

## **Little Brother f/ Chaundon, L.E.G.A.C.Y. "Boondock Saints"**

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[L.E.G.A.C.Y.] Uh, Embassy Uh, uh, Phonte We shall prevail Came from a bush baby on a quest to run things Been in pursuit baby since Master P and that aunt thing Remember that shit? War with December, that's it Coldest nigga walking, know these niggas talking Out the side of they face, I'm here for a reason I will die for my space, who's still gotta get it? Who's still pure? Us, and I ain't having shit Like a tour bus, receive if you want hell And Keisha Shantell tried to talk some sense in him Same day realised there's no convincing him Nigga With Attitude like Ren and 'nem Got a click of piranhas, I will swim for them I will tread water until the end for them You don't get it though, we are who y'all ain't Gets vicious though, it's like we true, y'all ain't L.E.G., Donny, Tigallo, Boondock Saints [Phonte] Right tack to business off a six-week tour And I ain't never seen drama like this before Got a lot of shit to get off my chest Some wild shit to address, so I told Khrysis press record I'ma put it on wax and give you the raw facts And truth about life and the things I'm dealing with Black folks saying that I'm too intelligent And white folks saying I'm a little too niggerish It got me in a strange predicament I wish black embarrassment TV was judged more wisely But I don't know what's worse The fact that they ain't playing our shit, or that it don't even surprise me Because I shucking and cause I ain't jiving Some of these crackers won't stand beside me And cause I ain't killing and don't support pimping Some of these niggas wanna call me a Cosby Well, I'll be that dude, I'll scratch that itch I'll play that role, call me Heathcliff bitch If this ain't what you want then fine But somehow, someway we got to draw that line And it goes without mentioning, I thought about censoring This verse so my label and manager stay cool But as of this recording we ain't even outsold The Listening So really what the fuck I got to lose? Bitch it's Phontigga, lo the show ripper Hoe cause my hoes would change week to week But now my flows be changing from beat to beat Tell my nigga Jim Bowes he gotta beat the streets Cause I know that they need us - there's got to be more to this generation than drinking and smoking

all they weed up This is my confession with the  
Embassy You fuckin imbeciles can put your Rosary  
Beads up, now [Chaundon] See, Tyson told me hit 'em  
with the flames first Challenge the world, bet I drop  
more names than a Game verse These rap niggas is  
plastic I'm terrorising ciphers, they can't blame Osama  
for that shit Left the seven-one-eight for the nine-  
nineteen I'm still home, slid the Y between the N and  
the C Hunts Point I did it y'all, look at me shining Came  
a long way rhyming, part time and nine-to-fivin' The  
game is full of pussies, I can hear it in they rhymes Got  
balls for saying that, who dick is bigger than mine?  
Pause, walking tall, biggest nigga on campus Putting  
shame to all 'em so-called niggas who ran this I've  
been nice since the early eighties When I strike your  
wrist your lady will swallow my million dollar babies You  
don't wanna battle me right? I guarantee you'll see  
more L's than Puerto Ricans on the lower eastside  
Hunts Point, I did it again I've been broke so long the  
rich will now feel the wrath of my pen You can tell I got  
now by the words on this page I got too big for the  
corner so I brought it to the stage

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