

## Rapper Big Pooh f/ Ab-Soul, Jay Rock, K. Dot "Nothing Less"

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[Rapper Big Pooh] So everybody put your shades on  
Poobie came to show +Love+ like +Faizon+ Every bar  
that I carve is amaz-on Wack niggas can't seem to fill a  
plate y'all A lil' spice in my swag, call it Cajun Often  
wonder to myself where the day's gone Save some,  
save none at the same time Talk shit, take a stand in  
the same rhyme Paid homage to the struggle that's  
before mine Never bad-handing nothing, therefore I  
grind Outshine most niggas, call 'em all suns/sons  
Steady reaching for the stars, but it's only one Rapper,  
your favourite rapper, this is no +Pun+ +Big Daddy+,  
no +Kane+, get the job done I'm bout to stick the whole  
game up with no gun and I'ma show you how the South  
was won So check it out [Chorus: K. Dot] This is the part  
when we run Hip Hop and we don't need props, we  
know we the shit This is the part when we run Hip Hop  
So get them ends hot I'm reeling all my real niggas,  
"keep moving" My real bitches, "keep moving" I  
promise I'ma "keep moving" If they don't, "we do it"  
The best (Hip Hop) I swear to give you nothing less,  
nothing less [Ab-Soul] Uh, yeah, hot damn, here we go  
again Lyrical manslaughter off you and your mans I'm  
on the stage, you in the stands I'm on the road, you at  
the crib just scribbling Your best sentence was doing  
your bid I'm through with you kids, like Brenda Don't  
want to have to trash bin ya When Ab enter, cats get  
they raps injured Without no reason they be out the  
whole season It sorta becomes a cycle like hoes  
bleeding I'm at where you can't come like no semen No  
homo, just admire the power I'm so visual, give you an  
+Eiffel+ like +tower+ Huh, but you can never see me  
Black tear compliment my black lips in the Lamborghini  
Puffing a spliff big as a branch After I spit it niggas be  
swimming to get to land, damn [Chorus] [Jay Rock] Jay  
Rock got flows I'm killing 'em slow like cigarette smoke  
Running Hip Hop like 'Pac in his prime I spit murder,  
every bar is a crime Look, I do it BIG like B.I. Nigga I'm  
the shit, I've doing this since knee high No I'm not TIP  
but I stay on my T.I. These fake ass rappers steady  
acting like devise I'ma live and die in Cali What's beef?  
Chew through that like rallies Got hoes, work 'em out

like ballies Do shows, flip dough like patties I ain't just  
rapping, I can make it happen Put your whole goddamn  
career in a casket Lyrical homicide when I write No  
bullshit, I'm Mike with the mic [Chorus] [K. Dot] Never  
pledge allegiance, God given flow I can out-preach a  
deacon once the words get to speaking Give me a  
reason why I'm not the best breathing They worship the  
ground I walk on, though I'm harder than cement  
Sticking to the streets like convertible oil leaks Portable  
handgun, who want to test? I can pass out many  
Scantrons, fail many students Tryna play the truest,  
dumber than Three Stooges Hummers, we steady  
cruising like time do Higher than a vanilla sky, float by  
you When I'm through, I'll probably let you take it back  
like my old prom suit that I wore with the tag Rap giant,  
get you little locality smashed Money in a bag, stones  
be yellow as a cat I like bitches with fat booties but  
never half-ass when I'm working for certain, I'm hurting  
the game Said I'm hurting her Pooh! I couldn't help it  
nigga I had to put a verse this muh'fucker This shit  
classic nigga Feel this, uh, for Hip Hop, for Hip Hop For  
real Hip Hop, Hip Hop, Hip Hop

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