

## Sean Price "Let It Be Known"

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(feat. Phonte (Little Brother))

[Phonte:]

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

into buildin them joints that rock hard like Benatar

More than just an 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 Mangiano'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 +lion+, but if you think that I ain't tryin

to be the best you need to rewind this

Big Pooh and Dru Ha standin behind this

You have now, been in tune to the finest

Von - sick 'em~!

[Chorus: Von]

The man, the myth, the legend, the one that rock mics

{Te: Phonte, J. League, what'chu know about it?}

The camp, the click, the crew play this song, get nice

{SP: Sean P, Boot Camp, what'chu know about it?}

They better get it while it's gettin 'fore the gettin is  
gone

{Te: 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...

[Sean Price:]  
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 kilt  
... Lyrically I'm killin 'em  
Call 'te tell him I got yay in Wilburton  
... Call up some of my fam  
And these crackers buyin crack a hundred a gram  
I got a gun in my hand

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