

Little Boots

"The Yo-Yo"

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[Rapper Big Pooh:]

Yeah, yo 'Te man

Let me, let me, let me put you onto somethin man,
yaknahmsayin?

I'm tired of the-these girls, yaknahmsayin?

They tryna play a nigga for the herb, yaknahmsayin?

Then they find out you emcee

And they wanna be all up in your videos and shit,
yaknahmsayin?

I know this one chick, let me tell you, let me tell you
what I told her

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 lookin 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

Spittin all in my ear, which you liked, who

Tickled your fancy, who you would invite to

Be yours, I penned verses, quote verses

With purpose, so nervous

I wrote urges, I spoke shy, you spoke lie

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 on it like...

[Hook: Phonte {Girl's voice}:]

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Y-y-y-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

{Why you all up in face like...

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Y-y-y-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo... }

[Phonte:]

Yeah, yeah, OK, alright

Y'all know them niggas that I'm talkin bout

The ones that y'all be seein 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 looking bitch trying to read poems

Then try to battle me with sandals and capris on - come
on dog

I'm bout to get hyped with this, she'd some light to this

So-called black righteousness

Even though y'all niggas might not cuss like me

End of the night, y'all just tryna fuck like me

So what's the reason for the hatin? - Niggas with
dreads

Callin they self Gods with white girls named Caitlin

And I'm cool with interracial datin

But I ain't about to hear no fuckin speeches cause I
wanna have some bacon

I rock and swerve - that's why I can't fuck with coffee
houses man

Get off my goddamn nerves

And deep down y'all 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 nigga"

[Hook 2: Phonte]

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Niggas wanna come in face

Mad cause I'm makin moves and they runnin their
place

And my face like...

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Yo-yo, yo, y-y-y-yo, yo

Niggas wanna come in my face

Fuck that tofu, I need a pork chop on my plate

Like this nigga...

"This is a Nicolay remix"

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