

## **Rapper Big Pooh f/ Posdnuos**

### **"People"**

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[Rapper Big Pooh] High school geek, small town freak  
No matter where you go everybody's unique Some  
people peak, and some choose to sneak products from  
their job, the man call it stealing Records not  
appealing, brown-noser squealing Niggas in the box  
staring blank at the ceiling Magazine pictures turn  
permanent fixtures We call it gatherings, they call it  
mixers Elevator music, wine, crackers, cheese  
Somebody uncle house, liquor and some Ds Blacks and  
degrees, still unemployed Money in abundance never  
fill the void And not knowing mommy, not knowing  
daddy Kids everywhere go through this pain sadly  
Panhandlers gladly accept loose change Tell me you  
ain't thinking that you see the same thangs To church  
bring confession, money and a scandal The Lord never  
give you anything you can't handle Ends of the candle,  
both burning bright You working all day, rapping all  
night Rapping on site, not getting niggas deals as  
MySpace hits and YouTube keep it real Tell 'em how  
you feel, judge bang the gavel Fortune 500 companies  
unravel Couples play scrabble, babies play rattles Frats  
swing paddles, sold as a rafter Author pen chapters,  
pastor preach raptures People tip cows while they  
sleeping in the pastures My pastime is to write rhymes  
My homeboy went to school now he fight crime When  
these niggas can't deal, turn to white lines I know you  
thinking to yourself, these are our times Bring Hip Hop  
back! [Posdnuos] People, people, you got to get over  
'fore we go under, drowned in a blunder My name  
Wonder Architect of the one-six park feel with honest  
thoughts to spill I took control to grab hold of my skill  
Sprayed on some lime like glow to DeVille East math  
too, had to wash some of it off So not to meet up with  
the ski mask crew That's how people do Smile in your  
face, scheme on your place Kids by the curb mixing in  
their words a whole bunch of potty language (what  
else?) Girls throw a whole bunch of body language (for  
who?) Me and you nigga (hahh!) we shitting all over  
each other tryna prove who stacks bigger Everybody's  
laughing, so my girl rose up asking what the hell am I  
doing? I told her these young girls I ain't out here

pursuing, but her blood's brewing so she calls me a  
liar, now she hates me Sort of how she hate pairing up  
white socks that's straight out the dryer

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