

Little Brother

"Yo-Yo"

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[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 emceed, 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, 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 aint 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 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

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