

# 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]

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