

Little Brother "War"

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Damn... Chitlin Circuit [echoes]

[Phonte:]

Yeah... wanna take time to welcome y'all

THIS "Chitlin Circuit 1.5"

It's your man, Phonte

Yo fuck, I don't need no introduction

Let's get it goin on...

Uh, on the right track, to get it, it's like that

Phontigga right back, to bi'nness I +Strike Back+

Like the +Empire+, Tay's that celebrity dude

That moved next door, now they done made your rent
higher

Raised the property values 'cause we the livest

I don't care what they tell you, until them niggaz beggin
for

A spot on the album, ya need to fall back

Medicate yourself, I mean pump up the valium/volume

'Cause me and you are not cut from the same cloth

This is all me with no alteration

Got my team outside, and we all be waitin

Trust YOU don't want no altercation

'Cause no tellin what I'm a say to you, and if we in ya
city

Act now, 'cause we prol'ly sell it out in a day or two

'Cause everytime me and Pooh step on stage

Hoes start Klymaxx-in like we +Met in the Ladies

Room+, nigga!

This is the team you got respect for

Everytime we step through that door to remind you

This rap shit is chess and I +Connect Four+

Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!

That's what I'm sayin man...

LB ain't no flash-in-the-pan ass shit...

Not no here-today-gone-tonight niggas...

It's really on

Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

I got the, heart of the lion, eye of the tiger

20/20 vision watchin shit transpire
Nonperishable, my records don't expire
I'm that blue flame if we speakin on fires
"Wo" like Mya, burn like niacin
Feelin froggy, well try me then
I'm a a cold motherfucker with a leaky pen
Don't be confused 'cause you seen me grin
Take two to the chin, I been writin
Rap word recitin, Bogard-in on niggaz
Like Poobie is a Viking
You ain't gotta like 'em, but I got the juice
You thirsty niggaz better off with the Sprite then
Marquee light and fuckers stay bitin
Do some other shit and you do it just like 'em
Your flows like he, your shows like he
Now you out tryna bag hoes like me!
Got no I.D., better be yourself!
You wantin to be niggaz ain't good for your health
... I'll be damned, it's like I'm speakin to myself
The very next day, you tryna be somebody else,
fucker!

Stop tryna be like this-nigga that-nigga
Won't you just DO YOU, nigga?
I'm a do me, I'm a let my nigga DJ Flash do his thing
(Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!)

[DJ Flash cuts and scratches]
[Chuck D.:] "WAR! "

(Phonte, Big Pooh on the track - now that's WAR!)

[Phonte:]
Uh, yo, fuck whoever I fin', jsut talkin 'bout war
Not promotin violence we just, orchistrate
And promote violins like the London Philharmonics
And every track I bless, you gonna feel me on it

[Rapper Big Pooh:]
Tay, this is what they need, right? (yeah)
I'm on a whole 'nother plane, this past year I been goin
insane
Pickin at my brain for the right direction
Left winner interludes at your own discretion

[Phonte:]
Uh, dawg this is for your own protection
LB and we run this section, and we ain't tryna hold off
We just, tag team like Nikita Koloff
You don't wanna make that fatal-four, pah

[Rapper Big Pooh:]

And you don't want it with these boys - hell nah, 'cause
we all all-stars

Checkin in to the game, 'bout to settle the score

9th soundin better than he ever did before

Big Pooh and Phonte on the track - now that's WAR!

[Outro: Phonte]

Uh, had to take it back to the days of the wrestling,
nigga...

Goin back and forth like Ivan and Nikita, it's goin down

Hulk Hogan, we comin fo' YOU, NIGGA!

(Big Pooh and Phonte on the track - now that's WAR!)

[DJ Flash cuts and scratches]

[Chuck D.:] "WAR! "

(Big Pooh and Phonte on the track - now that's WAR!)

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