

## Little Brother

### "The Getaway \*"

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\* iTunes Bonus Track

[Intro - repeat]

"Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Just can't go away"

[Rapper Big Pooh - Intro]

Yeah, uh and just like that  
We back again, uh - Little Brother  
Yeah

Mic, predator, eat any competitor  
Had to double back cause I been way ahead of the  
curve that they settin up, nerve they forgettin-uh  
Heard that we ushered in, heard we was sufferin  
NO - Poobie's recoverin, just a little bufferin  
Took a little Bufferin, now I'm back tougher than  
Can't get enough of them, no we don't follow trends  
Threw me in the deep end to find out that I can swim  
I take my time to configure each rhyme  
One line at a time to show you I'm that G'REAL  
Pound for pound, nigga skill for skill  
Ain't nobody fuckin wit me, I bet my deal, chill  
Chumps is +mad,+ while folks is +Glad+  
Just to know I got it Ziploc'd up in the bag  
Just to know I got 'er out hard up in the ave  
It's Little Brother, trust you don't want no problems wit  
THAT!

[Chorus]

"Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Can't get awaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaay  
Just can't go away"

[Pooh overlaps]

Hah, I told y'all man, the jab is mean  
The hook is nice, the uppercut is sweet  
I'm in the best shape of my career

Yeah, let's, GO!

[Phonte]

Uh, aiyyo they thought that I would lose it  
Thought that I would do wrong  
My third time around, they say, "He should find a new  
charm"  
But Tay's unaffected, he's chillin sippin ooh-Long Tea  
Doin me, been too strong for too long  
On that Mary J. shit, they sayin he should "Move On"  
Cain't cut the mustard, cain't slice the Poupon  
Sheeit! Cut it out, like a coupon  
Tay is the truth, I'm +Livin' Proof+ like the Group Home  
Ain't another team gettin live enough, arms ain't wide  
enough  
to make the party people jump off the wall  
My rhymes for real niggaz, cause that's who feel  
niggaz  
My words, heal niggaz like it's altar call  
And it's time for me to slay these fakes  
They could try to remove but they could never replace  
Start tithing dawg, hit that collection plate  
fo' Reverend Tiggallo Dollar, Bishop Tay D. Jakes  
Niggaz made the mistake of thinkin we couldn't bounce  
back  
Thought that we would bounce back, to Carolina cause  
we couldn't handle ours  
You never heard no nigga spit no bad raps  
So why y'all think a bad lap would stop my marathon  
I can't believe they believe I would leave  
like a teabag, lookin in my face like He-Man  
Well your assumptions are kinda out of place  
and slightly off-base/off base like a nigga leavin rehab  
I would never stop, never quit, never falter  
Never bend, never break, never change, never alter my  
style - so fly, it's testament to my  
perfection, let us have a "B" selection from the choir -  
CHU'CH!

[choir sings the chorus replacing the sample]

C'mon

[DJ Flash cuts and scratches]

"I'm kinda fly wit it"

"Black Dante, Mr. Phonte, cold perfection"

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