

## Little Brother "Can't Stop Us"

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[Phonte:]

Ya'll know what time it is  
And Justus for All  
Little Brother  
It's that time again  
Time to get loose  
Time to give it to em'  
We gon' keep doin' our thing  
Get it right to the people  
Yeah, let's get it goin'

Yo, give the drummer some, Pipe down, give the  
plummer some  
You are checking out the number one  
Assassinator of lame ducks  
Phontigga got the game fucked like a cummerbun  
Young C, we got another one  
Giving these niggaz another run for their money  
I'm the crap table when them dice get hot  
Phonte doin' shock, put your money on the spot  
People wanna ask Tay, "Why you so mad?"  
I say it's because comfortable niggaz like you ain't  
made enough  
The war for our minds, just intensifies  
We got bigger fish to fry, nigga so +batter+ up  
We on the battlefield with the monster, man  
Pretty soon your own thoughts gonna be contraband  
They can harass, abuse, and try to knock us  
As long as we got breath, man, they can't stop us

[Interlude: Phonte]

A dedication to all the DJs keepin our music alive  
All the people wantin' real Hip-Hop all over the world  
As long as we out here doing out thing  
They won't be able to shut us down, baby  
This what we do, man  
It's who we are, it's us, right here

[Chaundon:]

Fuck out of here, I just started gettin' mine  
Niggaz got they hands out like an All State sign  
Where were they when I was down on me luck

Now the beggin' for change, them niggaz came wit a  
sqwuigy and a cup  
Another one is bitin' the dust; tables turned  
I'm the man now, bitches fightin' over to fuck  
See the best in New York is in the South  
I gained a few pounds, no the overweight love is in the  
house  
Shades on, I'm ready to stunt; Ladies love me  
You couldn't pay a broad enough money to front  
Not a chance, this nigga is nice; I was a "Thriller"  
Way before Michael Jackson teamed up with Vincent  
Price  
You mad and you ready to fight?  
I'm buffin your face on sides til you resemble a knife  
You lost twice, lick your wounds and bounce  
Chaundon it was a winner's name when it was  
announced

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Some say I ain't reach my peak  
Most niggaz max out after one year in the street  
So you made a little tape, got a little pay  
Nigga think he straight, til' he taste defeat  
I see you in the mall next week, not a peep  
Sellin' back change, cuz your ass can't eat  
Listen, the game ain't built for the weak  
Hammurabi Code, we don't turn the other cheek  
The most consistent, the most complete  
And still I got niggaz tryna play me cheap  
That ain't a good look, you ain't heard I'm a good cook  
And keep plenty recipes in my rap book  
Most shook when they hear my name  
It must be the skill, cuz I'm lacking the fame  
There's plenty of areas, where I could place the blame  
I wouldn't be a man if I asked for change

[Outro: Rapper Big Pooh]

I'd like to thank, all of the people  
That's been ridin' and supportin' Little Brother  
For the past five, six years  
Also wanna thank all them hatin' muh'fuckers  
That's been downin' us for the past five, six years  
Ha, I love it, ha, I love it

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