

Little Boots

"We Got Now"

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[Rapper Big Pooh]

Ye-yeah! One more time, one last number...
Chaundon, where you at, nigga?
It's the future right here, man
We startin' it right now... Let's get it goin', Big Pooh,
UH!

My attitude real shitty, temper short
My mind cluttered like the streets of New York
I ain't tryna take a 'L', 'cause I casually fought
This shit, real serious not casual sport
Let time fly by as I pen these thoughts
And I'm speedin through life wit my car in park
And even in the day sometimes it's dark
And that cloud hoverin low is not the worst part
Second guessin yourself, tryna remain sharp
See niggaz blowin up who ain't got yo SPARK, uh
And that alone is a burden to carry
Either you'll get strong or you'll get buried
And rap keep plenty room in the cemetery
Pull out your Blackberry's change yo itineraries
You see, you could be the shit today
And tomorrow wake up, fame blown away!
And homey on the real, ain't nothin you can say
That's why I work hard now, got later to lay
In the sands on the beach, mixin drinks wit Belvy
The world's gon' remember my name, muhfuckaz!

[Chorus]

Now they heard some of yo songs, and peeped you
from the side
And watched yo videos and seen the car you drive
CHILLLLL! - And we know what to expect my nigga
Done seen it all before I ain't impressed, my nigga
But they heard some of our songs, and peeped us
from the side
And came out to the shows and seen us on the grind
CHILLLLL! - And this is how we get down muhfuckaz
We don't care who got next, this is now muhfuckaz!

[Phonte]

I tried to work wit niggaz, don't wanna jerk them niggaz
But everybody's runnin around thinkin they murderers
Gave birth to niggaz, and when I burp them niggaz
The spit up old lines that I fed to them earlier
And this is what the state of hip-hop is like
I'm thinkin', "Damn, this cannot be right"
And I agree that everybody's a biter
But if you Xerox my style, then that's infringin on my
copy, right?
It's the bottom of the 9th with no extra innings
And we all in the game tryna collect the pennants
And from the, old school, I'm a direct descendant
And y'all can feel it at the end of each sentence
'Cause underground rap is just immense and gimmicks
An image they phone in for ten cents a minute
I knew that since I entered, the rap game, my style
Would have niggaz takin it back, but what about now?
I think about the youth and how their minds are so
closed
'Cause now "Rap City" look like "Video Soul"
And that's a sad state of affairs
But no need to despair, 'cause we the next ones that's
takin' it there, ya know!

[Chorus]

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[Chaundon]

A note to my opponents, yeah, I got now
And I always got next 'cause I cease every moment
I'm an opportunist wit ambition
Keep an eye on that number one spot before it wind up
missin'
And the heart of this bein is the art of MCin
I feel I'm God wit the flow, 'cause people started
believin, HUH
So what I'm cocky, who gon' stop me?
Twist hoes, leave 'em knock knead, smile for paparazzi
This is how I get down
Got a crib in every hood, so I'm always the hottest
nigga in town
Hate it or love it, who fuckin' wit our music?

Yeah, y'all niggaz is the SHIT when it comes to bowel
movements
Pooh showed and proved it, can't sleep on his game
'Te converted all the currency with Foreign Exchange
Up next to rock the booth iiiis a rapper named
Chaundon
The Bronx Borough President wit' "No Excuses"
Doubtin' me is foolish, don't ask who produced this!
Knowin damn well only 9th can do this
It's no secret, Lyor even know
When me and Little Brother flow, it's guaranteed
another video!

[Chorus]

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[Crowd cheers]

[Outro: Phonte]

On behalf of myself, Phonte, Big Pooh, and 9th Wonder
And the whole cast of "The Minstrel Show"
I wanna thank ya'll, for watchin this shit
I ain't gon' front, only reason I took this job 'cause I
need the money
I don't need... yo, I ain't gon' front
I don't give a fuck if UBN pull the plug on me, dawg, I-I
gotta be real...
Y'all really wanna know how I feel about "The Minstrel
Show"? [crowd cheers]
Y'all really wanna know how I feel about UBN? [crowd
cheers]
THESE GODDAMN CRACKERS GET ON MY MUTHAFU...
[Stand-by bleep]

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