

Little Boots

"Cross That Line"

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[Intro: Kardinal Offishall]

Mick Boogie, waddup?

Justus League, WADDUP?

KARDINAL! (OH!)

Konvict, Black Jays! UH!

[?], knowwhat! 'msayin?

Cadillac, T-Dot [?] due out my niggaz!

Let's GO!

[Intro: Phonte]

It's Little Brother (uh-huh!)

Phonte, Big Pooh, 9th Wonder (heheheh...)

This how we doin it (Yeah! Show 'em what's goin on, my nig)

Let?'s get it goin, check it out

[Phonte:]

They never shoulda told me to rhyme on this

Get real, LB and - form unholy alliances

Solely for the purpose of rhyming is - recommended

You keep your eye on this

Cause, I am this MC wit an iron fist

That, hammers out each style that I've invented

Hammers out each flows that I've presented

A solider for my squad like I enlisted

HOJ still swingin the guillotine

From here to the Philippines, it's just as I intended

Muh'fuckers still say dey ain't feelin me

You niggaz is killin me, it's just as I envisioned

And just as I have bended my flow over this track like contortionist

I ain't even gotta drop no more bars for this

Better dodge the draft, you don't want no war with this, c'mon!

[Chorus x2: Phonte]

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock

I see you niggaz tryna cross that line

Don't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock

But I ain't finna let you steal my shine

[Kardinal Offishall:]

Yo, I am now who's with an iron fist
I am one of the last standing true ly-ricist
Look in my irises, all of my words insist
On bein consistent, I hope that you fine wit dis
Whether you signed to backpack and I'm killin all of you
Wack-winding, flowin off-time and weak-minded -
(never mind)
My mind sprays like AKs' and Lebanon
(BBBBBBBBRRRR!)
Speech is mad colorful like ice cream and Benetton
Fuck up a nigga real QUICK! - and that's the shit I'm on
Take out EMCEEEEEEEES! - Once-A-Day like a vit-amon
CHEA! A rap vitamin, my circle stays tighter than
A virgin on birth control - I'm like a leviathan
When [?] to put the trite and they [?] MOTIF!
I've been declared a world THREAT - when 9th
Wonder's on the BEAT!
(CHEA!) Phonte, Big Pooh, and the Justus League
A lotta rappers soudin like they put crack in dey weed
BLACK JAYS!

[Chorus x2: Phonte, Kardinal Offishall]

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock
CHEA! I see you niggaz tryna cross that line
Don't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock
Yea, and I'll be damned if you steal my shine, c'mon!

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

(BIG POOH!) You in the presence of one of the greats
Ask niggaz from state to state, they say "Rapper"
I'm in the midst of your hoes chit-chatter
Glassjaw niggaz get shattered; I'm not flattered
Fried-chicken niggaz get battered
Then laced with a [?] to served on a platter, HOT!
Right here if you want it or not
Got a mean 16 that came off the top
Ain't have no dough, walked off the lot
Came back next week and cop, I got some old shit
So when I go to the lab, I let my soul spit
I'm light years in front of my foes
My Chi-Town niggaz be like, "Pooh, you so cold"
In H-Town, they be like "Poobie gettin th'owed"
Wool parka trench straight down to the flo'
We the Trillest muh'fuckers in the South, yee ain't kno!

[Chorus x2: Phonte, Rapper Big Pooh]

It goes, rock the party, rock-rock the party, rock
I see you niggaz tryna cross that line
Don't stop the party, stop-stop the party, rock
But I ain't bout to let you steal my shine

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