

## Little Brother "Carolina Agents"

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Bert nasty stinking, get a cup  
Get a cup, get to drinking  
Pullin' up in them big red [unverified] trucks  
They ask what the fuck was y'all thinking

Carolina Agents, get a flick  
Get a chick, get a Days Inn  
Come through with the crew  
And they know we be makin' noise  
They ask, "Why them boys so flagrant?"

Might wanna call ya bet off  
The fix is in and y'all can't contend  
With this joint we 'bout to set off  
Everytime Phonte come in ya town  
Throwin' it down, couple rounds get let off

In commemoration of his penetration  
Through ya defense and it's a celebration  
Of when everybody cheerin' for me in the Skybox  
'Cuz my team break-fast like IHOP

And if you get scared, you will get served  
Televised nationwide like insurance  
And you too will feel a aftershock  
Ten years later still be a laughing stock

'Cause we always make the play in the house  
And we callin' niggaz out like graduation day  
9th wonder's the editor, Pooh's the predator  
But Tay is the creditor I'ma make 'em pay  
(Ya know)

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I ride with it shiznit's wicked  
Mind over pretend I did it with no gimmicks  
My, pro image throwback vintage  
Every time you can read it in my sentence

Pray repentance, niggaz is comin' young'n  
Gunning, like [unverified] and them  
See Pooh gon' step back and start warying them  
(Ha)  
My God, my squad, go hard  
Remind young Do of junkyard  
We trunk y'all like Shaq with Kobe

Niggaz running, man there's only 30 sold?  
You can fold if ya wanna, this lukewarm summer  
Mean ball hard for the rest of the year  
Got bitches back naked like it's hot in here  
If you scared say you scared I can smell the fear nigga

Yo, I will not lose and if you thought  
I will settle for anything less than homie  
I got news to the 3rd degree  
NC's in a state of emergency  
(Yes, yes, get it poppin')

Kickin' the truth and just sticking to the doctrine  
I'm here to tell you, failure is not an option  
Streets are watchin' people plottin'  
LB is in the house and we keep it poppin'  
(Let 'em know)

The beats are droppin', verses ready  
Big Do is in the house so checks are heavy  
And C Simms is holding the camera extra steady  
'Cuz when I'm on stage it's hard to stand still  
The haters be like, "Give it a rest already"  
I don't give a fuck 'bout how you and ya man feel  
(Ya know)

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