of People's opinions They all minions Be a mini Un Put this Jigga to your gut, stab yourself son Pardon my pun Great in my own mind I let the world find out on they own time Ascend to my prime Every step I climb Throw they two cents in Have a seat in line I'm just speakin' mine I tend to do that Broads over there wanna stare like, "Who dat?" Big brown nigga got tons of charm Rapper Pooh in this bitch, better ring the alarm I don't mean no harm Been deprived for years Just look at LB as you see our peers Won't see no tears Don't cry for me Got people out there that'll ride for me Church

So go off go on
LB back with a brand new joint
So fresh like a brand new morn
Play this everyday like a brand new song
It don't start till we say, "Go"
And it don't stop till we say so
We we don't stop till we make mo'
All the ladies say "Ow" and the fellas say "Ho"
Ho ho ho ho

Phontigga get on the mic and I dispel what-Ever lies you niggas would try to tell but They can't see Tay in his gangsta lean I'm fresh off the scene like a nigga yell, "Cut" Slidin' through your city Checkin' out the pretty ladies But they actin' all Raphael Saadiq/saditty "What you mean girl? You don't even know me. You probably used to niggas spittin' that Bo Peep Nursery rhyme shit can't compare to this strong ass, grown ass man Check out my goatee You missed the best one I'm off to the next one So hard to say goodbye, word to Cochise Me and Big Pooh comin' through on the chariot Rollin' over y'all buffoon ass niggas Cartoon ass niggas, y'all Hannah-Barbara/ians Phonte, number one, rhyme animal candidate

And I'm out

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