

Nitty Gritty (Remix)

KMD

This is a remix

To what?

It's a remix

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Let's get right down toThe nitty gritty

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Let's get right down

To the nitty grittyBorn again, a soul bend blends

K.M.D. and Brand Nubian, friends

X-tends to grip palm and causin' calm in

His knowledge of self, so commence to bombin'

As alarmin' as a beep from your beeper

What you needed was a wake-up call to the sun, you sleeperYou don't wants get woke by the wolf, does ya?

Naaah, good guessin'

Switch the pitch up, another session

From the infamous God Squad

You see, we's all peas in the same pod, God

Odd after 7, my attribute is even

My tolerance is gone and my word is bondYou see the Nitwits knockin'

Preach, "The Lord'll change your life around"

I figure I just saw Jamar the other day uptown

Give him a pound, it's no puzzle, they musta

Been guzzlin' that 85 proof, ask BustaQuestion number one, how can you go wrong?

K.M.D., can I sing this song? Sho' nuff

The nitty gritty, do the nitty gritty

Get on down and let's do the nitty gritty

Busta Rhymes from the top of Chill City

Flippin' on the rhythm, showin' you that I get busy

Stand up for the right of the young and the witty

Movin' inconspicuous like a baby kittyMoved to the island and I left the urban city

Whylin' in the Island till I find a young bitty

Baby doll, well, I never ever fall

Hard, let the God Squad in the dancehall

K.M.D., Brand Nubian

Leaders of the New School always be chillin'
Hold up, so I can get illy
First to interfere here and I'm comin' back silly
Now I feel the vibes of the choco in the Philly
You know you can't fuck because we rippin' it, Smitty
I know you love this song
Won't you do that to break the dawn
Onyx, God, tell me what is going on? What, what goes? As far as I know, see, bros
Are havin' trouble knowin' who's friends and who's foes
The worst Devil is a black Devil
Because you come disguised as a wolf in sheep's clothes
Like Preacher Porkchop who keeps the church clappin'
Mo' comes the money, mo' money got him yappin'
He sucks your bucks, so his pockets fatten
He's got some guts, he pimp-struts up to Staten Island, I be chillin' in Long Island, Long Beach
Hippin' Gods to they culture with the strong speech
I build with the Nubians I chill with
I fill with my zig-zag-zig
I never lived big, I never lived large, I never lived fat
The Devil man in this land, he won't allow that
So brother man, I don't wanna bust you
But if you don't know the Devil, gee, I can't trust you
Knowmsayin', man?
You just can't brothers
Who don't know what time it is
True indeed, true indeed, yo
So Lord J
Yo, that's true indeed
And I know the time of the day
Lord Jamar, goes like this
Life's hardships, stones are placed and one must face
Trips, falls and spills to kills and 'cause mishaps
These are some of his traps but I got a jewel, that needs
No gift wrap, so just receive, believe when shown the light
The Devil gets left, the Gods gotta get right to the source
Of our loss, stop wearin' the cross, do for self, kill that
"Yes, sir, boss," and when you do, from the other you won't beg
Can't you see my brother, you're the Arma-Legga-Leg Arm, supreme head, and instead of relyin', why don't you
Start tryin'? You say try is to fail, I say try is an attempt
'Cause when you stop tryin' that makes victory exempt, from your
Cipher, the life you lead is not hype, the blackman was not born
To be a gutter snipe or an alley cat, you should be steppin'
To the rally fat, not just with dough, but with the knowledge
You know, so, get up and go, get yourself a book of life
Instead of living life like a hooker
Get some knowledge of self and do for self
Yo man, brothers ain't tryin' to check it out
You know what I'm sayin'?
Crack, crack them skulls, man
I see some so crazy deaths

Men, from head to toe they're full of lead
I flipped a brick, nah, I build a fort instead
So I taught children 'fore I flipped
'Cause in actuality my man's mentality was stripped
I dipped back to the roots, I am a king with ranks
Cream in the coffee, clay thing, no thanks
Why play the role like all silly teens?
I'm the black bowling ball knockin' pins to smithereens Each teach in every town, relate that
The God Squad is like Homey the Clown, we don't play that
Coon, jiggaboo, Uncle Toms in the mix
Give me a, in reverse, Psalms 82 and 6
"All Gods, and children of the Most High"
Cave-guys still fry in the sun, don't deny
I got a third eye sight vibe that don't lie
I am the lion, goodnight, defyin' evil's the bull's eye It's like this and my word is bond
This is a modern type of style, look at what I did
A Devil still can't build a pyramid
I dug a tunnel to Asia, wrote a speech with a laser
Rush your brain with a new genetic strain
The God in God's clothing, and the Devil's loathing
Got enemies, but I really don't give a damn
I smacked a man 'cause he tried to serve a plate of ham Disguised in a patty, my uncle Trevor's natty dread
He got a [Incomprehensible], used to be a foot fet'
The city [Incomprehensible] and I forgot to mention
That I'm the word buff, yes, enough is enough
Zig-zag-zig, watch the blackman get big and burst
The blackman is first
I drive a black Hearse and I bury all the Devils
With K.M.D. I can raise up my levels The nitty gritty
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