

Lariemar

"Damn My Brothers"

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Verse 1:

I remember way back when you shook my hand/
my brother introduced us and he told you I could rap
Can you rap young boy go head rap then/
That is what you said to me, but that was back when/

I started spitting a verse that I wrote the day before/
I'm almost shoked I was afraid you wouldn't
like my flow/
You started nodding then you said oh man it was the
bomb/
You told me come up to the studio we'll make a song/

But every time I recorded you said I could do better/
You pushed me to the limit, and I though you hated all/
But then I realized you only said that caus you saw/
That I was limitless, and that my flow would kill them
all/

After the accident we grew apart for some reason/
But I guess that people change like the 4 seasons/
But I was at the hospital yeah I was there bro/
I'm just glad that you survived, Airgo/

Hook:

I said damn
we got the goals on top and we could not stop Like
Damn
I'll do anything for my brothers so sing for my
brothers
I said damn
And when ever you need me you can call me I would
pick it up Like Damn
Cause I do anything for my brothers so sing for my
brothers

Verse 2:

I have another brother he was in the clique to/
You couldn't see how good he was until it hit you/

He had a milli on the tube on just one song/
And everybody was like "man what is going on"/

B.Y.Zed on the muthefuckin top now/
Everybody's pumping you in the cars with the tops
down/
And even though you got a deal and got your break
through/
We, could never be jealous no we would never hate
you/

The man of the city, Sala is the name/
The city we grew up in and you just gave it a face/
You came in to phase when you recorded you songs/
You had your silly way of rapping but you did it from
the heart/

You never gave up, even when people started dissin'
you/
You just leveled up, laughed and said, this is how we
do/
And I'm a proud friend I see you on the TV/
Byz is the dude blowing up, believe me/

Verse 3:

Graffiti writer and the man with the keyboard/
Tommy Thisty wuzup you're the beat lord/
I heard a track that was dope that was made by you/
And I thought wuthefuck can you make mine to/

You're the reason why I started to produce man/
And after that I made beats like a loose canon/
You said I'm dope and I had hit beats /
But it was hard for me to believe that my idol digged
me/

We call him TT, we rocking in his crib/
To sit beside of him when he produces that's the
shit/
He always had the stuff that just sounded like hits/
But every single track he made man was fuckin' legit/

I aint playing, just saying. He's an inspiration
When Flip-Side had it they tour up the whole nation/
We know you love House, you're good at it, get up/
Go back a couple of years don't loose your love for hip
hop/

