

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! "