

Me & My Brother

Ying Yang Twins

See me and my brother, stay crunk like no other
Stay high as a motherfucka, stay drunk as a mother' fucka'
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I'm gonna stand up and protest protest, my nerves is bad
And say I gave a wedding ring to a plastic bag
Feel it bug the size of many Christmas trees
This must be a jolly green tree for me
Give me that, No sticks or seeds preferred
I need herb the shit that have your sight in a blur
Make you swerve to the curve, cause your eyes are blurry
You see 12 on the right you bust a left in a hurry

We ridin' and drankin' rollin' blunts and smokin'
The car fogged up cause there ain't no windows open
The bass beatin' the block down
They know when we rollin around
Leanin' to the side cool and ridin' threw the "A" town
Holla at the kid fo' gotta score some high dro
We bound hurt cats roll blunts like ball bats
And drankin' is a most do (drankin' is a most do)
If you drankin' The I got you (If you drankin' I got you)
I got some orange juice and grey goose so pour you a cup
Till your head to the back and get fucked up
Pass the weesha baby sittin now smoke too let me hit it
Puff puff puff pass with your hoggin ass
Roll another blunt with your selfish ass
And give me ten dollars cause I'm low on gas

We gotta hit the motherfuckin gas station
Cuz I ain't with pushin' this big ass motherfuckin car man

We be smokin' hella weed, my brother and me
For whacha see on TV by my brother and me
We gon rise like the sun my brother and me
We be gettin' hella drunk my brother and me
And shawty I'm on the counters my brother and me
So shawty watch what you do around my brother and me
And shawty you will be cool around my brother and me
Cause shawty you don't want trouble wit my brother and me

Put the swishin' in, Put the weed in
D Roc get the gin, Im gon bring the hen
We don't give a fuck, we get fucked up
Nigga throw up from the floor
Bout the throw up gotta hold the wall
Overload off the weed and alcohol
So homey may concern he drank let it burn
And if it ain't your turn move your hand
Matter fact did you put in on this man
You sure got dem did all that reachin' and shit
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Who we is? Ying Yang Twins, What's are names? D Roc and Kaine
Stay high as a motherfucka, stay drunk as a motherfucka

I got your back nigga, I got your back nigga
If anybody fuck wit you, then they gotta fuck with me nigga

Nigga better hold that tone, lookin' great bat less grown?
Tryin' to get my grind on, nigga wanna get his shine on
What you think lyin' homes, we runnin' out of time homes
Crack bags and burg rags and triple gold with a backbone
Lookin' for them freak hoes, in the street clothes
With a thick truck 'A' town 'A' town 'A' town where we from
Tell them how we gon come, don't rush it nigga
We gone drop a bomb, bomb rush em nigga
We gone drop a bomb, bomb rush em nigga