

Little's (Skit)

Prodigy

Yo Little's, man!

Tell them niggas how we got down in the hood, man!

You know how we doin' it in QB, man!

Let them niggas know how we got up, word!

Yo! - My first whip in the ghetto, - I was poppin' off.

14 and had all the girls droppin' draws.

I'm supposed to be in school - but I'm chasin' one;

Surrendered - body snakes, and this faceless lumps.

Can't trust nobody, no friends, noone;

Cause in the end it'll be your own friend - and a hands of guns

.

How you think a nigga feel - when a nigga can't sleep?

Knowin' your own friends plottin' on your neck and sleeves?

P, - you showed me love. - So it's vice and versa

You and Hav', y'all the reason why my life ain't ova.

Little's, best of the blocks, best of the ghetto;

Y'all see me when I pop up hood an' black metal.

Yo! - We rep' NYC. - Who was fuckin' with QB? - NOTHIN'!

We invincible, you're simple.

Me and Killa used to convers on how we could

Capitalize of our street anthems. - Damn!

I wish my nigga was here to enjoy the fruit,

I spill my beer in the memory of you's.

Love, nigga! - I came to the hood, you showed me, nigga.

Treated me like blood, that's all it, Dunn;

So in-return I'm a follow through with our plans,

Shock the industry and show 'em how coppin' the rims

We went from - crack sells - to Infamous Records and Films,

These other niggas got garbage, FO' REAL!

And that's why we stand in the class of our own,

We got it locked, - helmed, and very well sewn.