

# The Return

## Brand Nubian

Grand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo

Raised in the ghetto singin' songs called survival

I'm only bringin' you the real

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Raised in the ghetto singin' songs called 'Survival'

Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' about Three sixty degrees I stand in the square, right over left

Preparin' to fight to the death, you could never stifle this

Not even the triflest, nigga on Earth, could ever fuck

With what I spit in a verse, we always hit where it hurts Underground so we dig in the dirt

Always gotta put a nigga to work, is how it seems

It's kinda hard to hear the silent screams

Through the violent things, turn a deaf ear Your body might get left there, you better step to the rear

We put it down with Premier, rock mad army gear

You ain't heard us all together in several years

It's like a federal crime, you had to settle for rhymes That lacked substance, we got that in abundance

Pro-black and you know that

We stay Fat like Joe Crack, Lord Jamar

Come too far, to ever try and go back Grand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo

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Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' about I'm on 110 and Lennox with these Africans overseein'

Our physical being and how we doin' it

It only take one bad nigga to ruin' it, pursuin' it

And actin' like it can't happen put you in the chair To the bookings we go on the twenty-four hour flow

I run through obstacles, take off my shackles

Proper backing with the bangers and the rhyme singers

I run with dem and others rock NY in colors With the straight brim and the chick who work in the gym

The great Datty in the C-Town Express

Whoever step to this is gonna have to face stress

Whoever step to this better be at they best Look at me close, I'm the perfect host you standin' too close

So back up, you should never try to act up

The Wild Cowboy still got the style boy

One of a kind I throw a helluva line Grand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo

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Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' about  
Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah, my man Primo hit me off with the plural  
Zig Zag Zig like Zorro now we makin' more bread than Stella Doro  
Unsung hero bring more heat than DeNiro  
Never known for spittin' trash shit on the mic, that shit's a zero  
Rhyme flow stay off the meter, tight like two-seaters  
Make y'all get nuts like a cell block filled with dick beaters  
Make my approach then shorty's bagged like coach  
Cut on the lights if she ain't a dime then watch me run like a roach  
Y'all know my shit be hot they call me Dr.  
Doo-a-lot  
Now I got seeds so I'm stingy I keep strings on my Benji's  
So tree up, nigga we up, about to re-up  
Y'all know the deal, grab this paper, disappear like Copperfield  
I need a meal, time to eats with a flow  
Drop the beat, press it up, and hit the street, dinner time's complete  
My Nubian ways'll get ass that open for days  
Make more chips than Frito Lays when I spit the phrase that pays  
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