

The Answer

The Foreign Exchange

Yo, I'm one of the chosen few, could dispose of you
And anybody else who think they flowin' too
Here's your last chance, brothers besta show 'n' prove
Why y'all in the vocal booth, but your flow is muteAin't no excuse, lot of niggaz thinkin' they cute
Drippin' they S-Curl juice on their gators and suits
Ain't it the truth, lot of cats gay and it's proof
Platinum rainbows and jewels on the necks of their crewsI'm bad news like obituary sections
The rhymes I write describe the loss of a life the previous night
At an open mic or any type of venue
There ain't no tellin' where I'm goin' 'cause of what I've been throughAs I begin to attract the attention of fans
Will I be able to withstand the supply and demand?
Can I expand, turn mics in my hands to grands?
If you really ask me, dog, I think I canYo, we liven it up for the world to understand it
We do it for the fans that's all across the planet
Kenn Starr, Oddissee, Phonte's the answer
No question y'all take your chancesWe liven it up for the world to understand it
We do it for the fans that's all across the planet
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No question, y'all take your chancesYo, uh, yo, crackin' for miles and 'Te's in full effect
He's laughin' and browsin' over these wanna be cats
Yappin' their mouths and spittin' all these 'rerun' ass rhymes
Like we on some 'what's happenin' now' shit
Go get the MP3's start extractin' the filesMulatto-slave flow Te's back in the house
Just tryin' to see what y'all rappin' about, so quit
Practicin' now, ninth inning, he's battin' a thousand
Put a mic in my hand and I'ma damage a crowd, man
With technique and above-average style, man
My raps speak to all you savages now, manThe time is right here, so let's get it
I'll be glad to proofread your rhymes, if you want to step with us
Serve your whole team with a run-on, death sentence
You can't adopt this style 'cause I ain't tryin' to give it up
And fuckin' with 'Te ain't in your best interestWe liven it up for the world to understand it
We do it for the fans that's all across the planet
Kenn Starr, Oddissee, Phonte's the answer
No question, y'all take your chancesPeople in the U.S., just rock with us
Cats over seas, just rock with us
People worldwide, come on, rock with us
Come on, rock with us, just rock with usKenn Starr is back off a hiatus
Y'all been warned so back off us, why hate us?

Be actin' like they strapped and packin' gats when they not tough
They tough actin' like Tinactin'Give me applause, I spit classic

Give me a broad with a thick accent

Skinny and tall or a big, fat chick

Plenty of y'all, sic into your dog

If she give me the drawers, I'm leavin' the chick back bentThe fact is, if you choose to propose

End up with a fatlip and a bruise on your nose

That's hot, give up now, my crew's in control

If not, get shut down like schools when it snowsGet got for your shoes and your coat

Bogard, I go hard like nipples on boobs when it's cold

And show y'all how simple the mood and the flow

Can determine whether you earnin' or losin' your doe

Make moves on the lowWe liven it up for the world to understand it

We do it for the fans that's all across the planet

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No question, y'all take your chancesPeople in the U.S., just rock with us

Cats overseas, just rock with us

People worldwide, come on rock with us

Come on rock with us, just rock with usJust rock with us, just rock with us

Come on, rock with us, just rock with usJust rock with us, just rock with us

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