

## Little Brother "Back At It (Khrysis Remix)"

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(We back at it! )

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Uh, and like that I'm back at it to win  
Rapper Pooh muh'fucker, don't ask again  
So what I'm from the South, I don't "snap" with trends  
I'm tryna fill my backpack, to the top with ends  
Wanna ride real low and drive slow in the Benz  
Play a lil' D-Brock, put 'em on to some skins  
When you done, pass that broad right back to yo  
friends  
It ain't no fun if the homies cain't spin 'er  
But that's later thinkin, I'm up later drinkin  
I'm tryna come up on the beat that I can sink my teeth  
in  
I get busy, "What shit was HE on? "  
Poobie "prime time" get it shine like De-ion  
I'm cold-blooded, you can call me Fre-on  
Got a couple stripes homie, I'm no d-on  
You seem concern with everything I be on  
Album three's comin, bitch nigga now be warned!

[Chorus: Phonte (Big Pooh)]

I hear the people talkin all of the time  
Sayin we out of they league, they must be outta they  
mind  
They betta know somethin  
(I say H-O-J, we back at it)  
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)

[Cormega:]

My son love to said it, gun unsympathetic  
Ones that ever dis-cuss, too much distrust  
Went from rock fight to pickin brick up  
Stick boards to stick-ups  
Playin cops and robbers to hatin cops and robbin  
Monopoly to the money and the power  
Playin in the rain to playin with bitches in the shower  
Bicycles to flossin Coupes with chrome to bright to view  
From blue Icee's to the ice that's blue  
From suede Puma to suede New Balance, "Good  
Times" to "Martin"

Water guns to the nines we sparkin  
From George Jefferson, to George on Seinfeld  
From, "you ain't fresh", to "y'all don't rhyme I'll"  
From two turntables and a microphone  
To weak niggaz livin off hype alone  
'Mega here, niggaz scared like Tyson's home  
And I still got my license, homes...  
(Ay, yo yo...)

[Chorus: Phonte (Big Pooh)]  
I hear the people talkin all of the time  
Sayin we out of they league, they must be outta they  
mind  
You betta know somethin  
(I say H-O-J, we back at it)  
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)  
Yo, they think it's all a sport  
Wanna talk the talk, but cain't walk the walk  
When it's time, you betta show somethin  
(I say H-O-J, we back at it) Yes, yes...  
(Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it)

[Phonte:]  
I see 'em whisperin, sayin that we fallin off  
And in his own town, treated like a foreigner  
And that's the reason I ain't had any R&R  
Cause these nights I'm "Remembering" like Shalamar  
My own team sayin, "Nigga, you should go for yours"  
"We underground, but fuck it! Rule 'em like overlords"  
Cause they ain't see a nigga creepin through the  
corridor  
All black, back drop, next stop the coroner  
Body count now around three hunnid  
Don't know how many ways I can tell you we run it  
Witout bein redundant, niggaz scared to top me  
Callin fours posse like we on Teen Summit  
But this ain't a talk show, and I ain't yo guest star  
Even on our worst day, you know who the best are  
Tay is not the one to test par, X marks the spot  
You a target, good night and God bless y'all  
Silly white folks say, "He speak so well  
Cause he got a way with words, it's so extraordinary"  
Give you a peak into my intimate thoughts  
Givin these I-l-liter-ate niggaz where all the fuckin  
coronaries  
You ain't gotta worry who the next man is  
Work your own grind, use it to your ad-vantage  
Sensitive ass niggaz stop bein so {? }  
Phontigga that nigga, and yes he's back at, UH!

[Chorus]

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