

Little Brother Feat. Cormega

"Back At It"

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Uh, and like that I'm back at it to win
Rapper Pooh muh'fucker, don't ask again
So what, I'm from the South, I don't snap with trends
I'm tryna fill my backpack to the top with ends

Wanna ride real low and drive slow in the Benz
Play a lil' D-Brock, put 'em on to some skins
When you done pass that broad right back to your
friends
It ain't no fun if the homies can't spin'er

But that's later thinkin', I'm up later drinkin'
I'm tryna come up on the beat that I can sink my teeth
in
I get busy, what shit was he on?
Poobie Prime Time get it shine like Deion

I'm cold-blooded, you can call me Freon
Got a couple stripes homie, I'm no don
You seem concern with everything I be on
Album three's comin', bitch nigga, now be warned

I hear the people talkin' all of the time
Sayin' we out of they league, they must be outta they
mind
They betta know somethin'
I say H O J, we back at it, Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it

My son love to said it, gun unsympathetic
Ones that never discuss, too much distrust
Went from rock fights to pickin' bricks up, stick boards
to stick-ups
Playin' cops and robbers to hatin' cops and robbin'

Monopoly to the money and the power
Playin' in the rain to playin' with bitches in the shower
Bicycles to flossin' Coupes with chrome to bright to
view
From blue Icee's to the ice that's blue

From suede Puma to suede New Balance, Good Times

to Martin
Water guns to the nines we sparkin'
From George Jefferson to George on Seinfeld
From U Ain't Fresh to Y'all Don't Rhyme III

From two turntables and a microphone
To weak niggaz livin' off hype alone
'Mega here, niggaz scared like Tyson's home
And I still got my license, homes

Ay, yo yo, I hear the people talkin' all of the time
Sayin' we out of they league, they must be outta they
mind
You betta know somethin'
I say H O J, we back at it, Phonte, Big Pooh, we back at it

Yo, they think it's all a sport
Wanna talk the talk, but can't walk the walk, when it's
time
You betta show somethin'
I say H O J, we back at it, yes, yes, Phonte, Big Pooh, we
back at it

I see 'em whisperin' sayin' that we fallin' off
And in his own town treated like a foreigner
And that's the reason I ain't had any R 'n' R
'Cause these nights I'm remembering like Shalamar

My own team sayin, nigga, you should go for yours
We underground, but fuck it, rule 'em like overlords
'Cause they ain't see a nigga creepin' through the
corridor
All black, back drop, next stop the coroner

Body count now around three hunnet
Don't know how many ways I can tell you we run it
Without bein' redundant, niggaz scared to top me
Callin' fours posse like we on Teen Summit

But this ain't a talk show and I ain't your guest star
Even on our worst day, you know who the best are
Tay is not the one to test par, X marks the spot
You a target, good night and God bless y'all

Silly white folks say, he speak so well
'Cause he got a way with words, it's so extraordinary
Give you a peak into my intimate thoughts
Givin' these illiterate niggaz where all the fuckin'
coronaries

You ain't gotta worry who the next man is

Work your own grind, use it to your advantage
Sensitive ass niggaz stop bein' so [Incomprehensible]
Phontigga that nigga and yes he's back at, uh

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Come on Little Brother and my man Cormega, what up?
H O J, Queens Bridge collaboration
Shout to my nigga 'Mega, the respect is mutual homie
for real
Uh, come on

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