

## Statik Selektah f/ Chaundon, Joe Scudda, Little Brother "On the Marquee"

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[Intro - Phonte - talking] (\*echo\*) And once again  
Phontigga Rapper Pooh Joe Scudda Chaundon Statik  
Selektah on the beat Let's go [Verse 1 - Rapper Big  
Pooh] Let's get a few things clear, listen up my dear I'm  
tryin to move units through the hemisphere Know I  
appear, as a regular cat Who's in his beginnings and  
just startin to rap You can check my track, record is  
long This ain't my first time, composin a song I toured  
the world, had a couple of deals You can look at my  
weight, I ain't miss no meals I displace skill So you can  
stop with your questions, it's time to chill That's one of  
my titles, known by your idols Since my arrival, a  
musical revival I hate I had to set you straight This  
interview's over, you can stop the tape I guess it's  
fashionable to be late There's plenty fans out there  
though, who can't wait [Chorus - Chaundon] See my  
name in lights, there you are Your boy's a star, I'm on  
the marquee I paid my dues, put in my work Can't tell  
me nothin, I know what I'm worth Don't miss the call,  
baby doll Cause most of all, I'm on the marquee Read  
my interviews, posted blogs (aw baby) Traveled the  
world, they know who we are [Verse 2 - Joe Scudda]  
Yeah I got my tux on In the city where the people keep  
Chucks on (Cali) And they told me, that they don't see  
My name on the list, so I'm stuck home In a brand new  
suit (look), my girl look cute (woo) I done spent my  
dough, rentin a brand new coupe Just tryin to splurge,  
park my shit on the curb I thought I was A-list, I feel like  
a nerd (damn) Guess that's what I get for tryin to do  
what the stars do So I'm a do me, go and hit up a bar or  
two (woo) Fuck drinkin champagne Give me Jack D. on  
the rocks, DJ spinnin, doin his damn thang (come on)  
Playin some dope shit, nobody has heard about No  
flyers for the party, strictly on word of mouth (yeah)  
And wouldn't ya know, that the place that I ain't wanna  
go The same place they got love for Joe (okay) So come  
and party with me (woo) [Chorus] [Verse 3 - Phonte]  
Uh, hey I've been from New York to Oakland and back  
To Carolina, where we used to be the openin act Now  
them hoes that was jokin way back Be at our shows,  
sittin ringside, where Mean Gene Okerlund at With a

smile on, face to flirt Name tag and her khakis on,  
cause she came straight from work Just to scream in  
the front row and tell me that she love it Won't call me  
Phontigga, she call me by my government Name, it's a  
shame when people are seen strugglin Just you don't,  
nigga waste your money out in the public Please, I don't  
do this shit for the perks I do this rap shit for the work  
And even when them ASCAP checks is berserk I'm in  
the bank, tellin my money 'keep quiet,' like it's talkin in  
church Don't need to make a killin, just need to make a  
livin Got fans, got plans, plus my name is on the  
building How you feelin nigga? [Chorus] They know  
who we are ...

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