

## Little Brother "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]

Intergalactic soul y'all  
LB and beyond real taking control y'all  
Strap in your seatbelts and get a hold y'all  
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Yo, it's galactic soul y'all  
LB and beyond real taking control y'all

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