

# Funkadelic, You And Your Folks, Me And My Folks

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(x5)  
(let me hear you say)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(let me hear you say)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(yeah-yeah) yeah, yeah, yeah

If you and your folks love me and my folks like  
Me and my folks love you and your folks  
If there ever was folks  
That ever ever was poor

If you and your thing dig me and my thing  
Like me and my thing dig you and your thing  
And we all got a thing  
Yeah, and it's a very good thing

Ha! But if in our fears, we don't learn to trust each other  
And if in our tears, we don't learn to share with your brother  
You know that hate is gonna keep on multiplying  
And you know that man is gonna keep right on dying  
Yeah  
Yeah, yeah

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
(x4)

The rich got a big piece of this and that  
The poor got a big piece of roaches and rats  
Can you get to that  
Tell me where it's at  
Yeah!

Yeah, yeah, yeah  
{until last two verses, under other lyrics}

Hey!  
You want peace  
I want peace  
They want peace  
And the kids need peace  
There won't be no peace

The rich got a big piece of this and that  
The poor got a big piece of roaches and rats  
Can you get to that  
Tell me where it's at

Yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah!  
Yeah, yeah

If you and your folks loved me and my folks  
Like me and my folks love you and your folks  
If there ever was folks  
That ever ever was poor

If you and your thing dig me and my thing  
Like me and my thing dig you and your thing  
Then we all got a thing  
And it's a very good thing

Yeah, yeah, yeah (x2)