

Little Brother "The Yo-Yo"

Visit "[The Yo-Yo](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro - Big Pooh]

Yea, yo Tay (Phonte) 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

[Verse 1 - Big Pooh]

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 by

Till you found out I exceeded, now you all up in my face

like

[Chorus x2 - Phonte]

Yo yo yo

Yee yee yee yo yo

Yo yo yo

Yee yee yee 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

[Verse 2 - Phonte]

Yea, yea, ok, 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, she'd 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 aint about
To hear no fucking speeches cause I wanna have some
bacon
I rock and swerve, that's why I can't fuck with
Coffee houses man, get on my god damn nerves
And 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 nigga

[Chorus - Phonte]

Yo 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 like
Yo 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 nigga

Visit [Little Brother](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.