

Me And My Brother

Black Sheep

Yo, yo, yo, yo the Sheep are back, black
On the attack that fattens your format
And suckers have to backtrack, regroup, resign
As me and mine recline in shade

'Cause now we're getting paid like crime Krill
With the skill to kill while I'm on your will I'll
With the feel for what's real in my appeal
Why play me chummy if you really think

I'm crummy I caught your words and prep so long ago it isn't funny
Now I'm ready to riot until the state is in gas
If I wanted to dis you I'd play your shit and laugh
Huh, first mistake, choice when we gave it

Now put your plea on a deposit slip and save it
Second was the mic checking that you couldn't do
We step through just to get respect from your crew Third
I heard you're tense with the gat

All I got to say to that is, um
It's fat be the fourth parallel to your ism
Know the diff of disrespect and criticism
Five, I plead the fifth, I'm just plain live

I won't riff with the jive that the Sheep'll take a dive
We've arrived just in time and you'll discover
Only my mother, sister and son
Could come between me and my brother

Me and my brother, my brother and me
Don't look on the surface 'cause if you do you'll never see
Me and my brother, my brother and I
'Cause you'll fly sky high when you try

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Hey, yo It took a long time although niggas thought
We came out of the blue
A lot of punks slept but we always knew
That's why you pursue the two-man crew

To do the motherfucking job that you know a boy can't do
Like every aspect we cover: beats, rhymes and other
Nobody else down, yo, it's just me and my brother
Sheeit, back when the shit began, before there was a fan

We had the skills so we ran with my man Stan
I had to pay my dues running with other crews
Black Sheep is here but bitch ass niggas still snooze
It doesn't matter, boo, I'll make you scatter

Don't flatter 'cause I don't want your bitch nigga chit-chatter
I got stacks and stacks of fat tracks and wax

But you played yourself so don't even ask
And I won't remind you of the stupid shit you did and said

Out the side of your head when you were sleeping dead
And now I'm charging like a bull and you're red
That's why I'm pulling fucking files like a fed
Checking pros, doing shows wherever they goes

Getting hoes and foes but don't sleep on those bros
Come legit, you need to quit with that ego shit
Because you're only as large as your last hit
We intimidate, niggas try to retaliate

Go on, guess your fate, cause it's your fucking guts
I hate I'll put on my tims and kick 'em
Grab my shank and brr, stick 'em, ha-haha, stick 'em
Bitch, now the Sheep are rolling deep with
One Love Fuck around and be a victim of, who?

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Baby pah, you're best to learn that we yearned
And long earned, keep your concern
Black Sheep for the term Forget status
We go for gold, who be creamy?

Cleaner no picture, clearly the victor, nigga, you seen me
With my man, no other mother could pull my brother
No way is it gay when I say we love one another
Uh, huh, run for cover cause you're coming on the block

We're the best in the flock, was you born a fucking cock?
Fuck your grade, our record play, man
It's like Jordan Rock it better than NASA
Or lock it tighter than the warden

Huh, according to some emcees, hating and to end all their jel
We selling now, fuck like 'Mister Wendal' Bendable plates
Expendable tapes we ain't Whitewash the Sheep
When you're wack, save your paint

No haps, chaps, you might as well shut your traps
The gap's too big, dig, dapple over the maps
Doing curls with girls and blowing like Reg Peep the slim slick
No hammer, smack 'em sledge grammar
Hot damn, I rip the rhythm up

And rock cuts like sluts with big butts do nuts for ducs
I split shit, you better see another
Down over a decade, this weight could never cover
Shucks, we hit fucks like nuts be touching Roscoe's

Pick up the old school flavor
Like your name was Barro Pasco [unverified]
Asshole, my whole ass is all on me that's booty
My job's to clean up after my son cause that's my duty
Why bug, g? Could it be that you can't see

D, motherucker, D, motherfucker, D are E S, yes with Lawnge
Since Sanford Knowing we were destined to blow like Branford

Down for the duration, grand like Central Station
And a fat speaker says you got a demonstration from

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