

## Flash & Flare

### Little Brother

You, got to have FLASH, and FLAIR  
Hehe, gotta have flash and flare  
Flamboyant on y'all  
{This is a Little Brother exclusive}  
9th, Wonder... L.E.G.A.C.Y... uh, Phonte

These rappers babble on how they time'll come one day  
That shit'll never come like mail on a sunday  
You lackin somethin, must be the flash or somethin  
We love tainted, pure L.E.G.A.C.Y. and Tay'll get you  
Frustrated, groups break up like B2K  
Don't care how you spit nigga, got +Flair+ like Rick nigga  
Critics thought they sank me but I hold my float  
They tried to hang me but I'm dope-on-a-rope  
Doom style, get on stage and boo the crowd  
From my throne patient, hold my own like masturbation  
I, let off, look on but L.E.G's off  
Reachin for figures, the Feidian chips  
I'm diarrhea nigga, you ain't ready for this shit  
Stop you dead in your tracks, what's f'in with dat?  
I wish a muh'fucker WOULD, shit I'm that fuckin good  
Come stocked with raps but you gotta have flash

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Uh, give it to me now...  
Fucked up, brah...  
They never shoulda gave us niggers MONEY!  
What about yo' raps Phonte, and, Big Pooh, 9th Wonder and L.E.G.A.C-  
eeeeeeey!

Uh, excuse me playa, no I don't mean to bother ya  
But just in case the beat is hittin too hard for you  
Just know, Phonte is doin his job, 'cause I  
Stay on the scene like cinematographers  
This is not a game, this a whole 'nother conference  
I done, gree-det and meet and thoughts is sharper now  
Niggaz got questions like Barbara Walters  
While the so-called playas pro'llly won't even talk to us  
Phonte is rap for real, ya Massengill  
Just thespians in the Screen Actors Guild  
I really wanna re-lax and chill  
But y'all fuckers gon' make me relapse for real  
And take it back to '98 on you niggaz  
When I was straight disablin niggaz  
Iron Mics, 1st place, Cats-Cradling niggaz  
I ain't got time to play witchu niggaz  
For now that's all I gotta say to you niggaz  
This is history in the making and y'all's ain't been made yet  
This is the single the radio ain't played yet  
Tay is not a safe bet, Raleigh niggaz tried to carry me  
But, I'm already at my Apex, holla!

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Younahmsayin?  
Niggaz tryna get on the mic

With all that goddamn rappity-rappity-rappin-and-rappin and all that shit...  
With no flash, no emotion, no passion, no conviction...  
Nigga, you just a talking head!  
And meanwhile, I'm holla'n at'cha girl, and she talkin head  
Yanahmsayin, c'mon!

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOH, OOOH, OOH, RAHH, AHH! "