

Little Brother f/ Mos Def, Talib Kweli

"Let it Go"

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[Talib Kweli]

Mick Boogie (absolutely)

Justus For All (hold up)

Let's GOOOO!

Be witcha in a second so sit tight
Sometimes I be doin my body wrong just to get right
I rip mics, rap life make me attack like a pair fight
Grab a flashlight, took on +Marauder+ in +Midnight+
Blackouts in summer, New York nights are red hot
Flowin like lava explodin out the bedrock
Movin' 'round the block like white, blue, and red top
Radio edits reverse my curse like the Red Sox
International, pass porter's {?} gear
And my song's here longer than dog years
Fly, coast to coast yo check it it's all clear
Respect is my currency, you ain't gotta count it, it's all there
My name is Arabic/Canaan
Got few chicks from Jamaican to the {?} Asians
It's all love, my piers just my luck o' the Irish
I don't FUCK with silly broads, I don't FUCK with the flyers
Never fuck with hard drugs, the providers
Like over-the-counter, these niggaz flounder like the fish outta water
It's about to be some shit now, get your recorder
No qualms to make the pay for, I'ma hit the reporter, yeah
God might direct me to whoop ya ass
Enjoy ya laugh, cause we bring it back to Brooklyn fast
With my man Black Dante, Big Pooh, and Phonte
Do some classics like 9th, Tech, and Kanye, yeah!

[Mos Def]

We now dangerous, am death to flavorish
Big hip, lick ya lips, shoot to savor it
So refreshin, no regression, host a session
It's pro-black, pro-progressive, so affective
The 9th Wonder is a Lil' Bro collective
Black Dante, Mr. Phonte cold perfection

Warm soul on glow, not a neck on froze
Keep your stuff on go, 'fore I check these hoes
You fuck around and get it how it get mayne
Case smack attack harder than ya pimp hand
My speaker box equinox like Coltrane
Killa K flow mayne need it in the dope game
Hairy gorilla call back, no Rogaine
and I make that ass drop like I'm Soul Train
I got soul mayne, heart and brains to match
I'm wit the Lil' Bro, what's fuckin wit dat??
I put my town on the map like a star..
Wit'out the car..
And I ride clean, and my thing bling..
..and you know exactly how I mean
9th Wonderful, so beautiful
So unusual, it's sho' plain
on your brain, in your body, in your soul
All my hopes show..reach the goal

[Rapper Big Pooh]

You'on't know about me, you'on't know my life
You'on't know everything I go through to write
You'on't know my plight, you'on't know my fight
and STILL, muh'fuckers wan' steal my light
That's right , I'm right back with a write that's sick
I done went another level, raise prices quick
Y'kno Big Dho told me, "Always rap wit a chip"
I'ma do you one better, son I {?} wit a dip
That's borderline great that's best in all states
Fifty-plus some, dumb niggaz, "Huh?"
If you "huh", you can hear me, I speak clearly
So my two sisters hear me, yeah Ronnie cheer me,
sincerely
I carry heavy burdens on my back
Done, seen a lotta pain and my heart stay trapped
Brothers on the grind tryna get that scratch
'fore them pagers get turned and your plans get
scrapped!
We back to the hustle where they fightin over scraps
And your face get played cause you tryna watch your
back
My man, seen many niggaz goin like that
This year, real life no rewindin it back!

[Phonte]

Uh, uh. Let it go, better let it go
Just let it go, ah ah, let it go
They better let it go, they better let it go
Let me talk to 'em, check it out..
Uh, it seem like, the more I achieve the more they
expect

Cause it ain't nothin in breed seeds like success
And though you might expect niggaz to lose they cause
Or drop the ball, that nigga Tay ain't like the rest
I'm built a little bit different, my specs is more rigid
Phonte's the medicine, of fine black specimen
of Afro engineering, wit'out no interference
To get it short, I'm more than just yo average rap nigga
or whatever you wanna call it
Call it music, I call it my life performance
Call 'em fans, I call 'em my life supporters
whether they pan or they sneakin through,
these are the people that I'm speakin to
I speak to you, and this is the year that I'm gon'
Schiavo my rivals, nigga pull out the feedin tube
Cause y'all porch monkeys, that shake
spears/Shakespeare's
And make a killin, my words worth worth a million
Phonte and LB the last temptation
Give a fuck if our shit is played on every station
So y'all rap niggaz can't follow me up
You cant bottle me up, shit I'm the well of inspiration,
nigga!

Let it go, ah ah, let it go
Better let it go, ah, just let it go
Pull it back, let it go, ah
And let it flow like...

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