

Jake One f/ Little Brother

"Bless the Child"

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[Chorus - Phonte] Uh, I keep it simple and plain and make it fly to ya I never hold my tongue, I never lie to ya I share joy and pain and even cry with ya Passenger seat, whenever it's time to ride with ya Momma you're dealin with professionals Relax, fall back, just settle down He's a legend, you're fuckin with the best around No stress, aw yes, God bless the child [Verse 1 - Rapper Big Pooh] Cause I'm the last one spittin, yes it is written Everything I've done in the past, it was bitten Niggaz just kiddin, would so they lyin Bur first or he tellin, late fiction I ain't buyin Yes I am eyein, piece of the pie and Better get it soon cause these labels keep dyin You rappers tryin, already I am Jake One to give 'em up, I'm a keep firin, 'til I hear sirens Blue lights flashin, LB mash on these niggaz I'm gettin kind of brash on these niggaz I don't kiss ass, pussy niggaz walkin by me with a speed pass Ain't no heart in 'em, there's just a little bit of art in 'em I'm no killer, I'd spare with 'em I'm a man, I don't think you niggaz understand You never could keep up with the plans You don't hear me though [Chorus] [Verse 2 - Phonte] Uh, listen, listen Aiiyo, I never won an Oscar, I just act like I want it Die for my family and live for the moment And that's the main difference between me and my opponent They just say 'fuck the world,' I bone it like I own it I wake up in the mornin, hittin the ground runnin Tryin to pound somethin, still swingin a battle ax They say 'life's a bitch,' but if life's a bitch I'm throwin this D on her like she was my Cadillac Killin her softly with long strokes That's what the grown folks do when they get down in the trenches She don't want to give, so I take And to her it's like rape, but to me it's just a conflict of entrance Last play of the game, no time on the clock And the margin of error, is just a matter of inches Fuck it we goin for it, nigga balls to the wall 'Tigilo one of the illest that you'll ever witness Yes sir [Chorus] [Phonte] No stress, aw yes, God bless the child - 2X Uh [Outro - Phonte] - (*scratching*) (Who's world is this?) Yeah, let's ride to it ("it's yours") (Who's world is this?) Let's put the windows down, let's ride to it ("it's yours") (Who's world is this?) Let's turn the system up, let's

ride to it ("it's yours") Put your elbow out the window,
("it's yours"), let's go (Who's world is this?) ("it's
yours") - 3X ("It's yours") - scratched (Who's world is
this?) ("it's yours") - 3X ("It's") - scratched (Who's world
is this?) ("it's yours") - 3X

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