

Little Brother, Next Day

[Intro: Phonte]

Y'know, ev'rybody was askin me.
After you quit your job... whatchu do?
Uh...

Walked outta Belk like, I was feelin brand new
Something I never felt like, I had been emancipated
And it seem strange but deep down I know it felt right
Back to the crib, I went to tell my girl
And she just looked at me like, "Nigga, I already knew"
So we packed up the Nissan and went to Maryland
For the holidays, my son was bout to be two
Fresh out of a job, what's a nigga to do?
So I called Beni B., he shot niggas some loot
So thankful to God that I was able to pay rent
Met Kev Brown, did the "Can't Stay Away" shit
Went back home with out pockets butt-naked
Times got tight, we ain't know if we would make it
Met with the label who decide that now we
We'll do the first Little Brother tour through Cali
Maaaaan! Shit was whack as hell
We was for "The Big Throwdown" like Le-vert
Me, Pooh, 9th, I.D., and Malachi
In the crowded-ass van filled with ugly-ass T-shirts
Dealin with the label drove Tiggalo bizzerk
So when we got home, I put my foot on the flo'
Said, "I ain't doin this management shit no mo'"
Gave the call to my nigga Big Dho, let's get it
We started makin money doin some travelin
But at home, my family life was steady unravelin
Me and ol' girl wasn't seein eye to eye
Just shackin up, layin thigh to thigh
Not in love, just "Fakin Jax" like InI
She said, "Baby, you know I'll go through the wall for you"
But when I stepped off the plane back from Portugal
She was gone - fuck it, y'all niggas heard "All For You"
Came back to the crib, had to pack all my shit up
Cause that's when we did our first tour with Hiero
Seem like everyday them niggas stay high tho'
I love y'all, thanks for teachin us how to grind, yo
Came off the road with my name well-respected
Hit the studio, me and Nic finished "Connected"
Money in my pocket and a new apartment
And on top of that now the major labels is watchin
Heeeey! It was the top of '04
And everythang seem to be movin in slo-mo
Niggaz wanted a deal so bad, they can taste it
But everyday, it seem like it would be a no-go
With a palm that's sweaty and hand that's jittery
Signed, to Atlantic and the rest is misery
Oops! fraudulent slip, I mean the rest is history
"I'm just still a little hot, excuse my niggery"
In the middle of makin "The Minstrel Show"
We was out one night, saw this thang that caught my eye
I like the way that she danced, like the way that she moved
Fly conversation and the way she thought was fly
She moved in and we got real close
And I can see that she was way above av-erage
So we tied the knot, and my second son dropped
About, six weeks after the album did
Y'all niggas know the rest, I won't bore you widdit
"Minstrel Show" came and went; we went to war with critics
They said, "We wouldn't make it as a two-man team"
But this is part of a two-man dream

That I had in my heart since I walked out the store
That's what I did with my next day, whatchu gon' do with YOURS?
Whatchu gon' do with YOURS?
... and that's what hap'n, peace!

crbt2('Little Brother','Next Day')

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