

The Listening

Little Brother

Yo, I bought a brand new album today
Decide to take it home kick off my shoes relax and play
And spin it for the whole joint cause I like to ge the whole point
Music is everything to me and I refuse to rock the piece
Cause you're my favorite emcee
All I want is what you would ask of me; Hi Kwelity
And some Definition
Wonder why we bootleg like it's prohibition
It's difficult it's dismissing
I got suspicions that your ears to the streets where we're whispering
Are you listening?
I took your LP to DC, where some youngins
Gave me the LD on how it should be
Make sure the beat knock 'til the trunk pop
And everybody pause when you cruise down the block
Roll down your window and they ask what you playin
But don't nobody care what you're sayin...
That's what they told me y'all

This is a message for our people chasing benjamins
With real rhymes and skills they believing in
Keeping them bad tapes rolling like michellin
it don't matter, cause niggaz ain't listening
They ain't listening, they thinkin bout they timbalands
They say the shit we talk about ain't interestin
We got a better chance of blowing up in switzerland
Holla if you hear it cause niggaz ain't listening

Music was my sanctuary so I take a long listen
To hip hop living out my life in songs wishin
My parents I could get along with them
So I would go inside my room and dig deep inside the strong rhythms
Back when fresh was the word, and raw was on prism
Marley on the boards, plus Kane was long livin
G rap and A spittin murderous
Bought long live the kane sat down and learned every word of it
Sneakin my walkman in the homeroom playin it
Listen for punchlines delivery and cadences
But nowadays it's like niggaz wanna play with it
They hear some good shit but don't stop to savor it
Like one night we was out in my whip
With some broads just chillin playin demos and shit
Asked 'em how I sounded rockin the mike
One chicl told me all she listened to was beats, thank god for ninth
Trying to get pressed on vinyl cause muh'fuckers buy your CD
But turn around don't even know your song titles
Like track 2 is hot, and track 6 is long
Ain't even listening, I'm hoping I get through to y'all

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Fly Motorola diploma style ice niggaz
Asparagus rosemary chips for all my nice niggaz
We roll through niggaz masked in vengeance
U-Haul emcess chasing Brown Sugars
And you thought that it would never happen
Thought that it would never happen
My clever rappin keeps my celery growing
Judy Jetson up in Elroy's thought he was home
With the Gold Bond Armor-All fatigues on
Rosey in the pantry with Velma and Shaggy getting they lean on
He sweeter than a Whitney Hous' track hittin them high notes
And Alex Keaton always frontin like he high post
Screaming on Justine when he flippin the script
Tony Danza left a playa celibate
Rippin rhymes for the hell of it
Check all these bitches on my Soul Glow city
Walkin round with Madagascar titties
Imported for my Cole Train leaves ya elephant niggaz
Yo peace Jovan the sky be purple and orange. . .

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