

Jozeemo f/ Little Brother

"Lose It"

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[Jozeemo] I got chickens looking at me from the left
and the right They wanna be wife, all I want is head for
the night See I'm dressed kinda tight but I'm sweating
out my clothes cause I'm hot and I'm sick and damn
tired of these shows Let me stop lying, I love being in
the light cause I know the crowd waiting just for me to
get it hype All I'm needing is a mic and a bag of that
sticky Couple drinks got me feeling like a badass niggy
Wanna dive off stage but I weigh two-fifty I ain't
fucking up my threads cause I'm way too jiggy Hit me,
I'ma be up in the back where the woods at Wanna tour
every city, find out where their hood's at I don't need a
hood rat, fame gave me booshie ass And she got
girlfriends, now I'm playing booty tag You can brag, Jo'
keep it moving with a smile I'm losing my mind, but at
least a nigga lose it in his style [Chorus: Jozeemo] Now
throw your hands up and "lose it" Turn your bottles up
and "lose it" Spark the kush up and "lose it" Turn the
music up and "lose it" I'm out of my zone, I'm out of
Patron I know I'm bout "lose it", I'm out of my dome
Now throw your hands up and "lose it" Turn your
bottles up and "lose it" Spark the kush up and "lose it"
Turn the music up and "lose it" I'm going insane, it's
part of the game A nigga bout to "lose it", I know it's
the fame [Phonte] Uh, it ain't nothing like being on
centre stage with all the people screaming while me
and my niggas is facing off Go to your corner homie,
you gon' need the taping guards No scratch that nigga,
you gon' need the grace of God When we finish
tonight, you won't want to face tomorrow The rap, the
bling, the cake, yeah we take 'em all Cause err'night,
them boys they bust asses On stage they don't play
+fare+ like +bus passes+ I'm Phontigallo, Master of
Ceremony Master of simile and master of metaphor So
you might as well get used to me amigo Tigallo
Tarantino, top +Dog+ in your +Reservoir+ I wrote this
to give niggas direction I eff Gary Graham so that I
don't have to play him I'm on my way home way past
third base When you see 'Te face, keep stepping to the
ace [Chorus] [Rapper Big Pooh] Check, I play the side,
Pooh cooler than the mud White T, low pro, asking who

he was My {?}, drink another, now I'm buzz Cooler than
a fan, nobody do it like we does I'm mic handling, send
niggas scrambling Rapper Pooh hammering, crazy like
Cameron I'm outstanding whenever I dictate words
over beats, fuck niggas better get straight Get great,
take plates, eating steak again Can't wait, back to
serve, I'm the baker man Rock shows, rock hoes, why
you hating Stan? Thought I said ain't nobody like me
Live on stage like Dilated P No more freestyling, now I
rap for a fee LS 400 or I'm low in a Capri Either way it
go, your girl came to see me! [Chorus]

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