

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