

Rapper Big Pooh

"People"

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High school geek, small town freak
No matter where you go everybody's unique
Some people peak, and some choose to sneak
Products from their job, the man call it stealing
Records not appealing, brown-noser squealing
Niggas in the box staring blank at the ceiling
Magazine pictures turn permanent fixtures
We call it gatherings, they call it mixers
Elevator music, wine, crackers, cheese
Somebody uncle house, liquor and some Ds
Blacks and degrees, still unemployed
Money in abundance never fill the void
And not knowing mommy, not knowing daddy
Kids everywhere go through this pain sadly
Panhandlers gladly accept loose change
Tell me you ain't thinking that you see the same thangs

To church bring confession, money and a scandal
The Lord never give you anything you can't handle
Ends of the candle, both burning bright
You working all day, rapping all night
Rapping on site, not getting niggas deals
As MySpace hits and YouTube keep it real
Tell 'em how you feel, judge bang the gavel
Fortune 500 companies unravel
Couples play scrabble, babies play rattles
Frats swing paddles, sold as a rafter
Author pen chapters, pastor preach raptures
People tip cows while they sleeping in the pastures
My pastime is to write rhymes
My homeboy went to school now he fight crime
When these niggas can't deal, turn to white lines
I know you thinking to yourself, these are our times

Bring Hip Hop back!

People, people, you got to get over
'fore we go under, drowned in a blunder
My name Wonder Architect of the one-six park feel
With honest thoughts to spill
I took control to grab hold of my skill

Sprayed on some lime like glow to DeVille
East math too, had to wash some of it off
So not to meet up with the ski mask crew
That's how people do
Smile in your face, scheme on your place
Kids by the curb mixing in their words
A whole bunch of potty language (what else?)
Girls throw a whole bunch of body language (for who?)
Me and you nigga (hahh!) we shitting all over each
other
Tryna prove who stacks bigger
Everybody's laughing, so my girl rose up asking
What the hell am I doing? I told her these young girls
I ain't out here pursuing, but her blood's brewing
So she calls me a liar, now she hates me
Sort of how she hate pairing up white socks that's
straight out the dryer

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