

# My Brother's A Basehead

## De La Soul

Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out so clear  
This song does not contain explicit lyrics  
But what it does contain is an undesired element  
This element is known as the Basehead  
The lowest of lowest of all elements that exist  
And the sad thing is, this particular element is me brudda  
Brother, brother oh brother of mine  
We used to be down as partners in crime  
From our parents our name was forged  
I was the Beaver, you Curious George  
Wanted to dispose of this and that  
But curiosity had killed the cat  
At this age no wonder it was read  
But this was the fate that you were fed  
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste  
High off all the cheeba that we could taste  
Soon you had converted to nasal sports  
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort  
Told me that you needed a stronger fix  
Stepped to the crack scene in 86  
Unlike the other drugs you had control  
This substance had engulfed your body and soul  
Now from me you lost all respect  
Said you need to put that shit in check  
Wanted me to believe that you ain't tried  
But your mind and the craving had coincided  
Said there was a voice I could've talked  
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk  
Now the brother who could handle any drug  
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug  
Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots  
Gonna make you scream and loop three loops  
Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay  
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack vial  
Guess what? Time to collect, correct  
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time  
Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news  
Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my tools?

No, I got another way to earn my defeat  
(Slam the child on the hard concrete)  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out, make the bass come out  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out so clear  
Make the bass come out, make the bass come out  
Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine  
Started getting high at the age of nine  
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low  
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go

My dividends and wares started to disappear  
Where it ended up, I had an idea  
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent  
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print  
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse  
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house  
From there a mother figure came into play  
Claimed for you she saw a better day  
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth  
Thought the only chance was to go to church  
Quitting this stuff you had tried before  
This time you claimed you'd really score  
Something I had to see to believe  
Put on my suit and to church I weaved  
My, my, my, what happened to the people?  
The people who used to care about what took place in the world today?  
I've been summoned here today to reach the people  
Who still can be reached, to save the people who still can be saved  
Can I get an Amen? Can I get an Amen?  
Hit me, forgive us, said it's taking over, taking over the world  
All it's doing is taking over, where them crackers at?  
Them crackers that they serve, where they at?  
Bullshit, didn't believe a lick  
Do this fool [Incomprehensible]  
Then I gave you the benefit of a doubt  
Wanted to see if you will work it out  
Soon you reach your front of calm  
Walked round by rehearsing psalms  
Then you smiled with the funky frown  
What do you know, the voice is back in town

Mom would say it would soon go away  
You and I knew it was here to stay  
But the man helped you when you helped yourself  
That meant going to rehab for your health  
Finally it went and blew your cork  
Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New York  
And when my friends see me and come and ask  
"Yo, where's your brother at?", I'll be the first to splash  
"Yo, he's a Basehead"  
Yo know who that was?  
No  
The guy from De La Soul, Pos. Posdnuos  
Who?  
You heard of De La Soul, right?  
Right  
Well he was the one from De La Soul  
The one with the real nappy hair  
The one with the dark-skinned one  
With the glasses? Yeah  
Yeah, the ugly one  
Fuck you bitch and kept goin'

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>