

The Foreign Exchange "The Answer"

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Yo, I'm one of the chosen few, could dispose of you
And anybody else who think they flowin' too
Here's your last chance, brothers besta show 'n' prove
Why y'all in the vocal booth, but your flow is mute

Ain't no excuse, lot of niggaz thinkin' they cute
Drippin' they S-Curl juice on their gators and suits
Ain't it the truth, lot of cats gay and it's proof
Platinum rainbows and jewels on the necks of their
crews

I'm bad news like obituary sections
The rhymes I write describe the loss of a life the
previous night
At an open mic or any type of venue
There ain't no tellin' where I'm goin' 'cause of what I've
been through

As I begin to attract the attention of fans
Will I be able to withstand the supply and demand?
Can I expand, turn mics in my hands to grands?
If you really ask me, dog, I think I can

Yo, we liven it up for the world to understand it
We do it for the fans that's all across the planet
Kenn Starr, Oddissee, Phonte's the answer
No question y'all take your chances

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Yo, uh, yo, crackin' for miles and 'Te's in full effect
He's laughin' and browsin' over these wanna be cats
Yappin' their mouths and spittin' all these 'rerun' ass
rhymes

Like we on some 'what's happenin' now' shit
Go get the MP3's start extractin' the files

Mulatto-slave flow Te's back in the house
Just tryin' to see what y'all rappin' about, so quit

Practicin' now, ninth inning, he's battin' a thousand
Put a mic in my hand and I'ma damage a crowd, man
With technique and above-average style, man
My raps speak to all you savages now, man

The time is right here, so let's get it
I'll be glad to proofread your rhymes, if you want to
step with us
Serve your whole team with a run-on, death sentence
You can't adopt this style 'cause I ain't tryin' to give it
up
And fuckin' with 'Te ain't in your best interest

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People in the U.S., just rock with us
Cats over seas, just rock with us
People worldwide, come on, rock with us
Come on, rock with us, just rock with us

Kenn Starr is back off a hiatus
Y'all been warned so back off us, why hate us?
Be actin' like they strapped and packin' gats when they
not tough
They tough actin' like Tinactin'

Give me applause, I spit classic
Give me a broad with a thick accent
Skinny and tall or a big, fat chick
Plenty of y'all, sic into your dog
If she give me the drawers, I'm leavin' the chick back
bent

The fact is, if you choose to propose
End up with a fatlip and a bruise on your nose
That's hot, give up now, my crew's in control
If not, get shut down like schools when it snows

Get got for your shoes and your coat
Bogard, I go hard like nipples on boobs when it's cold
And show y'all how simple the mood and the flow
Can determine whether you earnin' or losin' your doe
Make moves on the low

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Come on rock with us, just rock with us

Just rock with us, just rock with us
Come on, rock with us, just rock with us

Just rock with us, just rock with us

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