Feelin' Alright

Little Brother

Uh, uh, uh...
In case you're now just tunin in
This is... North Carolina's finest
Little Brother, run for cover
And y'all know the blackness mighta got a hold of us
And we missed that plane to the Netherlands
We goin worldwide right now to Japan, all my peoples in Osaka
Tokyo, and Fu-koko, and ALL of dat, yaknahmsayin?
Party with the fly cuties, all the honeys...
All the b-boys and b-girls wanna hear that REAL hip-hop, y'all
We 'bout to take it to you, bring it to you live like this right here
I go by the name, of uh, Motivational Speaker Wolfgang Flowers
A/k/a Tiggalonious a/k/a Phonte from Little Brother
My man, Big Pooh, let 'em know a lil' somethin, c'mon!

The last man standin; Pooh outlast any banned American or tally
Meet me in the alley, you wanna go blow for blow
I stand, toe to toe with any average Joe
Above average, yo, please feel me flow
I set the mic ablaze. then watch it burn to the flo'
So skill, when I handle the bill
Dismantle at will, do my thang then it's time to chill
Take time to build, with the fam on the downtime
I drown rhyme with the fifth of the If
If you miss, I'll extinguish, I mean this
A mean bitch, like a chick on her cycle
I fight dudes and spite rules, real dirty
I hope the world heard me, now watch somebody test 'em (watch)
I'm so pessimistic, I try to tell ya
Beforehand, but the people wouldn't listen

Everybody in the house, if you feelin alright
Put a hand in the air, let's get it tonight
Let's get it tonight, if you feelin alright
Put a hand in the air, we makin moves y'all
And all the ladies in the house, if you feelin alright
Gotcha outfit on, and ya jeans is tight
Let's get it tonight, if you feelin alright
LB and we about to show and prove, y'all

(Check me) Thought you was gon' take what's mine
Oh no! - I got-ta have it
LB's on the top of the liiiine
OH NO! - I GOT-TA HAVE IT! - Nigga!

When I step on stage, that's when the joy ends
Hoes be whisperin, mad 'cause I dissed they boyfriends
Lookin at me askin Tay, "Why you so mean? "
It's 'cause I'm the most slept-on since codeine, and niggaz want beef
Or can't take the protein, irons, and minerals
Crush you Minute Maid-rappers in 30-second intervals (uh)
Album couldn't see one of my interludes
Have you spittin and stutterin like Tavis Smiley in his interviews (ah-burbeeburbeebeeboo...)
You wack emcees be warned, sick of niggaz wantin
To freestyle all night, but can't perform
My nigga, showmanship is what counts (uh!)

You gets no dough, your mic check just bounced (BOING!)
And came back with a "funds denied" stamp with it
Rap today is like a Minstrel/menstrual Show, even I'm catchin stomach cramps in it (uhh!)
It wouldn't matter if you put your whole camp in it
It's just a +Flavor+ for y'all +Cold Lamp+ with it, wha?

On the track, never takin it back - (and we about to show and prove, y'all)
Like this and like that, tune in live to the sounds of the L and the B and the J and the L
(It's LB and we about to show and prove, y'all)
That's Little Brother and the Justus League, if you didn't know it

We got to have it! C'mon baby
WHOO! C'mon baby, baby c'mon
(Y'all cain't have shit!)

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