

The Yo-Yo (Remix)

Little Brother

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, yo Tay man
Let me, let me put you onto something man
See I'm tired of these girls, you know what I'm saying
Trying to play a nigga for the herb Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yee yee yee, yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo yo We need to sit down, me and you have a chit chat
Let's talk about friends and define that
Let's talk about us never mind that
Let's talk about trust where your mind at So you looking for a man, won't find that
Had a good thing here, let's rewind facts
Believe me, I know all about them other cats
How they all played the game just to get to you Spitting all in my ear which you like who
Tickled your fancy who you would invite
To be yours, I penned verses
Quote verses, with purpose, so nervous I wrote urgency, I spoke shy, you spoke live
We spoke by, up until this year
When I saw you, you saw me, we walked on by
Till you found out I emcee, now you all up in my face like Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yee yee yee, yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo yo Why you all up in my face like?
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yee yee yee, yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo yo Yeah, yeah, okay, alright Ya'll know them niggas that I'm talkin' 'bout
The ones that ya'll be seeing at the coffee house
Soon as they get the mic, I start walkin' out
And swear that they skill the most talked about It's time to bring the emcees on, I'm sick of niggas lookin' bitch
Trying to read poems and try to battle me with sandals and Capries on
Come on dog, I'm about to get hyped with this
Shed some light to this, so called Black Righteousness Even though ya'll niggas might not cuss like me

At the end of the night, ya'll just trying to fuck like me
So what's the reason for the hating, niggas with dreads
Calling they self Gods with white girls named Caitlin'And I'm cool with interracial dating, but I ain't about
To hear no fucking speeches 'cause I wanna have some bacon
I rock and swerve, that's why I cant fuck with
Coffee houses man, get on my goddamn nervesAnd deep down, ya'll know that I'm right
Man shit I'm bout to kick some Trick Daddy
Next poetry night like my black queen
Don't know nan niggaYo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Niggas wanna come to my face
'Cause I'm making moves and they running in place
In my face likeYo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Yo yo yo, yee yee yee, yo yo
Niggas wanna come to my face
Fuck that tofu, I need a pork chop on my plate
Like this niggaYo yo yo
Yo yo yo
Yo yo yo
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