

Little Brother f/ Oh No "Stylin'"

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[Intro] [Big Pooh Speaking] Yeah, from NC to Oxnard.
Nigga we go hard. Ha [Verse One] [Big Pooh] I was that
chubby kid, I ain't talk too much And even though I
could I never use that crutch It's funny when you're
older, makin' moves and such How people find a way
to get in your clutch And they do touch and rub some
nigga foul Thinkin' shit gravy cause you seen me smile
I'm givin' up inches, you want the whole mile And when
I tell 'em, "Stop" that's when hoes get wild Flood the in
box, constant calls comin' in I hit the "Back" button and
she callin' me again I'm thinkin' out loud, "When is this
gon' end?" Will you ever get the message, I don't
wanna be your friend I don't want to have a talk, I got
nothin' to say You actin' real immature, go somewhere
and play Told the baby, "Break out" like Chad or Shay
Yes Poobie is for real, it would make my day [Chorus]
[Big Pooh] But first you get money stylin' Get fame
wildin' Bitches start wowin' Niggas start pilin' Then
niggas start wowin' Bitches start pilin' Get fame stylin'
Make money wildin' Niggas get mad start stylin' on you
Bitches get mad start wowin' on you Make a lil' money
they start pilin' on you Get a lil' fame they start wowin'
on you [Verse Two] [Big Pooh] I ain't never had a dollar
to my name, fuck fame Get a lil' bit people around you
start to change Palms reachin' out, speakin' 'bout what
they did We was both down and out now the situation
big You supposed to be my nig It will never be the same
We both pointin' fingers at each other placin' blame
You on that David Blane I'm on a higher plain A blow to
the people who don't know what's insane A
motherfuckin' shame how this whole thing turned We
had to end it homie before somebody got burned I hate
this kind of lesson, find myself second guessin' The
burden here is lessened, experience earned And
before this take a turn for the worse I think it's in both
our best interest if we go again disperse I know what
you thinkin', but homie the truth hurts I never thought
gettin' this bread would be a curse But [Chorus] [Verse
Three] [Oh No] Now Rock City's tryin' to get that cake
See I was raised in the burbs with the birds and the
snakes So at an early age I had to learn everybody's

mistake So by now everybody can call me the great It's
Oh No No With more signs than skitzos Niggas let them
lips go, that leaves their lids blown And homie I'm
gettin' blown so y'all can get gon' Can't hang around
me dawg so we don't get along And shows with hoes,
it's no damn difference They beyond overthrow but no
bullshittin' There's only one ride And then they gettin'
dropped off So when they start wildin', pssst, please
you can walk off Now put that in your Coach's knockoff
and bag it up And add it to my roach's up in Oxnard
They always knew me like they think they do They
thought they knew Shit I'm doin' it big with Pooh
[Chorus]

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