

## Little Boots

### "Feelin' Alright"

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(We gon' do it, we gon' do it...)

[Intro: Phonte]

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!

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

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

[Chorus:]

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

[Singing interlude:]

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

[Phonte:]

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-burbeeburbeebieboo...)  
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 (uuh! )  
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?

[Chorus: w/ ad-libs]

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

[Chorus: w/ sainging Percy Miracles ad-libs and

background saingers 'til the end of the song]

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

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