

Revenge

Little Brother

They say a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush
In the home of the babblin' brooks and armed crooks
Cowardly hearts, just straight up cold shook
Where the money get took and hoes open like a book
Take a look to the center, uh
The opposite of love
Let them hot slugs go when it's live enough
A penny saved in a penny earned
How many dollars is it gon' take for a nigga just to learn?
If I had a dime for every time that I heard
"Nigga you nice."
The price would be absurd
But now served from the corner to the curb
You hear the cops comin', warn a/Warner nigga like Kurt
Hurt from the heart to the ash to the dirt
Automatic rounds cascade in short bursts
Then you hear cars skirt
Ease off the new turf
Strapped to the teeth he's out to do work
This where the boogiemane lurks
Where things go bump in the night
Invade like di-sperse
The vampires out tryin' to quench a blood thirst
And man it's real bad but shit could be worse
The worse with no purpose, verses
Those who attend the masses in churches
Regularly
Who you kiddin'? You a felon to be
And yeah it's hell but it's heaven to me
I burn steadily

Out for revenge again
It's gettin' too tough to hold what's held in
It's gettin' too rough to just smile and grin
So I can't pretend
Naw, I can't pretend
I'm out for revenge
"Please come get me"
"My man"
"Payback"

People take smiles for weakness
Like I ain't tryin' to run the race the Pre'ness
Like I ain't tryin' to taste the spoils the sweetness
Like I ain't really in it to win
I compete bitch
In the spirit of competition
I debut a limited edition
No comparison to war but I'm on a mission
I pledge allegiance, Poobie's rendition
And this is my transmission
Every now and then need a bang on the engine
Every now and then need a jump for precision
Was my decision to not speak tunes
Told you, "I'm the shit", I did not mean prunes
Come in second place your reward is a Zune
This is real spit, youngin', no cartoon

Real life shit, I'm familiar, I presume
Yo
Now, as I choose to resume
The butterfly effect, I emerge from cocoon
People say to me and not a moment too soon
I would have had even if that meant fumes
Yo
It's like a burner to a book
The block to a cook
Yeah, I'm cookin' up, this is not how it looks
Know a little bit, certain people get shook
Now niggas tryin' to read me like a book

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Seven score, six years later
Still catchin' hell with the law, emancipated
Still slavin', I'll wages, shit's shaky
Make your own way, get a tax, get a cage for them
Who's raisin' them?
American made
Grow, gain, the American way
No shame
So sick of waiting
Hardly no patience
No break it is
Niggas start breakin' shit

Niggas start takin' shit
Don't care how many cameras be tapin' shit
Run it now nigga, we ain't tryin' to wait for shit
And you are sadly mistaken if
You think we ever gon' rest
If you ever think we never gon' step
To the A.M. with the A-R's so can settle the bet
No job, no crib, no life support
That's a last resort, nigga what the fuck you expect?

Kinda unexpected how I came ain't it?
So radiant
Cold Al Davis the player to go Raiders
No payment, no juice like Oshea spit it
Comin' for the loot from N.W.A. hits

Comin' for your troops like snipers on some chase shit
H.O.J. shit is what we get down for
How we usually go
If opportunity don't knock at my do'
You best believe I gotta kick down yours
Give me some Get Back

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