

# Little Brother, Let It Go (Blackstar Version)

(feat. Mos Def & Talib Kweli)

[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...

crbt2('Little Brother', 'Let It Go')

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