

# Little Brother, One Eleven

(feat. O-Dash)

[Chorus: Rapper Big Pooh]

All my real niggas trying to make money  
All them fake nigga trying to take money  
Why them little girls wanna shake for they money  
You don't want no problems with me, sonny, for real

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Eight years young, Now you back home  
Trying to walk a path  
The straight  
The narrow  
Shorties on the block still getting that gwop  
But they ain't like you 'cause them niggas ain't narrow  
One slip-up cost your past vacation  
Spent in the hell that we call incarceration  
Before you came out, tried to tell you all about  
How this world done changed, I know it's frustrating  
I plead for my brother to have patience  
They set you up to failo, better know your situation  
They first tactic, we call it probation  
I don't believe in the rehabilitating  
They still gotta keep an eye on you, hating  
That's when they throw another at you called occupation  
And damn, for a 2-time felon  
The only thing you smelling is fries and beef  
And here comes the Lord  
You back to the street  
'Cause \$5.25 won't get you a car  
And people like, homie, why the fuck is you working  
You should be with your brother  
'Cause that nigga's star  
And that there's the furthest from the God-given truth  
Thinking you entitled, 'bout to tie your own noose  
Every house built one brick at a time  
I build mine with these rhymes  
You gotta find your own juice, bro

[Chorus]

[O-Dash:]

It's hard not knowing where your meal's coming from  
Your ribs get to touching  
Them thangs get to busting  
Scabs start pussing  
Adrenaline start rushing  
See your belly full, wolves get to lunching  
Call myself putting all my faith in Christ  
I just preserve my demons, put my faith in ice  
Calculated the price, of sacrifices I made  
Now I'm in the shade, seeing how the game is played  
Cause kids learn at young age  
They gonna either strip, move a brick  
Or end up on the front page  
It's like one way in, no way out  
The hood is sponge  
Niggas fear squeezing 'em out  
Got stacks in the floor, a li'l work in the couch  
Laid off, plus your girl got one in the pouch  
Trying to live a good life, but this money is dirty  
The way we living, bro, we ain't gonna make it to thirty

[Chorus]

crbt2('Little Brother','One Eleven')

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