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
Grand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo
Raised in the ghetto singin' songs called 'Survival'
Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' aboutThree 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 hurtsUnderground 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 earYour 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 rhymesThat 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 backGrand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo
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Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' aboutI'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 chairTo 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 colorsWith 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 bestLook 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 lineGrand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo
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Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin' aboutYeah, 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 zeroRhyme 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 roachY'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 CopperfieldI 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 paysGrand Puba, Lord Jamar, Sadat X, Alamo
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