

Little Boots

"Intergalactic Soul"

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[Verse 1: Phonte]

Check it out, yo
From the ghettos of Mars to the slums of Uranus
I can hear people talkin and they saying son is anxious
To get up with some other strangers and make a
couple changes
Bout going to the lab and laying down a couple
bangers
With some bass line snaps and plus some chord
changes
To give it the knock, props to Spinna who arranged it
Let's get it on wax and watch the galaxies exchange it
As we begin our quest to get famous
It's 'Te from the League of Just-us going across worlds
With no hatred amongst us, rhymes two-hundred proof
and
Leaving you punch drunk, screaming 'Who want what? '
To any nigga without his thumbs up
Showing love and appreciation with a fist in the air
Wildin out over the kick and the snare
Make the party people split from their chairs
Like 'Goddamn, I'm really feeling this here'
Galactic soul, getting spacey in here
It's like that y'all, check it out
And we keep it going on and on and on, on and on

[Chorus: Phonte]

Intergalactic soul y'all
LB and beyond real taking control y'all
Strap in your seatbelts and get a hold y'all
Because we taking it... out of this world
For your mind it's galactic soul y'all
LB and the J-League here for the phone call
And yo we taking this... out of this world
One time, this galactic soul y'all
LB and beyond real taking control, now come on

[Verse 2: Phonte]

They say my soul is galactic son
Without no warm-ups or practice runs
I speak the truth when the madness stunts

Upside niggas who being true to the game
But things get tight and can't maneuver the same
It's soon to be changed
We sample breaks from Montana to Kool & The Gang
The presence of our ancestors due to remain
In the music so we bring it live back
Like the [?] rocking doo rags underneath fitted high
hats
Never have we did it like that
Lost or found, let's get it right back
To the forefront of the peeps
Give 'em what they want in the streets
Cock back, ready, aim, fire, release
I'm staying high on the beats
But it ain't no need to alarm you
From NC to BK, that's word to my mom dukes
This finna be really beyond you
It ain't no pun intended, yo we putting it on you
It ain't no pun intended and we putting it on you
In 2003, and to the beyond, let's get it on, come on

[Chorus: Phonte]
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