

Little Brother

"The Beginning"

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[Intro: Phonte] The song ends and we must begin again
Illmind, playin the sad songs, won't be no sad song
tonight baby There will be no sad songs tonight, as we
begin to give you something new Ladies and
gentlemen, I wanna thank y'all for tuning in This is
Chitlin Circuit 1.5 I go by the name, Phontigga Phonte, I
got a couple of names My partner Rapper, Rapper Big
Pooh, Pooh, he got a couple of names too 9th Wonder,
9th Wond-raw, he got a couple of names Illmind on the
track, we gon' get it goin, let me slide into it Check it
out, uh [Phonte] Check Tigallo up your the spot, he's so
flagrant Bitch, my love sign reads no vacancy You
might as well consider yourself vagrant This is for
those that said we wouldn't make it And didn't
understand how far we that would take it Sittin back
thinkin in amazement Tryna figure out where their days
went That's why me and Pooh stick to the basics
[Rapper Big Pooh] Young'n just face it, the game need
a facelift Some things rearrange, some will shape shift
Cut and paste this, there's some cottonmouth niggas
who should taste this I'm Terry Tate on the mic, come
face this Got to go all in ya truck like a U-Haul Me and
'Te do y'all, you don't want it on the mic, nigga screw
y'all I heard your record and you sound better than who
y'all? [Chorus: woman singer] It's something new, you
better believe Feels so good to me, it's the beginning
It's the start of something new, feels so good to me
You better believe it's the beginning [Phonte] We bout
to get it started right now y'all, uh Check Tigallo up
your spot, he's still stunnin Wifey talkin bout she still
cuming Cause I hit her off with different strokes like
Phil Drummond You don't want beef cause they will run
in Your crib and bounce with the metre still runnin Don't
get it confused, them LB dudes Do get down and for
that crown I'm still gunnin This is real young'n [Rapper
Big Pooh] So let me tell you somethin It's a hundred
verses runnin, Poobie still gunnin For that number one
spot, and shit won't stop Till I'm from the plannin
cemented at the top Drop me never, I'm as good as it
get Grip like pliers on your television sets While you're
all upset I'm just speaking the facts Getting bent out of

shape, you don't know how to act Niggas, I'm just talking bout rap [Hook] [Phonte] Uh, last time around, yo Check Tigallo up in your spot, he's so drastic His stage presence ain't wrapped too tight It seems larger than life and he appears so massive That's why you bastards like to watch me Cause I rhyme so classic like Tchaikovsky And I ain't thinkin bout no paparazzi Big Dough go and pop the 'razzi nigga Cause this is celebration With the beats and the rhymes and we elevatin And all the people, I can tell they waitin [Rapper Big Pooh] My right hand so devastating And it tend to have a mind of its own It don't exhibit patience, racin Through lines and books Do this shit for a livin, it ain't simple as it looks When that ink run dry better be a good cook Have a job lined up or be a great crook Another heart gets took [Hook] [Outro: Phonte] Uh, Illmind is down with us I say, the J-League, they down with us I say, Joe Scudda, he down with us And uh, 9th Wonder, yeah he down with us I say, Big Dough, he down with us That's my manager, you know he down with us And uh, O-Dash is down with us And uh, Yazahrah is down with us And uh, D-Brock, he down with us And everybody out there, yeah you down with us Uh, J-League, Little Brother, Chitlin Circuit 1.5

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