

Little Brother f/ Torae

"24"

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"Whoop whoop whoop" - KRS-One 'Sound Of Da Police"
[Verse One] [Torae] Yo, this be unorthodox Dunn
awesome ock Niggas ain't on they job Dumb off the
clock I'm all on my watch Y'all all have to watch How I
made niggas run into a halt and stop Hot Scorchin' mic
devices Nice since, Morgan Freeman got his driver's
license Niggas bars aight, but really that hype shit Is
Torae, Phonte, Big Pooh and Khrysis Whoop whoop is
the sound of the po po But the sound of my vocals,
sound like a choke hold All over these so called Niggas
that's so dope Nigga you about as hot as a snow cone
(You so gone) Your monic is monic go way about your
head like yamakas I'm fire everyday like it's Chanukah
Thermometer monitor Meteoric measurer barometer
Rhymin' niggas don't wanna follow, huh The Donald
Goines of flowin' Cause when I pen it, I go when I'm
heartless/Hart less Like the brothers of Owen I already
got it done I'm just keepin' it goin' This is grown folk
talk Youngin' speak when you spoken Hopin' the
hopeless note these bars that I wrote If you devote your
focus you could come as dope as this This track's
atrocious The verses too Cause we got Khrysis on the
board like he's surfin' dude [Phonte talking] Yeah, it's
Little Brother. My nigga Khrysis on the beat. My nigga
Tor. Let's show these niggas what MCin' sounds like
man. [Phonte] Ayo, get on the mic spit a couple of
verses Make niggas give it up like "What the fuck is my
purpose? Cause he's such an elaborate wordsmith."
Phon-teezy Spit greezy like a bucket of churches Three
piece These streets wanna see what I'm workin' with So
you Ringling niggas can stop that Circus shit Y'all got
hip hop soundin' like kids-bop So I'm gonna murk these
tracks like Berkowitz The Son Of Samuel, watch me
surface with A new rhyme that make y'all wack niggas
call time out Let's talk real shit If you can't feel this You
sniffin' that Lohan or smokin' that Winehouse I'm on the
grind now Just tryin' to find out If y'all niggas really
gonna waste your time Takin' shots at Phonte, wastin'
all your rhymes Wanna step to the kid, you done lost
your mind I'll do your school of thought like Columbine
Can't stay there in Virginia Tech all combined I'm a

Reservoir Dog like ? Tell the truth when most niggas will
hardly drop When I roll through the borough they say,
"Phonte home." When I spit that hard shit they say,
"Phonte wrong." Sang a hook, they be like, "Uww, that's
Phonte's song." 24 bars, it's over nigga, Phonte gone
Like uh uh on [Verse Three] [Big Pooh] Hear ye hear
ye, come one come all Niggas pray and pray on my
downfall I can get knocked down, be back tomorrow
Pooh still looks fresh, no scrapes or scars Get on my
Suge Knight, puff on a cigar Or my Tracy Chapman,
this is my guitar And my best so far, continues to be
light years and your sub par Like if we both box, with
me you couldn't spar Be who you are, that's lame my
nig I'ma be who I am, won't change for shit Greatest in
my hands with a hell of a grip Don't quit your day job,
that's a hell of a tip Kind of funny finding you on mine,
don't trip I write rhymes daily Records come yearly Got
to make sure all my people gon' hear me Told y'all
sincerely, I won't quit Triumph in my words, every line I
spit Jim Crow wack niggas, to the back you sit It's
Rapper Big Pooh, small minds don't fit Tell 'em H.O.J. is
the crew I'm with Bull City down here, better come meet
quick Even on black ice, won't see me slip Put the
pressure on niggas, make 'em all submit What what
what

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