

The Away Team f/ L.E.G.A.C.Y., Phonte

"Who's That"

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[Intro] [Sean Boog Talking] Phonte, L.E.G.A.C.Y., Sean Boog Who's on the drums and the sample? Hehe. I'm fuckin' with you. KHRYSIS! [Chorus] Just you and me and that dude over there (Who's that?) L.E.G.A.C.Y., we can take it to the death Just you and me, we can take it to the death Just you and me, ain't nobody else left [Verse One] [L.E.G.A.C.Y.] Who's nice as us? What Legcy on pop verses I +Light It Up+ like Usher at a LB concert Fuck shit up My world's not friendly I Fuck shit up Tell 'em, mic verse tempt me Take that Now tell me how you like life Khrysis makes tracks like it's Excite Bike Accelerate With all ramps and shit It's Crystal Lake And my whole camp is sick Not well Your album's better if you got L. E.G. Man I'm a soldier Your little CD? I use it as a coaster Leave rings on the table Not niggas got labels My niggas stay up Should have told the Titanic And Phonte appears Courtesy of Atlantic With all that bullshit Yeah, I'm mad at y'all I'm holdin' my dick Yellin' out free Panama [Chorus] Just you and me and that dude over there (Who's that?) Sean Boog, I'm comin' up from the rear You know me, it's whatever Sean Boog you know I'm way too clever [Verse Two] [Sean Boog] I done said what I gotta say Why am I still speakin'? It's sleekin' It's hard to keep between +Me, Myself & I+ Soul singin' De La Till Dho hit high notes, the day I blow Brain's hard as the shit that paves my roads Take my throne the same why I Sat in class and take my notes at own will Most cats overkill With they best chance Don't know the deal, get left broke Heads soaked in sweat I soak shit like Cotex Period Your freak show, take the cheap road Get flat broke like Pete Rose the beat goes (Kissing you and) Kiss my ass I'm gone I'm takin' you to school like Bill Madison Slow as Avalon Stick your game up Pick your weight up I'm sayin' it's Pulp Fiction Motherfuckers say "What again!" [Chorus] Just you and me and that dude over there (Who's that?) Phontigga get your hands in air And keep 'em there Nobody tryin' to step to this Get your mind right, I'm a God damn specialist nigga [Verse Three] [Phonte] If the streets is talkin' bout it We doin' somethin' about it, ain't gotta scream it or shout it nigga Hands up in the corner, they

got you crowded cause J League up in the buildin', got
you surrounded nigga Since we overload When Tay is
on the flo' Hear you was tryin' to find a fan Better go to
Lowe's Cause that's the only kind you got when I be
seein' you, I Make the crowd throw it up like bulimia Let
me and Sean Boog on the mic, Tag Teamin' ya
+Whoop, There It Is+ niggas, I still don't believe in ya
Cause y'all is just average But sayin' I ain't one of the
hungriest niggas out right now is just sacrilege And
God don't like ugly So get it right buddy That's from
the heart, don't need no nigga to write for me I do it to
death when I'm doin' my thing I'm rap's Milton Bradley,
always on top my game You know [Chorus] Just you
and me and that dude over there (Who's that?) J
League, niggas say it ain't fair [Outro] [Phonte talking]
Man, I don't gotta say no more man. I'll just talk my way
out You know what I'm sayin'? Y'all already know what it
is It's Phontigga with Sean Boog. It's Legzilla Stayin'
with Khrysis on the tracks. Y'all know how it's goin'
down man Yo, everybody keep doin'. We doin' it. Yeah
we keep doin' it On and on to the break, keep doin' it.
Rock rock to the beat We keep doin' it. Everybody don't
stop, keep doin' it

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