

# Without You

Little Brother

Uh, yeah, uh, it's Rapper  
Uh, I got my man, a newcomer to the HOJ  
Jozeemo's in the building {Yes sir}  
Uh, then I went to the west coast  
And I got my man Bishop Lamont  
Aftermath's in the building {West, west y'all}

I put my trust in it, swear to god no rushin it  
Catch up, don't muster it  
No rust when I bust, leave us discussin it  
And this is the thanks I get  
So you not happy and you threatenin to leave  
If you walk away then that's how it's gonna be  
I had a vision that I wanted you to see  
But apparently it didn't translate to TV {Turn em off}  
I'm top shelf yo picture that  
You can't cause you busy with aristocrat drinkin  
And this here is a risk in fact  
Cause once it gets out ain't no reelin it back  
Check how my pride though still intact  
Bounce back with a smile, I'm just settin a trap  
But some of y'all be settin be back  
Got a mean two-step, that don't mean I tap  
See it a uphill battle, that don't mean I pack  
Put on look like money, that just mean I stack  
A slow burner, truth like sojourner  
See you back soon cause I'm a head turner  
I earn the, respect I get  
Hate when you talk sideways and ain't did shit  
Can't live with or without you, that's real spit  
Don't be mad, I'm just speaking my bit  
I can't get enough of it

You the, only, one that I could ever kill for  
I gotta get more  
You the, only, one that I could ever live for  
It's you I adore

Yo I don't care what the people say, I'll die if you leave today  
You get around but I ride with you either way  
For me to say you got me open is an understatement  
I'm locked in till I'm under pavement  
Somethin flagrant, kind of bold with it too  
I got jealous when I heard you got a hold of my crew  
But I knew that you was comin back to Jozee  
Lookin all blue, don't believe you, now you got to show me  
Now you got to roll me emotional oceans  
Put me in the groove while I'm floatin and coastin  
Pop when awoken, again in the nightttime  
Get my grown man on and drown you in white wine  
Dollar signs, high maintenance you are  
But a date from the day you laugh straight to the mall  
Many ways you can sex my heart  
Just follow the map, X marks the spot

Fuck bitches... nah I mean literally fuck bitches  
Then get back to your riches

Matter of fact let me make it exact  
Do what I said in the verse and reverse the order of the rap  
Meaning chase the paper first, them bitches will holler back  
They cursed with insatiable thirst, they hunger for your stacks  
Like Nosferatu these hoes will plot you  
Open up their legs, booby trap, they got you  
I sound like a woman hater though I try not to  
But since I like to breathe motherfucker I got to  
Switchin topics, what's up with this nonsense?  
Wack ass jams with a built in dance  
Rappers snap they fingers in a B-Boy stance  
Radio play it all day but real rap no chance  
Real rap don't mean take em to school  
I like bitches, cars and money but I use my brains too

Yeah, there you have it  
NC to CA, Little Brother and Bishop Lamont  
Stop the simpin and get with the pimpin  
Step ya game up niggas