

Little Brother "The Listening"

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Yo, I bought a brand new album today
Decide to take it home kick off my shoes relax and play
And spin it for the whole joint 'cause I like to get the
whole point
Music is everything to me and I refuse to rock the piece
'Cause you're my favorite emcee

All I want is what you would ask of me hi kwelity
And some Definition
Wonder why we bootleg like it's prohibition
It's difficult it's dismissing
I got suspicions that your ears to the streets where
we're whispering
Are you listening?

I took your LP to DC, where some youngins
Gave me the LD on how it should be
Make sure the beat knock till the trunk pop
And everybody pause when you cruise down the block
Roll down your window and they ask what you playin'
But don't nobody care what you're sayin'
That's what they told me y'all

This is a message for our people chasing Benjamins
With real rhymes and skills they believing in
Keeping them bad tapes rolling like Michelin
It don't matter, 'cause niggaz ain't listening

They ain't listening, they thinkin' 'bout they Timbalands
They say the shit we talk about ain't interestin'
We got a better chance of blowing up in Switzerland
Holla if you hear it, 'cause niggaz ain't listening

Music was my sanctuary so I take a long listen
To hip hop living out my life in songs wishin'
My parents, I could get along with them
So I would go inside my room and dig deep inside the
strong rhythms

Back when fresh was the word and raw was on prism
Marley on the boards, plus Kane was long livin'
G rap and A spittin' murderous

Bought long live the kane, sat down and learned every
word of it

Sneakin' my walkman in the homeroom playin' it
Listen for punchlines delivery and cadences
But nowadays it's like niggaz wanna play with it
They hear some good shit but don't stop to savor it

Like one night we was out in my whip
With some broads just chillin', playin' demos and shit
Asked 'em how I sounded rockin' the mike
One chick told me all she listened to was beats, thank
God for ninth

Trying to get pressed on vinyl 'cause muh'fuckers buy
your CD
But turn around don't even know your song titles
Like track 2 is hot and track 6 is long
Ain't even listening, I'm hoping I get through to y'all

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Fly Motorola diploma style for ice niggaz
Asparagus rosemary chips for all my nice niggaz
We roll through niggaz masked in vengeance
U-Haul emcees chasing Brown Sugars

And you thought that it would never happen
Thought that it would never happen
My clever rappin' keeps my celery growing
Judy Jetson up in Elroy's, thought he was home

With the Gold Bond Armor-All fatigues on
Rosey in the pantry with Velma and Shaggy getting
they lean on
He sweeter that a Whitney Hous' track hittin' them high
notes
And Alex Keaton always frontin' like he high post

Screaming on Justine when he flippin' the script
Tony Danza left a playa celibate
Rippin' rhymes for the hell of it

Check all these bitches on my Soul Glow city
Walkin' 'round with Madagascar titties
Imported for my Cole Train leaves ya elephant niggaz
Yo peace Jovan, the sky be purple and orange

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