

## **Little Brother f/ L.E.G.A.C.Y. "Gotta Get Dat"**

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"Somebody in the house say, "Yeah" If y'all really like to rock the funky beats, somebody in the house scream, "Hell yeah!" Say, "Hooooooo!" [x4] Verse One [L.E.G.A.C.Y.] The fourth member can it be? Little Brother's extended family Adopted to drop this Coca Cola classic Bout to blow this rap shit Gone away A Chucky doll, you wanna play? Red headed That Jeff Goldblum shit? Leg said it One of the best to date A cannibal Eatin' a meal off your chest plate For great nourishment For the sake of embarrassment Leave this rap thing alone I'll be the last king on the throne Royalty Bit the fruit, the apple spoiled me Bad McIntosh in the partridge Tear sheets of the tablet off of knitted pumps But don't sweat the technique I tear flesh off beats Down to the pink Almost drown when I think Things beneath the sea The difference between VHS & DVD See the details See me re-bel Revolutionary The last breathin' poet Couldn't touch me with a rhyme Even if I wrote it The death of thoughts in a baby's head Figure four ma, left y'all Crazy Legs I Rock Steadily Who ever thought of testin' me? The epitome Lyrically The Listening You hearin' me? The Listening You hearin' me? Chorus: [x8] "Say hooooo!" We got to get it Verse Two [Big Pooh] I put pens to paper My thoughts a well executed caper Droppin' giants like sky scrapers Block Buster deals Spinnin' wheels for these merges The world love to take people urges And turn them into fixations Why you think we got PlayStations? Everybody needs a vacation Even niggas hatin' Or dick ridas with they jaws hangin' The birds chirpin' and they stay fakin' I ain't your average nigga A realist, 5-10, when the weather's bliss 240 when the hunger hits A couple plus if I submit Currency helps my pants fit I stay saggin' Dyin' to hop on NC's wagon The seats takin' and we ain't draggin' Your girl know cause she stay braggin' Talkin' bout she ain't givin' a wop Well we'll see when the album drop Chorus Verse Three [Phonte] Don't come around me if your lyrics is weak When I spit for the streets I rhyme outlaw In my former life, ran with Dillinger's peeps Still refuse to sell my spirit to eat Promoters on that bullshit better get us now while

niggas is cheap While I'm just tryin' to write rhymes  
and listen to beats Go to work, pay my bills and put  
Dillon to sleep Not a veggie altercation This legitimate  
beef Bitch niggas sold us out but I kept the receipts  
And extension files from 'em Revenge is a  
motherfucker Payback is a bitch And pain the bastard  
child of 'em And we gonna hurt niggas Awe, god damn  
it she gonna hurt niggas That's what y'all get for tryin'  
to jerk niggas And work niggas screamin' out, "Peace."  
Killin' hip hop in the southeast I'm aimin' at y'all  
mouthpiece Slowly makin' me a mean nigga Cause cats  
be back stabbin' Like Eddie Levert playin' the Scream  
killer And you ain't seen iller than this It's Phonte,  
L.E.G.A.C.Y. and Pooh drop definitive shit Remember  
truth that I'm seekin' with y'all If I sound upset That's  
just my ambition speakin' to y'all Bitch ass niggas  
Chorus

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