

Little Boots

"The Honorable"

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[Phonte:]

Okay, we runnin it now
Like this baby, feel it

Yo, get out your pens and pads, get out your pads and pens
Guitars, keyboards, 8-tracks and your mandolins
It's real music, real business that we handlin
Bout to bring the real shit back so stop the panickin
Go cast your votes on it and put your folks on it
Pushing my knee sign but still payin notes on it
It ain't a classic till that nigga 'Te done spoke on it
Holy Grail shit, call the Vatican and poke on it
With our immaculate flows makin the fans cuckoo
Smackin my hoes leavin em bamboozled
I'm not a teacher, just a grand pupil
A Pit Bull walkin hard and talkin shit over these damn Poodles
That ain't outspoken, there's no way I could be outspoken
As long as 'Te is on the mic, ignite this mouse holdin
If niggas from the South ruin - the head doctor got your spouse chokin
With her mouth open, get it right bitches

[Scratches/Samples by 9th Wonder]

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Let's get it on niggas, they thought they could hang with us
Their bad, just a pain to us, we trained to flush
Out the weak links that's chained to us
Real cats can't afford to give slack
We battle back, now the League's in search of the ring
Championship watchers do our thing
Made for TV after-school specials and prime time
The latest talk shows, now every broad knows
And every squad goes to all of our shows
It's so beautiful and that's the usual
Heavy rotation, played on every radio station
US, Asia, even hero every vacation

It's so plain to see it's so plain to me
This is not what I do, this is who I must be
And it's not just me cause it's just we
Hip Hop passed the torch, now I rest comfortably

[Scratches/Samples by 9th Wonder]

[Chaundon:]

I ain't both of us but I can smell your feminine
fragrance
So foul, rappers started callin me flagrant
Bein South dog is my duty
And I agree with Teddy Riley, when you on the mic I see
booty
All your TV sounds obsolete
Why would I need BET when I got hits on the street?
Fuck who I offend when I say this
Cause your name show the first with an asterisk on
Wendy Willaims gay list
You're so wack I can't stand it
Your rap book is holdin onto more junk than Fred G.
Stanford
You nicer than me? Nigga please
You can battle like samurai and still take an L in
Japanese
If my name's in your mouth, every time the wind blows
I toss your Microsoft ass out of ninety-eight windows
Tough talk niggas be scared on the low
Every time I come around they speak in binary codes
Got em wishin all day that I disappear
Cause I keep startin new shit like freshman air
I'm about to climb the charts like "Pardon me dogs"
I keep motherfuckers jumpin like lottery boards
motherfucker...

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