

Lil Pmoney

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

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[Intro: Method Man]

Eh yo, eh yo, eh yo

Yo, yo, yo

My son want his back, fuck that (my shine is beautiful)

It's time right now, you know?

It's like we ain't fuckin with no lame ass niggas no more

Bein bullshit by bullshit niggas (for real)

[Method Man]

Am I my brother's keeper?

Theres no need to ask, I'm the creeper

Million dollar man, Johnny Cash

Puff the reefer, sometimes mix it with the hash

Hard to keep up, 100 yards dash, beat your feet up

Jumpin Jack Flash on a muthafuckas ass

Caught 'em in the weed stash tryin to tap the bag

Now he suspect, read him his rights, it's only right

I never, never, never in my long-legged life

Ever bite like shark niggas, got an appetite

for destruction, lusting for dough, it's disgusting

Disgraceful, end of disscusion, this tasteful

Like cyanide erase you, pull up, let me take two

Come all you faithful, Meth and Shyheim

Tommy Hilfiger, that I'm a Johnny 'field nigga

Till I die, S.I.N.Y. testify

Girlfriend sweating my game, killing my high

[Shyheim]

I'm a 100 proof, like Smirnoff blue label

I'm so wild, got housearrest bracelets on each ankle

I break you, something fatal and make New Jersey
trade you

You don't got game, so niggas don't playa-hate you

Come back to Brooklyn, the ya G's gone

Chase you up, batted in dun, dun

Nike won't endorse you so you rock an And-1

I pull out the M-1 and hit you handsome

cuz you forcin it, you can hang it up like an ornament

End your actin career, put you back in street
tournaments

Run for your life, like you doing suicides

When even use your scrub ass, Live '9-9

[Chorus 2X: Shyheim]

Am I my brother's keeper?

There's no need to ask

I ride for my brothers, give me the gun and the mask

We be in the bushes like The Down Low stash

Pop up like a warrant, let off on that ass

[Infamous Bluesteele]

Yo..

Y'all could catch the player Inf' way beyond calm

Sharp and on bomb chron, rockin my Sean John

Copin the bomb chron from Sharon on the quan

Got me chinky-eyed like a Hong Kong don

Fire arm palm, cock back caution

Alarm for the chumps, boy what you think you gon'

palm with my charms

Better pay attention to the harm in my palm and it's
fully-loaded

If I said it, could he hold it?

but once he seen the gun I said, "son, look he bolted"

Son, look he noted, the Berrettas'll shever, but he was
clever

He stopped screwing and he blew in his vendettas

His crew was in to leathers, Avirex and guns

Some of them was smart but I could say the rest was
dumb

So I played the vest for dumb and saved the checks for
dumb

cuz they hard-head niggas who graze and steadily
come

to be leakin something, you could care for speakin
frontin bout shit they stick, instead of zip they lip

They was young niggas, you know the young dumb
niggas

Who don't care how they get it as it come, nigga

fades

[sample]

old school party music playing and fades

Hey, hey...

Are you that little guy makin all that big noise?

sounds of mad ass dog and man screaming

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