Brother, Brother

Big Daddy Kane

Mmm, hmm, right, right
What we have here is collaboration
Of the Big Daddy Kane and the Little Daddy Shane
We're gonna send this out to all the brothersAnd sisters, around the universe
It's a tune, a tune about unity
And peace amongst each other
And we're gonna have some fun, peep thisThe B to the I to the G to the D
To the A to the D to the D to the Y
To the K to the A to the N to the E
The Smooth Operator's in the place to beThe L to the I to the L to the D
To the A to the D to the D to the Y
To the S to the H to the A N E
The Little Daddy Shane for the world to seeRicky-ticky-tempo, no surrembo
Italian men, call their girls a bimbo
Puerto Rican men call their girls muchacha
Ask me how I know, cause I'm a girl watcherNow I must admit that I'm a sensitive guy
Cause I cried on Cooley High when Cochise died
But then again at times I may be a mean fellow
Cause I didn't give a damn about the dog Old YellerBut I love my brother
(And I love him back)
I wish people of the world could be like that
So shake shake y'all
(Shake y'all)
Shake y'all
(Shake y'all)
And bust the move we make yallBrother, brother, help each other
Brother, brother, help each otherI'm not Don Pardo, or Guy Lombardo
I Love Lucy, but I'm not Ricky Ricardo
I'm just a teen titan that does some mean fightin
Against any sucker MC that's seen bitinI been through Different World's, gave them all a try
Kadeem is my man, but Jasmine's not my Guy
I wonder if the Kane ever Dawns on Lewis
It's a sin to be bad, but somebody's gotta do itAshes to ashes and dust to dust
I can make a nun feel the need for lust, true
I can make a new car start to rust
And outrun the dog on the Greyhound busFor an MC to try to battle me freestylin
His mind must be somewhere in Fantasy Island
But I guarantee that by the time I'm through
I make him feel about the size of the midget TattooCause I love my brother

(And I love him back)
And more people of the world should be like that
So swing swing y'all
(Swing y'all)
Swing y'all
(Swing y'all)
Check out how we do our thing yallBrother, brother, help each other
Brother, brother, help each otherRhymes that I write generate much juice
Not like Dr. Seuss or even Mother Goose
They said I was a child, but then I hit em hard
Yeah it's good to send a boy to do a man's jobWell, I'm the Biggest Daddy of the macks and dons
I keep a fleet of women, probably one of them's your moms
A voice so choice that my lips should be bronzed
You got ta give me thumbs up just like the FonzWell, I'm a new jack from the new school, too cool
But some of the times I get bizarre word?
And grab the microphone and catch a spell from Melle Mel
And start to yellWhile I'm up on stage I feel that it's my duty
To do somethin fly, to make you shake your booty
Because I add the flavor just like an onion
The type of guy that grows on ya, just like a bunionBut I love you Shane
(And I love you Kane)
That's somethin that the whole world needs to gain
So love love y'all
(Love y'all)
Love y'all
(Love y'all)
Just a little bit of love yall, peace

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