

Rapper Big Pooh

"The Fever"

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[Verse 1] Somebody get him some Vicks A hot mug full of third flu, tylon(?) or the Remy to sip They say the kid, yo he doesn't exist I've been known to be prescribed, hand to hand to handle the fix A contraband landed me on the list Want an issue, phlegm ripped tissue, I popped the cassette Diagnosed the disease that's been given to vets I'm a hero outa town that come home to threats Complex man divided, my soul ignited New system built up, I'm prepared to fight it Write it down, recite it, or come off of the top with it Script in my palm, we carry along Now ring the alarm, we can't save him Thirty-five millimetre film has become rest havens Shit's funnier than Wes Craven I thought my nigga told y'all, more deleting and less saving Let's get 'em [Hook] {X2} I've been called the cure Uncut, raw, pure, that's for sure I am the medicine they waiting on They never seen a cat like me before [Verse 2] Somebody get him a doc, prepare for surgery Scrub your hands up cause it's time to op Don't nobody on the streets got the shit that I got Rock the mic like crack, rock like Mack A lot of niggas new to the game, give 'em an ass slap I'm past that, high speed to my early teens Been a fiend for the beats and rhymes, ahead of my time Been lapped once and just catchin up to it So fluent, flow like Bob Ross drew it Who is the next best? So fresh Jam like Def, respirate me please I'll break brainstorm, ink, poison and trees He's in the zone and your deed can't stop him I bet you with his eyes closed, he can still drop 'em Pop 'em from behind the ark Send a piece up to Pete with a pound of my heart Come on [Hook] {X4} [Verse 3] Somebody send him a prayer I swear, cause this is the year we gon' get it however And even by myself, LB together Prepare for any weather, ponchos official City slick with the best, locked, confidential Record rock solid just like prudential Dho got the resume so fuck credentials Scoring parts with words when it come to the pencil They couldn't get it right if I lent 'em a stencil I ain't really tryna offend you But between you and I, we both know the truth Pooh a pyromaniac when it come to the booth Fresh squeezed juice right down to the pulp Keep

a smile on my face while them haters sulk See the
green in your mug Incredible Hulk Feeble so go correct
your talk I got the remedy

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