

# Never Leave

Little Brother

Uh... yeah, it's so amazing  
{I'll never leave, I'll never leave, never leave baaaaa-baaaaay [x4]}  
Little Brother, Mick Boogie on the mixtape  
Aiiyyo Mick check it out man, it's a lotta niggaz  
That think Little Brother can't do no street joint, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
So now I-I gotta get on this track  
I gotta "Justify My Thug" a little bit, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
I gotta - I gotta go back and moisturize my situation, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
Let these boys know I can do it anyway they want, youknowwhatI'msayin?  
It's Phontigga, it's for the streets!

C'mon, this is for my niggaz on the corner  
Them boys on the block, steady movin that work  
All through your community, you need a fundraiser?  
Them boys'll come through and even slang it to church  
In the kitchen all day long over the stove, yep  
Servin them fiends, steady cookin them O's  
'Til the smell get all on they clothes; keep niggaz heavy  
In the streets, and they fuck the fattest of hoes  
See the fiends line up tryna get that fix  
Anytime, day or night, they'll scratch that itch  
Have you runnin to ya mans like, "This that shit!"  
Yeah, they paper stay long and they money is thick  
I know a lotta niggaz gon' have to run this back like  
"Damn Tay, when the fuck you start promotin crack?"  
It ain't as bad as it might seem; I'm just shoutin out  
My niggaz down at Krispy Kreme, now holla back, what?

{Love Unlimited sample plays while Phonte overlaps}  
OH! Krispy Kreme will never leave the streets, nigga!  
Dunkin' Donuts - FUCK 'EM!  
Little Debbie - FUCK 'EM!  
Glazed donuts, chocolate donuts, apple fritters,  
Whatever you need, it's NOTHIN!  
You get that Krispy Kreme, all the doe/dough boys go CRAAAZY, OH!  
Big Pooh, c'mon!

Yeah, I make moves, make money  
Made a lotta other people smile when shit wah'nt funny  
Always lookin out thinkin, "What they want from me?"  
I seen better times, everyday it ain't sunny  
When the birds ain't chirpin, niggaz at home  
Feelin sorry for themselves when they should be out workin  
Witness no hustle, seen no drive  
He feel hopeless, niggaz strivin and you wonder why you struggle  
In the past years, operated with a muzzle  
Saw moods change but thangs begin to bubble  
{?} hugs from women who now luh' you  
Sat back, watched all the pieces to the puzzle  
Put it all together, tryna make sense  
But until they see dollars, it ain't gettin no better  
Niggaz get ahead of themselves  
But Pooh been on the grind tryna rhyme yo sense and yo?swerve?, you gotta KN  
OW!

{Love Unlimited sample plays while Big Pooh overlaps}  
Oh my GAWD!

I'm on my muh'fuckin grizzly right now!  
I know you muh'fuckers can't get enough of me, man  
It know it's some niggaz out there, they can't sleep at night  
They up, they nervous, they wonderin if I'm in the lab  
You fuckin RIGHT I'm in the lab, nigga!  
Ha! We got another one!