

Blessid Union Of Souls

"Me and My Brother"

Visit "[Me and My Brother](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Dres]

Yo, yo, yo, yo the Sheep are back, black
On the attack that fattens your format
And suckers have to backtrack, regroup, resign
As me and mine recline in shade
Cause now we're getting paid like crime
Krill, with the skill to kill while I'm on your will
Ill, with the feel for what's real in my appeal
Why play me chummy if you really think I'm crummy
I caught your words and prep so long ago it isn't funny
Now I'm ready to riot until the state is in gas
If I wanted to dis you I'd play your shit and laugh
Huh, first mistake, choice when we gave it
Now put your plea on a deposit slip and save it
Second was the mic checking that you couldn't do
We step through just to get respect from your crew
Third, I heard you're tense with the gat
All I got to say to that is, umm, it's FAT
Be the fourth parallel to your ism
Know the diff of disrespect and criticism
Five, I plead the fifth, I'm just plain live
I won't riff with the jive that the Sheep'll take a dive
We've arrived just in time and you'll discover
Only my mother, sister and son
Could come between me and my brother

[Chorus x2]

Me and my brother, my brother and me
Don't look on the surface cause if you do you'll never
see
Me and my brother, my brother and I
Cause you'll fly sky-high when you try

[Mr Lawnge]

Hey, yo
It took a long time although niggas thought we came
out of the blue
A lot of punks slept but we always knew
That's why you pursue the two-man crew
To do the motherfucking job that you know a boy can't
do

Like every aspect we cover: beats, rhymes and other
Nobody else down, yo, it's just me and my brother
Sheeit, back when the shit began, before there was a
fan

We had the skills so we ran with my man Stan
I had to pay my dues running with other crews
Black Sheep is here but bitch ass niggas still snooze
It doesn't matter, Boo! I'll make you scatter
Don't flatter cause I don't want your bitch nigga chit-
chatter

I got stacks and stacks of fat tracks and wax
But you played yourself so don't even ask
And I won't remind you of the stupid shit you did and
said

Out the side of your head when you were sleeping
dead

And now I'm charging like a bull and you're red
That's why I'm pulling fucking files like a fed
Checking pros, doing shows wherever they goes
Getting hoes and foes but don't sleep on those bros
Come legit, you need to quit with that ego shit
Because you're only as large as your last hit
We intimidate, niggas try to retaliate
Go on, guess your fate, cause it's your fucking guts I
hate

I'll put on my Tims and kick 'em
Grab my shank and brrrr, stick 'em, ha-haha, stick 'em
Bitch! Now the Sheep are rolling deep with One Love
Fuck around and be a victim of, who?

[Chorus]

[Dres]

Baby pah, you're best to learn that we yearned
And long earned, keep your concern, Black Sheep for
the term
Forget status, we go for gold, who be creamy?
Cleaner no picture, clearly the victor, nigga, you seen
me
With my man, no other mother could pull my brother
No way is it gay when I say we love one another
Uh huh, run for cover cause you're coming on the block
We're the best in the flock, was you born a fucking
cock?!
Fuck your grade, our record play, man, it's like Jordan
Rock it better than NASA or lock it tighter than the
warden
Huh, according to some emcees, hating and to end all
their jel
We selling now, fuck like 'Mister Wendal'
Bendable plates, expendable tapes we ain't

Whitewash the Sheep when you're wack, save your
paint
No haps, chaps, you might as well shut your traps
The gap's too big, dig, dapple over the maps
Doing curls with girls and blowing like Reg
Peep the slim slick, no Hammer, smack 'em sledge
Grammar, hot damn, I rip the rhythm up
And rock cuts like sluts with big butts do nuts for ducs
I split shit, you better see another
Down over a decade, this weight could never cover
Shucks, we hit fucks like nuts be touching Roscoe's
Pick up the old school flavour like you're name was
Barro Pasco (???)
Asshole, my whole ass is all on me that's booty
My job's to clean up after my son cause that's my duty
Why bug, g? Could it be that you can't see
D, motherucker, D, motherfucker! D-
R-E-S, yes, with Lawnge since Sanford
Knowing we were destined to blow like Branford
Down for the duration, grand like Central Station
And a fat speaker says you got a demonstration from

[Chorus x2]

Visit [Blessid Union Of Souls](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.