

Threatening

Little Brother

Uh, I done told these little bastards to stop fuckin with us
Ay, yo, I done told these little cocksuckers to stop fuckin with us

This is that grown man... Ay, yo

I done told them little motherfuckers to stop fuckin with us
Y'all boys must be a little nervous, Little Brother

I put the mic to ya, take a couple publishing rights from ya
Tell ya momma she can write to ya, nah that ain't right to ya
But 'Te is sick of your ailments
My rhyme is so blinding, they're calling me brilliant
Cause you ain't box with a, cold veined cannibal ox nigga
That be in the chop shop when we stop to drop scriptures
Cardiac arrest your style, I mean have a heart to heart with ya
I swing like hard hitter cause you boring me
So God bless the day that Khrysis recorded me
And Big Pooh, he always got my loyalty
9th is king of his beat machine, now that's mechanical royalty
Phonte ain't scared of you boys, I'm taking care of you dog
Better get these little niggas from round him
At whatever the cost, big terrorist boss
Nigga, who you think Saddam was rockin to when they found him?
This is mixtape shit that I spit
Feel the pain a of nigga gettin his beast on, in my Nissan
Switchin four or five lanes, drunk with ambition
Designated to drive you motherfuckers insane, bitch!

I put them boys in a box
Like they tried to box us, let the audience watch
Rapper Pooh fight back unorthodox
Pump hits out the shop like we moving the rocks
Eat a cock to them naysayers, who wish that we didn't record
So at night they pray for it
Cocksucker, you gon' pay for it
I'm talking butter baby all day, you gotta churn
No it, didn't stop with The Listening or Foreign Exchange
Get Connected with the best who be doing it mayne
From the grapes out in Naples to the shores in Maine
To Noize out in Denmark who be doing his thang
Everybody gon' remember the name, it's like that
Despite that, niggas wanna hold me back
I Tom Petty verses over the track son
You got a hundred and fifty problems, this is one fifty one, ye
ah!