

Let It Be Known (feat. Phonte of Little Brother)

Sean Price

(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; don't make me take your life
I do wrong just to make shit right, RIGHT~?!
I thank God for, Buck and Dru
Without a deal, who knows what the fuck I'd do?
Probably, stand on the corner with a gun and a beeper
Act wrong, clap strong, put your son in a sleeper
'Sup with the reefer? I gotta roll me a joint
Bring the chorus and I'll prove my point, P![Chorus]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>