

# Sean Price Featuring Phonte Of Little Brother "Let It Be Known"

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I don't think it I just do it  
Y'all still thinkin' it's just music, but  
J League is a just movement, so you should just adjust  
to it  
'Cause our whole attitude is fuck losin'

People on the outside sayin' he must do it  
'Cause all niggaz make is love songs and drug music  
I don't sip Dom P but kick it with Von P  
And now I'm with Sean P, Boot Camp, who the fuck  
knew it?

Brooknam's in the buildin' but me and Sean's  
In the buildin' them joints that rock hard like Benatar  
More than just a MC, 'Te is like a motivational speaker  
And each and every verse is a seminar

And each and every word is a miniature  
Representation of the divine revelation he send to y'all  
Up next to get it as soon as we distribute these  
Rhymes to the public, sorry if I'm offendin' y'all

'Te the crew rocker, overseas shoe shopper  
In Maggiano's, orderin' two pastas  
Back in the days, them hoes say he too proper  
Now he's the main attraction like Mufasa

I ain't lyin' but if you think that I ain't tryin'  
To be the best, you need to rewind this  
Big dough and Dru Ha standin' behind this  
You have now been in tune to the finest, Von, sick 'em

The man, the myth, the legend, the one that rock mics  
Phonte, J League, what'chu know about it?  
The camp, the click, the crew play this song, get nice  
Sean P, Boot Camp, what'chu know about it?

They better get it while it's gettin' 'fore the gettin' is  
gone  
'Cause right here, right now, yeah, they know about it  
It's Sean P, Phonte, nigga, let it be known  
Let it be known, let it be known, let it be known, let it be

I don't dap it, I just clap it  
Y'all still thinkin' it's just rappin', but  
Boot Camp is a tough unit, so you should just adjust to  
it  
'Cause my whole attitude is Ruck do it

People in my project sayin' Ruck yo' fuck music  
I've been lovin' rap since Run was Krush Groove'n  
I don't eat tofu, I don't drink soy milk  
Always into beef, pah, don't get your boy killed

Lyrically I'm killin' 'em  
Call 'Te, tell him I got yay in Wilburton  
Call up some of my fam  
These crackers buyin' crack a hundred a gram

I got a gun in my hand, don't make me take your life  
I do wrong just to make shit right, right?  
I thank God for Buck and Dru  
Without a deal, who knows what the fuck I'd do

Probably stand on the corner with a gun and a beeper  
Act wrong, clap strong, put your son in a sleeper  
Some with the reefer, I gotta roll me a joint  
Bring the chorus and I'll prove my point, P

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