

Little Brother, Bring It On

(feat. Ray Cash)

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Yeah...muh'fuckin Rapper..

H-O-J.."Soldiers of Fortune" coming soon..

You muh'fuckas still think this shit's sweet

Heh - uh..

You silly niggaz must got it confused, thinkin I'm gon move
or readjust my stance I got nuttin to lose

Muh'fuckas think they better cause they frontin with jewels

Look a lil' green nigga, tell me where's your blues (OW!)

I'm bad news; preach sermon minus the pews

You listenin close checkin for clues

I'm lookin for cues, eight-bar corner pocket Cash Rules

You don't wan' it wit me, dude

I bring back two for everyone that you lay

You're now standin on sankin ground and them boys don't play (nope)

Revolutionary like 'Shea, bitches gettin funky

on Pooh cause I said, "Not today"

Won't break neck or go outta my way

Never one to bite tounge, won't regret when I say, "I'm the best"

Keep fam close to the vest, attack rap like a full court press

Press pause, on mediocre niggaz spit spark, showin flaws

Your shit don't burn like ours, I'm military pressin these bars

I saw your life flashin not closing cars

I'm talkin bout your broad, nigga pannies and bras

Pay homage when you in a presence of stars.. and here we are

Shout out to Cleveland..

Shout out to Mick Boogie..

The whole state of Ohio..

Shout out to Sandusky..

That's for my nigga DJ Flash..

Yeah.. Shout out to Ray Cash..

He puttin Cleveland back on the map y'all..

CHEA!

[Ray Cash:]

I got it from here Pooh, damn (OW!)

You see the world is made up of the half the have-nots (nots)

Me and my niggaz from the other half of the haves

Seein life through the eyes of a ol time

When my rhymes was reminder where all these other niggaz'll still hustle

They need muzzles, dog they woof the heart

Figure I'll let 'em live, now later I whoop 'em hard

Y'all I swear to God, God I swear to D

Some niggaz G, but other niggaz don't compare to me

They ain't my pedigree, we ain't the same breed

We have nothing in common, not even the weed

See this shit that I'm smokin, not even seed

Take a hit of this and mybe you could be just where I be

Until then , you niggaz know they gang I claim

Recognize Bill St. Gang (do the damn thang!)

Chea! It's no place like home, I return wit'out Toto (wit'out Toto)

Had to turn away when Tony killed Minolo (uh)

If you remembered the beef then you should remember the speech:

Live life like a boss, a man dies on his feet

From the cradle to the grave where my regrets I should suffer

From now until then, I murder for my Little Brother

So, bring it on if you think you could hang

But if not then let me do my thang, yeah..

Mount, high, as, a mutha-fuckin, kite, holla

Ray, Will, chill, Mick, Boogie
Lil', Brutha, Ray, Cash, OW!

crbt2('Little Brother','Bring It On')

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