

# Grown Man

Little Brother

Uh, okaaaay  
Yeah, it's gorgeous

I wrote this rhyme in Hawaii while admiring the beautiful stars  
To go to big dip on Jupiter, Mars  
And from a yard in Brooklyn, hit my usual bars  
I rock the Japanese denim and the Cuban cigars  
Pack my trees coming in from the Bay  
Like Too \$hort I chill with Long Beach Mike and  
Dave New York it's, Mr. International, I paddle down a hundred rivers  
Know enough, then I show up rollin with a hundred niggas  
I pull my pants up and start forcin up like dancer  
Get up, stand up, we need to man up  
I got a picture of my kids as my screensaver  
A grown ass man, I stopped dressin like a teenager  
Plus I got my executive bars up  
These regular art-usts just reckless and none trust  
Cussin cause the streets tight brewed where I come from  
The only streets you know is the white dude from London, please

You ain't got a leg to stand on  
I'm the man in every city that I land on  
I'm in your spot, I'm putting me and my mans on  
Don't mind me, I'm just getting my grown man on  
Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on  
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Say what? Say what? I'm just getting my grown man on  
Don't mind me, I'm just getting my grown man on

It's a hundred outside, sixty-five in the ride  
Butter soft seats, linin on, see me slide  
Out, no yeses, know who the best is  
Fuck who the rest is, my aura impresses  
These young niggas start and stop with a necklace  
Your turn Pooh but I like leavin em breathless  
Green and purple haze, sprinklin some grey  
Summer green low when I'm posted in the Bay  
Underground in the A, I like home in DC  
Any borough, any time, NYC  
Back in NC, everybody  
Feel a sense of pride when they hearin LB  
Mick and Kweli makin music that's timeless  
For the rhymeless, you can find this  
{Where at? } In your grown ass man section  
If you lookin for that other shit homie then keep steppin, uh

Uh, I was thinkin back on summer's past  
When me and my niggas was rollin down Summit Ave.  
Windows down with the pedal to the floor  
Just how long ago? Man you don't wanna ask, hah  
I laugh cause it passed by oh so quickly  
And my life went just the way I planned it  
I mean I know a nigga got signed cause he got rhymes  
But I got kids, got bills, goddamn it  
So I ain't got no time for that kiddy rap, chitter chat  
Homie with each word I'm paintin a backdrop  
Ain't got time for bullshitters cause life's the big picture

In each rhyme I give you a snapshot  
Go to the crib and see old flames who missed they old frames  
Talkin bout how their life passed em by  
I tell em "Baby, you ain't got to be so cold  
Just cause you twice as old don't mean you have to stop" uh