

# Cross That Line (remix)

Little Brother

Mick Boogie, waddup?  
Justus League, WADDUP?  
KARDINAL! (OH! )  
Konvict, Black Jays! UH!  
[?], knowwhatI'msayin?  
Cadillac, T-Dot due out my niggaz!  
Let's GO!

It's Little Brother (uh-huh! )  
Phonte, Big Pooh, 9th Wonder (heheheh...)  
This how we doin it (Jeah! Show 'em what's goin on, my nig)  
Letn's get it goin, check it out

They never shoulda told me to rhyme on this  
Get real, LB and - form unholy alliances  
Solely for the purpose of rhyming is - recommended  
You keep your eye on this  
Cause, I am this MC wit an iron fist  
That, hammers out each style that I've invented  
Hammers out each flows that I've presented  
A solidier for my squad like I enlisted  
HOJ still swingin the guillotine  
From here to the Philippines, it's just as I intended  
Muh'fuckers still say dey ain't feelin me  
You niggaz is killin me, it's just as I envisioned  
And just as I have bended my flow over this track like contortionist  
I ain't even gotta drop no more bars for this  
Better dodge the draft, you don't want no war with this, c'mon!

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock  
I see you niggaz tryna cross that line  
Don't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock  
But I ain't finna let you steal my shine

Yo, I am now who's with an iron fist  
I am one of the last standing true ly-ricist  
Look in my irises, all of my words insist  
On bein consistent, I hope that you fine wit dis  
Whether you signed to backpack and I'm killin all of you  
Wack-winding, flowin off-time and weak-minded - (never mind)  
My mind sprays like AKs' and Lebanon (BBBBBBBBRRRR! )  
Speech is mad colorful like ice cream and Benetton  
Fuck up a nigga real QUICK! - and that's the shit I'm on  
Take out EMCEEEEEEEES! - Once-A-Day like a vit-amon  
CHEA! A rap vitamin, my circle stays tighter than  
A virgin on birth control - I'm like a leviathan  
When to put the trite and they MOTIF!  
In've been declared a world THREAT - when 9th Wonder's on the BEAT!  
(CHEA! ) Phonte, Big Pooh, and the Justus League  
A lotta rappers soudin like they put crack in dey weed  
BLACK JAYS!

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock  
CHEA! I see you niggaz tryna cross that line  
Donn't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock  
Yea, and I'll be damned if you steal my shine, c'mon!

(BIG POOH! ) You in the presence of one of the greats  
Ask niggaz from state to state, they say "Rapper"  
I'm in the midst of your hoes chit-chatter  
Glassjaw niggaz get shattered; I'm not flattered  
Fried-chicken niggaz get battered  
Then laced with a to served on a platter, HOT!  
Right here if you want it or not  
Got a mean 16 that came off the top  
Ain't have no dough, walked off the lot  
Came back next week and cop, I got some old shit  
So when I go to the lab, I let my soul spit  
I'm light years in front of my foes  
My Chi-Town niggaz be like, "Poooh, you so cold"  
In H-Town, they be like "Poobie gettin th'owed"  
Wool parka trench straight down to the flo'  
We the Trillest muh'fuckers in the South, yee ain't kno!

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock  
I see you niggaz tryna cross that line  
Don't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock  
But I ain't bout to let you steal my shine