

Little Boots

"Intro"

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[Rapper Big Pooh:]
Yeah (Yeah!)
It's your boy, Rapper, mayn (Rapper!)
Lil' Brother (Lil' Brother!)
Mick Boogie (Mick Boogie!)
Justus For All (It's Hall of Justus, nigga)
I know some of you niggaz out here like
(What they be like?)
These niggaz can't be serious
(Can't be serious!)
Do you believe?
We back again, motherfuckers

Yo, It's your boy Rapper, number four, none after
Me and Tigga Low welcome you to the next chapter
The flock wanna hear messages from the new pastor
(Preach!)
Mick Boogie, cue the choir for the next number
Six months later we awake from a slumber
Rejuvenated like we sleep with cucumbers
See, since day one, we've done us
Stay on the grind, no rich will ever run us
And this here is a message for newcomers
Do your homework, we go back five summers
Nigga, I am the League's top gunner
{*gunshot*}Nigga, I am the League's top gunner
{*gunshot*}Nigga, I am the League's top gunner
Somewhere on the strip wit' some gas station stunners
Taking in ways watchin' old cattle graze
Thinkin' to myself, damn they loved you yesterday
(What happened, nigga?)
But yesterday is the past, right now is the present
Noble mind feedin' thoughts to you pesants

It's Hall of Justus, nigga!

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