

Barbra Streisand F/ Vince Gill

"My Brother's a Basehead"

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(Make the bass come out so clear)

POS:

This song does not contain explicit lyrics, but what it does contain is an undesired element. This element is known as the basehead, the lowest of lowest of all elements that exist. And the sad thing is, this particular element... is me brudda!

Brother, brother oh brother of mine
We used to be down as partners in crime
From our parents our name was forged
I was the Beaver, you Curious George
Wanted to dispose of this and that
But curiosity had killed the cat
At this age no wonder it was read
But this was the fate that you were fed
Throughout high school our minds we'd waste
High off all the cheeba that we could taste
Soon you had converted to nasal sports
Every five minutes cocaine you'd snort
Told me that you needed a stronger fix
Stepped to the crack scene in '86
Unlike the other drugs where you had control
This substance had engulfed your body and soul
Now from me you lost all respect
Said yo need to put that shit in check
Wanted me to believe that you had tried
But your mind and the craving had coincided
Said there was a voice inside you that talked
Which said you shouldn't stop but continue to walk
Now the brother who could handle any drug
Had just found the one that could pull his Plug

(Background:)

(Ya don't stop, ya don't, ya don't stop)

(Ya don't stop, the body rock)

DOVE:

"Yo, bro, got another rock for your hiking boots"
"Gonna make you scream and loop three loops"
"Gonna take you far on a freeway, okay"
Remember that day? Slipped me a smile for a 20 crack
vial
Guess what? Time to collect, correct
Don't have a dime? It's payback time, payback time
"Don't cry the blues 'cause I got bad news"
"Should I stab ya? Should I bite ya? Should I use my
tools?"
No, I got another way to earn my defeat, ah!
(Slam the child on the hard concrete)

(Make the bass come out so clear)

POS:

Brother, brother, stupid brother of mine
Started getting high at the age of nine
Now at twenty-one you're lower than low
Nowhere to turn, nowhere to go
My dividends and wares started to disappear
Where it ended up, I had an idea
Barking you with the quickness, reversed intent
Instead went to Pop and gave him the print
Now Pop grew tired of being a mouse
Finally told you to get the hell outta the house
From there a mother figure came into play
Claimed for you she saw a better day
Now Mom was a product of Christ's rebirth
Thought the only chance was to go to church
Quitting this stuff you had tried before
This time you claimed you'd really score
Something I had to see to believe
Put on my suit and to church I weaved

PREACHER (Squirrel):

My, my, my. What happened to the people? The people
who used to care
about what took place in the world today? I've been
summoned here
today to reach the people who still can be reached, to
save the people
who still can be saved. Can I get an Amen? Can I get an
Amen?
Hit me! Forgive us. Said it's taking over. Taking over
the world. All
it's doing is taking over. Where them crackers at?
Them crackers that
they serve, where they at?

DOVE AND MIKEY ROADS (In background as choir):

Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over
Said evil's taking over, evil's taking over
The Lord's gonna forgive us, the Lord's gonna forgive
us, Lord
Said the Lord's gonna forgive us
The Lord's gonna forgive us

POS:

Bullshit, didn't believe a lick
To this fool fell off, well that would stick
Soon you reach your front of calm
Walked round by rehearsing psalms
Then you smiled with the funky frown
What do you know, the voice is back in town
Mom would say it would soon go away
You and I knew it was here to stay
But the man helped you when you helped yourself
That meant going to rehab for your health
Finally it went and blew your cork
Heard you moved to the comfortable streets of New
York
And when my friends see me and come and ask
"Yo, where's your brother at?"
I'll be the first to splash
"Yo, he's a basehead"

(- Yo know who that was?)
(- No.)
(- The guy from De La Soul. Pos. Posdnuos.)
(- Who?)
(- You heard of De La Soul, right?)
(- Right.)
(- Well he was the one from De La Soul.)
(- The one with the real nappy hair.)
(- The one with... the dark-skinned one.)
(- With the glasses?)
(- Yeah.)
(- [Background] Yeah, the ugly one!)

(Fuck you bitch!)
(And kept goin'...)

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