

2Pac % Outlawz F/ Big Syke "The 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 exceed, 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
Like this nigga

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