

## Little Brother "Tension"

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[Intro: Phonte]

And we do it like this, y'all  
All day, everytime don't miss y'all  
It's Little Brother, Phonte don't quit y'all  
It's Big Pooh, 9th Wonder on the shit y'all (LB, baby)  
It's like this, it's like that, keep it goin on (you know we  
back)  
It's like this, it's like that, keep it goin on  
(... tension on y'all niggaz)  
(F'real) What you think this shit is, man?

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

I'm ready to fight, every last hatin-ass, fakin-ass  
Blantant-ass stoytellin pussy magellan  
(NO! ) You ain't know, I came ready to scrap  
I'm a chill-ass nigga 'til you push me black  
(aight?)(OHH! )  
Yeah, that's my nigga there, he got my back  
We ride that bitch until the wheels fall off, and the rims  
gon crack  
A-matter of fact, we back on attack  
Tay and Pooh rock mics, niggy-9th on the track  
The League is here, please beware  
We were hungry for a while muh'fuckers, we gon eat  
this year  
(YEAH! ) I'm ready to do it, I'm ready for whatever  
No matter the weather - rain, sleet, snow, hail, or  
sunshine  
And I'm a get mine, and I'm get right  
I don't care what you crab critics write  
Despite the fact LB still fat to death  
The last ones left STAY holdin your breath, nigga!

[Chorus 1: x2]

Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw  
Never seen, never heard, never did before  
I'm feelin tension in the air, yo  
But I ain't goin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here, yo

[Phonte:]

Check it out, yo Phonte the rap patter familias  
Man of constant sorrow that's in the booth killin you

niggaz with

A highly flammable style that's burnin your villages  
And got everybody runnin cause they see just how real  
it is

Cause that's what it takes to get through

And all of you faggotty niggaz who fronted, no we  
won't forget you

Who tried to fuck around with our sound credentials

But now, when we come around, you sound pre-  
minstrel

I'll bring it to you live when it's time to

But I got bigger things on my mind and I know we gon  
shine thru

You creepin and I know where to find you

I copped the 12-inch, how you let your instrumental out-  
rhyme you, nigga?

My whole team come through like the task force

Makin niggaz sit down is all we can stand for

You fake fifteen-and-a-half-bar rap stars

Take ya caps off, LB bout to blast off, what?

[Chorus 2:]

Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw

Never seen, never heard, never did before

I'm feelin tension in the air, yo

But we ain't goin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here, yo

Yo, without a doubt, tun it out, give it to you raw

Never seen, never heard, never did before

I'm feelin tension in the air, yo

But we ain't runnin nowhere, we right muh'fuckin here,  
yo

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Aiyyo, I'm Gon Git You Sucka, every hero needs

Some theme music, and this is mine

You feelin danger, then press rewind

I press and Clydesdale wack MCs', God rich with the  
rhyme

[Phonte:]

Let's hit the pedal yo and let's burn out

I see the bitch in some of y'all heels and ya press-perm  
out (okay)

I'm hungry like the Wolf of London for a fresh turn-out

That goes out, to each and every last ONE of y'all fag-  
niggaz

Been tryin to get on for years, now you mad with us

Wanna-be MCs', but better off ad-libbers (uh) {both} I

jab niggaz...

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

... who claim they rode with mad killas  
I got your album, every joint sound like bad fillers  
We constantly spinnin, like a set of perrellis  
We retro-fitted like a chick rockin jellies (uh)  
It's all from the soul to my belly  
You better pick up your celly and let the world know Big  
Pooh is BACK (nigga, OH! )

[Chorus 1]  
[1/2 Chorus 2: w/ ad-libis]

We doin this for y'all yo...  
And that's wassup

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