

# Not Enough

Little Brother

We spent the last year writing rhymes doing shows and chopping records  
And traveled all around the world to spread the message  
'Cause ain't no rest for the weary when it comes to my team  
We only sleep on December the 32nd  
DJ's dissin' the album before they check it  
Dealin' with their managers and program directors  
And even though I try not to stress it  
Sometimes it feels like a waste of time and not worth the effort

Naw but I won't let it  
Put a block on my team's hustle for a second  
Poobie keep it rushing, as long as Tay and I on the mic  
And 9th is on the percussion, these fronting dudes can't say nothing  
It was only time for we finally spoke out  
Plenty cold nights ahead I suggest you get your coats out  
No time to stand here lips poked out we bout to closeout that stored up doubt  
And keep it moving

Seems like whatever I do  
Its not enough for you  
I paid the cost and gave you my all  
But you still want more  
I'm still standing right here  
But it seems so unfair  
That I sacrifice and give you my life  
But you still want more

Been a long time comin'  
But damn we just made it  
So much to discuss so frustrated  
Yes, I must say that the industry lost touch  
Radio better play this, 'cause Tay's style is nuts  
And y'all's is just dated  
Its history in the making  
When I write its for all of N.C., call me the state pen  
And now I'm making my name for those who hate that I'm  
Staking my claim just like Nationwide  
Radio, them suckas never play us  
Took our wax to the station and they straight played us  
That's how the game got contaminated  
And now they sayin' we're at fault like the San Andreas

And still trying to play us  
But not spin the record or disc  
I got a fire burning deep that will not be extinguished  
I mean this from the depths of my soul  
People no more mind talk let my heart take control (ohhhhh)

- Listen to this, just listen to this  
- Uh, right now, we gettin' it right now and now we gonna give you what you want  
- Just listen to this, just listen to this  
- I'm talking you, you, you, and all of you in the back  
and in the middle in the front, come on

Homie, this here is pain

I'm speaking on this pitiful thing  
That's now forever stained in the banks of my memory  
You probably like, 'they running this, b'  
But naw, I'll doubt we'll ever be  
Its funny cats don't remember me  
And don't think cause we all here that its gonna be all we  
Or all love, its all bugged  
Trying to mask them emotions with pounds and hugs  
No more I say gotta make'em pay  
'Cause I'm tired of getting stepsonned in the worst way just wait  
Them chips on my shoulder getting attached  
When my pockets catch up Pooh's never turning back

Yo I ain't never heard a act to blow and go global  
Then come back home and still be called local  
And when we onstage the people they all front  
Dope beats, dope rhymes what more do y'all want (shout it out)