

# Ragtime

## Brand Nubian

Hit her, I mean let's hit this  
That's not straight  
Do it God, ya bwoy let's do it now seen?  
Let's pull it bwoy Ai yo, check this out  
Brand Nubian gettin' ready to swing this ep'  
We got the Grand Puba, we got Derek X on the flex  
We got, Lord Jamar, we got Alamo with the A, Ron Stud  
And my man Ep Rock X, kick the flavor for me on this one  
'Cause we gettin' ready to be out of here in a sec Wild, New York raw as my voicebox soars  
I'll open your pores 'cause it's one of my chores  
Kickin' beats to boggle rhythms, cuttin' rhymes to a schism  
People often wonder and ask, is I'm the best? Surely you jest, I'm not down with the rest  
In fact they failed the test  
It's my vernacular that's simply spectacular  
My bite is in your neck it's the effect of Dracula Man on a mission, go to school with low tuition  
Can't even keep account, of the G's I be kissin'  
But oh, I beg your pardon, the race, is startin'  
The criminals is there and I'm the hardest of the hard And it's a feet for you to meet me on any given day  
The adjective, "Amazing", spelled with an 'A'  
And a 'G' on the end, by usin' my pen  
Set forth on a journey for the perfect blend Rhyming was a fad in the days of my dad  
Now MC's is makin' G's and goin' for bad  
The X in my name makes it all official  
Am I the king? Well that's the so called issue Rollin' off the tongue was the fresh one liner  
And CB talker was the zero one niner  
Took a slight drop from the tip of the top  
Now I'm out for mines and I'm goin' to clock What's mine on the line on a rhyme I will dine  
Never ate the pig can't deal with the swine  
Keep on, yes my word is bond  
Speakin' that knowledge like Farrakhan 'cause it's ragtime Ah, yeah it's ragged, let's do it  
Aight now we got Lord J  
Lord J, yo c'mon now  
Kick the flavor to this  
Drop it like this  
(I'ma swing it like this) I like to drop bass, 'cause when it hits, I bounce 'em  
I do this with my seven and my one half ounces of brain  
Which I contain, to manifest thought  
The record is bought so I figure I ought to elaborate  
(Might as well) As minds in turn collaborate

I speak the facts black, I don't exaggerate  
 I just get to the bare essential  
 Demandin' that I talk, of my credentials, 'cause yoI never slept, my mind was in the right place  
 Now let's take our steps and retrace back to a time  
 When black was defined as original, God like  
 Supreme divine, refined is my mind that's why I'm buildin'  
 There was a void in New York but now it's filled in  
 By the Lord J, don't forget the A-M-A to the R  
 Now say I'm a star  
 (You a Star, J)  
 Well, you can be one too  
 Now here's all you got to do  
 You got to know, knowledge of self's the foundation  
 Know wisdom's the way to let it outcome  
 Understanding is the manifestation  
 And cultural freedom, the final turnout 'cause it's ragtime  
 That's definitely ragtime  
 Now let me brag mine, let me brag mine  
 Hit this in the 90's  
 Hey yo, bust it  
 (Here I go, here I go, here I go)  
 As I, stand as a pharoah and beat up on Eliza  
 Trick ends on my friends, 'cause Puba's not a miser  
 Last longer than a Duracell or a Energizer  
 I got a little older but a whole lot wiser  
 When it comes to shootin' [Incomprehensible] I'm a damn good shooter  
 MC Grand Puba should be worshiped like a Buddha  
 I boogies to the rhythm, kicks all the flavortism  
 Damn, I gets busy, though makin' rhyme I gets bizm  
 Always help another meaning sister or a brother  
 Just a little tip I picked up, from my mother  
 Smooth as Ali Baba once I week, I see the barber  
 So honey pucker up 'cause I'm a damn good slobber  
 Mr. Exquisite, dressed in silk, Bally's made of lizard  
 So honey, what is it?  
 (What is it?)  
 I rock a rhyme at a wedding, next tour I'm probably heading  
 You wanna beat like this? Check the stack of Otis Redding  
 I'm hurtin' like a blister, confusin' like Twister  
 Not a only child, four brothers and one sister  
 Not a rinky-dinky never snackin' on a Twinkie  
 When it comes to flexin' I can bend like a Slinkie  
 So here comes the champ, to civilize a tramp  
 When brothers try to play me, that's when the Pub' gets amped  
 So smile, here comes the picture, click  
 A humble type brother so don't play me as a vic  
 I can relate to the good times, the Cosby's on the sometimes  
 Go [Incomprehensible] on a Sunday then it's back at work on Monday  
 Take my gear to the cleaners, buy pants or a Beamer  
 Then I'm out, bangin' crackheads, I can do without  
 (Definitely, why not Puba? Why? Why Why?)  
 'Cause it's ragtime

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