

Little Brother f/ Median

"Right Here"

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[Intro] [Big Pooh] Uh, Illmind, Median, Rapper Pooh, Phonte I know y'all been waitin' a long time for this man. Here we, go [Verse One] [Big Pooh] This here, it had to be expected Pooh attack mics like a can of disinfectant My drive has been resurrected With this ill shit that Illmind injected This game is about to get hectic LB is here you must accept it Cause too often, people try to sleep on the kid I'm sick with it, can't you hear the paper coughin'? Hot nigga like I'm walkin' down Slauson Middle of the day, no shade, people pausin' Rubber neckin', Uy's in the street on my feet West coast is ready to overdose this Hocus pocus that we call music And y'all niggas can quote this I wrote this on a sunny afternoon Laid back in my room, y'all niggas can hold this, uh [Chorus] [Phonte] So loud so clear Ain't no better place than right here (right here) Say yeah (awe yeah) Cause ain't no better space and ain't no better place than right here Let the people say [Big Pooh] So loud so clear Ain't no better place than right here (right here) Say yeah (awe yeah) Cause ain't no better space and ain't no better place than right here Let the people say [Verse Two] [Phonte] Check it out, uh Still gettin' it Still got work to do, without no fringe benefits And sayin', "Phonte ain't rippin' it" That's oxymoronic like Icy Hot or ABB Distributing I mean, it's taken me a little bit to get my life in my rhymes Now everybody wonder how The Phonte, Big Tay and 9th Wonder sound Got that cause we got on tracks but ain't give 'em the run around Very respectable Made y'all raise the decibels At a time when hip hop was so destitute Now everybody claimin' that they gonna spark it Tryin' play Gregory Hines and Tap into this market And the thought is so sickenin' Cause them rhymes stored in they memory banks just ain't holdin' no interest But I go with my feelin' And even if I had to go independent Tay still gonna flow with a vengeance You better tell 'em [Chorus] [Phonte singing] There's no place I'd rather be [Verse Three] [Median] Ayo, Median is out the box What a fox here Flier than a seagull, we gone with the wind Crews doomed to lose, we was born to win The League's so

official so I run with them Shout out to pioneers that
paved the wiggy Paid the jiggy Engraved their name
upon the city I embrace my cultures fame so
committed to this It's hip hop idish I was born to live it
Engulfed to abyss, so deeply I'm short winded The art
is my action Syllables are friction Others use words to
speak, it's much bigger My pattern of speech is relief to
the listener My swagger in my speech I release to
deliver Them sunbeams that visit me from the above
sender Couldn't fathom a breach with a gift such as
this one Gotta gather my speech to complete the
mission [Chorus]

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