

Little Brother "Hiding Place"

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Where you gonna hide?

Rapper

Where you gonna hide?

Dilla Dog, Jay Dee

Where you gonna hide?

Elzhi

Where you gonna hide?

Phonte

Another little brother presentation

Sending this out across the nation

I'm a hell of a problem, nobody has the answer

Pooh be spreading out, like a body of cancer

My stanza, get it going like a car, (vroom)

Usher in the new era, like this y'all (this y'all)

I'm raw strip down, no minerals

A distilled emcee, no chemicals

No subliminals

A smooth criminal before the rape charge

I, shake and bake, bring terror to your squad

My, peers ferocious

I'm so focusing

I pray to God that the world knows this

No one exposes flaws in your scheme dog

Me and Dilla go hard, my Lord

You don't want know problems (problems)

I'm a niggga that'll solve 'em (solve 'em)

Without a doubt, ya

I'm in the booth, cold knockin niggaz out

Tell my tales by word of mouth

Ya, you know me

[Hook]

Where you gonna hide?

When the sun goes down, and the lights in the city get
low

Where you gonna hide?

When your peeps aint around, and there aint no place
to go

Where you gonna hide?

When the hood starts watchin, and the boys got they
eye on your safe

Where you gonna hide?
Aint nowhere to run, and there aint no hiding place

Don't compare me to jokes
I'll strangle the air in your throat
Like you jump from a chair and choke
In mid-air from a rope
Got a big gun and carry a scope
The flair of the smoke
Keep niggaz quiet like words that librarians spoke
I'm arrogant, outlandish
Blow your face out, and shake out the dandruff
The jakes wont make out the handprints
I'm as real as it gets, with the steel and the clips
Bark and make niggaz duck, and kneel and do splits

It gets no realer than this
It's Tay and Elzhi dropping that definitive shit
This should have been a double album commemorative
disc
Cause hip-hop might need us
And in your town, no telling where you might see us
My whole team coming through in tees and wife
beaters
Out, doin their damn thing like beavers
Yo, it's P to the H-O, I finish the job
Plus my Dominican Broad
Making me chili con caso [?]

Work and plan a perfect verse
Then burst like a person
That jerked from a circus cannon
Then landed to the earth
It's me on the song, featured your fleet
Breathing is strong
It's a gypsy reading a palm
With a drawn heater
Never gone of the wrong reefer
A bong chief, of the don ballest
As long as the bronze is bronze sneakers
Got ways of a thuggie, thinking I wont come and get
you
Dressed like a gun with pistols, and AK's in a bundle

And Tay is blazing it lovely, cause I'm one with the
game
So I sat back, chilled, dropped Foreign Exchange
And a lot of rap niggaz got lost
Heard Phontigga carrying tunes and assumed he don
got soft
They didn't understand it was my next direction

So I'm playing postman and addressing questions
Like, yes I'm still a LB, no I'm not leaving
No I don't eat meat, but yes I'm still beefin
But all these wack niggaz putting records out
This is all live nigga, check it out
Lb, S bill a fam on a mission
And I ain't worried about people biting "Minstrel Show"
They still teething on "The Listening"

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