

## Little Brother "Cross That Line (Remix)"

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[Intro: Kardinal Offishall]

Mick Boogie, waddup?

Justus League, WADDUP?

KARDINAL! (OH! )

Konvict, Black Jays! UH!

[?], knowwhatl'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 (Jeah! 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!  
IÃ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  
DonÃ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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