

Tension

Little Brother

And we do it like this, y'all
All day, everytime don't miss y'all
It's Little Brother, Phonte don't quit y'all
It's Big Pooh, 9th Wonder on the shit y'all (LB, baby)
It's like this, it's like that, keep it goin on (you know we back)
It's like this, it's like that, keep it goin on
(... tension on y'all niggaz)
(F'real) What you think this shit is, man?

I'm ready to fight, every last hatin-ass, fakin-ass
Blantant-ass stoytellin pussy magellan
(NO!) You ain't know, I came ready to scrap
I'm a chill-ass nigga 'til you push me black (aight?) (OHH!)
Yeah, that's my nigga there, he got my back
We ride that bitch until the wheels fall off, and the rims gon crack
A-matter of fact, we back on attack
Tay and Pooh rock mics, niggy-9th on the track
The League is here, please beware
We were hungry for a while muh'fuckers, we gon eat this year
(YEAH!) I'm ready to do it, I'm ready for whatever
No matter the weather - rain, sleet, snow, hail, or sunshine
And I'm a get mine, and I'm get right
I don't care what you crab critics write
Despite the fact LB still fat to death
The last ones left STAY holdin your breath, nigga!

Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw
Never seen, never heard, never did before
I'm feelin tension in the air, yo
But I ain't goin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here, yo

Check it out, yo Phonte the rap patter familias
Man of constant sorrow that's in the booth killin you niggaz with
A highly flammable style that's burnin your villages
And got everybody runnin cause they see just how real it is
Cause that's what it takes to get through
And all of you faggotty niggaz who fronted, no we won't forget you
Who tried to fuck around with our sound credentials
But now, when we come around, you sound pre-minstrel
I'll bring it to you live when it's time to
But I got bigger things on my mind and I know we gon shine thru
You creepin and I know where to find you
I copped the 12-inch, how you let your instrumental out-rhyme you, nigga?
My whole team come through like the task force
Makin niggaz sit down is all we can stand for
You fake fifteen-and-a-half-bar rap stars
Take ya caps off, LB bout to blast off, what?

Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw
Never seen, never heard, never did before
I'm feelin tension in the air, yo
But we ain't goin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here, yo
Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw
Never seen, never heard, never did before
I'm feelin tension in the air, yo
But we ain't runnin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here, yo

Aiyyo, I'm Gon Git You Sucka, every hero needs
Some theme music, and this is mine
You feelin danger, then press rewind
I press and Clydesdale wack MCs', God rich with the rhyme

Let's hit the pedal yo and let's burn out
I see the bitch in some of y'all heels and ya press-perm out (okay)
I'm hungry like the Wolf of London for a fresh turn-out
That goes out, to each and every last ONE of y'all fag-niggaz
Been tryin to get on for years, now you mad with us
Wanna-be MCs', but better off ad-libbers (uh){both} I jab niggaz...

... who claim they rode with mad killas
I got your album, every joint sound like bad fillers
We constantly spinnin, like a set of perrellis
We retro-fitted like a chick rockin jellies (uh)
It's all from the soul to my belly
You better pick up your celly and let the world know Big Pooh is BACK (nigga
, OH!)

We doin this for y'all yo...
And that's wassup