

My Brother

Mac

Yo, if y'all don't mind, I'd like to share a little somethin I wrote.
About the closest nigga to me, ya heard me? my muthaf**kin brother, ya
Know. and it ain't gotta be ya blood brother, it could be ya thug
Brother.

We tend to say things that we don't really mean
Like I hate you and I hope you die tomorrow of some deadly disease
I never meant a word nigga, I was speakin out of anger
At times, I treated you as if you was a stranger
We both shared poverty, eatin commodity, you never lied to me
Or knock me for nuthin I tried to be
You was in the house sharpenin your art skills
And I was in the backyard doin cartwheels
Runnin with the niggas mama told me leave alone, come home
Stealin bikes even though I knew my rights from wrong
I used to envy you cause you intelligent
And I hate you was a strange way of tellin it
But that was irrelevant
You was in the good schools, I went to the gutter with the thugs
When a nigga shot dice and all the teachers did drugs
You my nigga, til I'm dead and gone
And I loved you like you was a part of me
And that's why I'm singin this song

Chorus: it's my nigga, my nerve, my one love
(you're my brother)
The one who wouldn't change on a nigga
(you're my brother, you're my brother)
Cause we shared the same blood
(there's no other)
That's my nigga, my nerve, my one love
(you're the only one for me)
The one that wouldn't change on a nigga
Don't change on a nigga
It's my nigga, my nerve, my one love
(you're my brother)
The one who wouldn't change on a nigga
(you're my brother, you're my brother)
Cause we shared the same blood
(there's no other)
That's my nigga, my nerve, my one love
(you're the only one for me)
Even though I never told you, at times I tried
So I praise you while you alive

Now even though we look at life differently
You probably had the better view
And when it came to hoes I was way ahead of you
I went to school with em, used to fool with em in class
In the hallways tryin to get some ass with my hall pass
You did homework, and I did bitches
You was plottin on how to pass, I was plottin on some riches
It showed in the report card
You paid attention to the teacher
I was lookin at the sport cars
In the magazines with my headphones, knowin I was dead wrong
Cuttin class, goin everywhere but home

When you got a job, mama and them was proud, I was jealous
You worked late nights, I ran the streets with the fellows
In a rush to be grown, you was still more mature
Cause you hang with your own, plus my heart was pure
You my nigga, til I'm dead and gone
And I loved you like you was a part of me
And that's why I'm singin this song

Chorus

2x: let me hear ya say oh, ooh, oh, ooh, oh
The only one for me