

## Rapper Big Pooh f/ Murs

### "Now"

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[Intro: Murs (Rapper Big Pooh)] (Cheah), yeah (Uh), Big Pooh, (what?) Murs, (what?) (It's like, I'm like, we like) We the only three niggas it seems like the rap game Without baby brothers (It's like, I'm like, we like) So we all Little Brothers (I'm like) Justus League, Living Legends Yeah (check me) [Verse 1: Rapper Big Pooh] Well it's Rapper, Pooh, chill type fellow Like to play the cut, observe, be mellow Niggas want to test the boy, they want to mess with boy I tell 'em "Not tonight, my nigga, hello" I got a chip on my shoulder bigger than a boulder I swear I told you or warned you son, I'm not the one! When you see me comin to the booth Your best bet, just reverse pivot and run Top dog, I'm a son of a who, wanna run with the crew? Told you we the illest there is J-Lizzy always handle they biz, I got no time for these kids Who gonna pout cause I ain't speak to him When I talk, it sound Greek to them Cause homie I don't protest So fuck you, I ain't tryna be friends Better yet, I'm the realest that come Like hel-i-um, on the rise, bout to be the one! [Hook: Rapper Big Pooh] People wanna stop my shine And they wanna take what's mine Ever since I came out the gate niggas Suck on the kid and they wonder why I hate niggas Niggas see me doing my thing They wanna be a part of my team And they wonder why I stay on the low To avoid fake niggas tryna steal my glow [Verse 2: Rapper Big Pooh] And this is for anybody not checking for me Or the cats from the League, or the state of NC We put it down like, or get around like Shock G when he playin Humpty And now these chickens getting wet to hump me I guess I got to go and make groupies part three So pardon me for my foul demeanour Ever since The Listening, Pooh's got a lot meaner I seen her, and she ain't pretty The other side of the dream when it do get gritty Random niggas wanna cling to your side, and family members arise Who you ain't heard from since five I wish, you can get a closer look in my eyes And realise this is pain brewin from the inside But my pride won't let me quit And I'm the man that I am just because of it, biatch! [Hook] [Verse 3: Murs] This is Murs, CST 1-9-7-8 Since then been a G from the Golden

State First touched a four-track since back in 1992 Now  
I'm busting on tracks with a Rapper named Pooh Your  
crew (shut up, put in on) inconsequential We  
intercontinental over Khrysis instrumentals Not as  
simple as it looks, sixteen and a hook There's a lot  
more to this rap game, nigga look That's exactly how  
you up and coming artists get shook And took, for all  
your green, broke for self-esteem Your hopes and your  
dreams, it's not as easy as it seems To get your CD on  
the scene, keep rappin for fun Freestylin to yourself  
bout how you clappin your guns While I'm stackin these  
huns, till they thick as a tiller How you got a glass jaw,  
tryna spit like a killer? I rhyme, write hooks till your  
transpare remandable Shatter, leaving shards of you  
showbiz animals That trained to look hard for these  
video channels So they, mean up they mug, and they,  
hardcore struct When they soft as that porn that they  
showin uncut Wanted to fuck every last one of y'all up  
But Big Pooh told me chill, plus the label called me up  
And said that you would probably sew cause your crew  
was too timid Plus it wouldn't be good for my  
backpackin image, hahaha [Hook] [Outro: Rapper Big  
Pooh] Cheah, uh, what? What? It's like, I'm like, we like  
It's like, I'm like, we like I'm like

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