

# The Answer (Instrumental)

## 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 mute  
Ain'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 crews  
I'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 through  
As 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 can  
Yo, 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 chances  
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 chances  
Yo, 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 files  
Mulatto-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, man  
The 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 interest  
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 chances  
People 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 us  
Kenn 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 bent  
The 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 snows  
Get 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 low  
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 chances  
People 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 us  
Just rock with us, just rock with us  
Come on, rock with us, just rock with us  
Just rock with us, just rock with us

Songwriters

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