

Little Brother

"Hold On"

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[Sample] Sittin' on the edge of my mind all the time
[Big Pooh] Look Ma I wrote this with no hands Naw, I'm
playin' Check it, I wrote this with no pens A little flow to
get the doors open With your neck noddin' back like
you drunk off Chopin A lot of niggas quietly hopin' I
wouldn't return with the scope on them scopin' But look
niggas I'm here Start chokin' There's gonna be a lot of
things said that's provokin' Little dudes to get amp
Where you can get crushed like an ant Turned out like
a lamp And take this mothafuckin' lick with a stamp Do
yourself a favor; don't fuck with the champs Cause in
any division Whether that's, long or short on any
decision I'm gonna be the last standin' Hand raised
lookin' at the ref You gonna ? count demandin' For a
rematch But I cut out the beef And guarantee you it
won't be a relapse Perhaps In the crowd you can post
up Take a good look nigga Get a close up We froze up
Scrub niggas that rose up Your run is over Hand the
fuckin' microphone up I'm through with it You can say I
did it I copped a squat on you lames then took a shitted
Whoa [Chorus: Big Pooh] + (Phonte) [x2] People tellin'
me, they tellin' me, "Hold on" And I'm on the right track
and nothin' can go wrong But each day it's gettin'
harder to hold on (Man, I ain't hatin', I've been waitin'
for so long) [Phonte] The realest to do it, the illest
maneuvers, the plan To finish you losers that's killin'
the music, the man That's known in every section They
say the deadliest weapon Is Tay chillin' with a mic in the
palm of his hand He's savin' rap from it's hideous state
He never Get's rattled in the city of snakes One nigga
say, "He don't rhyme as much" I got the Midas touch
You Meineke niggas should give it a break Cause I can
relate to late nights Rollin' in a dented Taurus With my
man Bein' exposed to the cities horrors Goin' to open
mic nights Where the audience, they did ignore us But
a lot of ill shit it had taught us Like how to adapt to
different people, different auras And bring messages
that our forefathers brought us So even though I'm
rappin' now and got thangs I don't rock chains Our
ancestors did it for us I'm on some, brand-new-and-
improve Phonte, 9th and Pooh on the move I mean, who

would have knew? What our night time maneuvers
would do A whole state of MCs inspired By the words
we scribe But some times I get quiet And niggas think
I'm depressed I'm just analyzin' I mean I'm strategizin' I
mean I'm fantasizin' About all this money and stress
Because the taste of success is so tantalizin' And some
times I feel like a dope fiend without it Wakin' up in cold
sweats havin' dreams about it Tryin' to tell my whole
team about it Y'all niggas got to walk it My nigga, don't
talk it just be about it And this is what I'm faced with all
the time I'm not tryin' to be Rembrandt Just wanna to
draw the line Between illusion and reality And I'ma get
what's mine But I keep hearin' voices inside They be
tellin' me Tellin' me...you ain't gonna make it man
What? It's my motherfuckin' life nigga. Uh, c'mon
[Chorus] [Phonte] And yeah we gettin' it on We gotta
gettin' it on Nigga we gettin' it on Check it out now You
know we gettin' it on We steady gettin' it on Big Dho is it
on We gettin' it on now Big Pooh is gettin' it on 9th
Wonder gettin' it on Khrysis gettin' it on We do it on
now We gettin' it on You know we gettin' it on now You
know...alright damn Here the mic. Shit. Aiight

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