

# 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