

The Foreign Exchange, Nic's Groove

{*Intro phone call*}

[Phonte]

Yeah right there' is good
For my man Nicolay I'm gon' put it down like this y'all
Check it out

[Chorus: Phonte singing]

We just want to chill and let you party
Just us, just run, I know you probably
Don't know, don't mind the way we move you
I think I'll start, just let our music groove you

[Rapper Big Pooh]

I'm more than beats, I'm more than rhymes
Please know I'm not your everyday find
J-League's on a mission to shine and get some sunlight
And get our one's right, and keep our fam tight
That's why I grab mics and take control y'all
Move souls like h*es on booty calls
So when duty calls 'Te know I'm ready
We get 9th, no doubt and all rock steady
Peep how my mind's heavy, my ideas rain
The pen pours and next week it's the same thing
Mental precipitation without the weather reports
Or forecasts to predict my thoughts
Found guilty in the presence of courts, we the best out
That's why I walk the stage proud with my chest out
Peace to Ill Smith still holding me down
And Eddy K, my main man up town
Cause it's on n***as

[Chorus] {X2}

[Phonte]

Uh, uh, yo Nah it ain't about me, I'm just an average cat
That go to work, freestyle and kick battle raps
And damage any n***a f***ing with my habitat
Me and Pooh connect like He-Man and Battle Cat at
Local spots where the chicken heads babble at
Claiming they independent like Landspeed or Miramax
Pause if you feeling that cause I am still in fact
On some Purple Rain s**t, Jerome where my mirror at?
I want some hips and some a**es wiggling
In every latitude, longitude and meridian
Female citizens looking, laughing and giggling
Tired of bull**** so they come to us for deliverance
Don't f*** with the middlemen, I'm making the calls
Live and direct, love on your set with blatant applause
Never taken afar, just had to get that s**t straightened with y'all
I break bread and wanna make it with y'all
So here we go y'all, check it

[Chorus]

{*Phonte and Pooh adlibs to end*}