

Little Boots

"On And On"

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[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Yeah, LB's back in this

Please bear witness

[Q-Tip:] "On and on and on and on and on and... "

To the one and only Rapper Big Pooh

Phonte, 9th Wonder y'all

Y'all know how we do every time we come out

Check it out uh, yo, uh

They wanna know Pooh and this rap life

They wanna know what it's like not to sleep nights

They wanna do joints, have 'em sound butter

They wanna roll with the League and know Scudda

They wanna know Dilla, they wanna know Dho

Topshop, Missians [?] their studios

They wanna rhyme with 'Te, get beats from P

Be the third member yelling out LB's

They wanna role trip, niggas trip on the roll

Plenty clowns, they wanna know Mike now

They wanna know Po', they wanna know Wu

End '98, they wanna help start something new

They wanna know this hunger, they wanna know

Why hate seems to fuel niggas longer

They wanna know if they can make me quit

Muh'fuckers, I'm built for this, so get your game right

[Chorus: Darien Brockington]

And on and on and on and on

And on and on and on and on

And on and on and on and on and on, ohh, ohhhh

[Phonte:]

They wanna know 9th, they wanna know Pooh

But they ain't tryna know the crazy shit they go through

Like four AM in the booth recording vocals

Or at the club watching fake niggas approach you

They wanna know 'Te, the one that's wild and crazed

Not the nigga with a child to raise

Not that nigga that's dead broke and writes a page

To keep his faith through the long nights and faceless

days

Shit, niggas be eyeing me down
Wanna be my appetite for destruction but I'm died in
now
Wanna see my team fall out or step out of bounds
So they can try and take control of the crown
But as long as fam is holding me down
It's crunch time with a minute to go
I'm at the baseline stealing the show
And when I make a million or so, still focus on God
Cause rap might decide it don't feel me no more

[Chorus]

[Darren Brockington:]
And on... oooh
You can't stop to the break of dawn
You can't stop no, no

[Rapper Big Pooh:]
I wanna know joy, get away from pain
Have money in my pocket taking care of things
Not the dookie role-pairing bone or finger rings
But a house with some land, real estate man
I wanna know success, get away from hate and
It's enough food, we all get a plate and

[Phonte:]
Break bread like Merida and Sunbeam
One team coming through in your speaker for one
thing
In a short time went from unsigned and unseen
To outshining you niggas without the sunscreen
We home run hitters, y'all niggas just bun sing
On a quest to make history tryna run things, LB

[Chorus]

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