

Steady Bootleggin'

Brand Nubian

Some get over the hump, bootleggin'
Some go down in the dark, bootleggin'
Some get over the hump, bootleggin'
Some go down in the dark, bootleggin'
Steady bootleggin', steady bootleggin'
Steady bootleggin', steady bootleggin'I've been watching you for about two weeks
Selling phony imitations of myself
If I chose to wild, I might flip or break your table
Strong arms tappin' all your pocketsLook, look at this tape, loose ass plastic
Copy machine picture damn straight, I'm gonna hit ya
But I don't 'cause I maintain
You're just a common street peddler offender, the question revolvesIs the record company involved?
Hmm, dig the reality, is that I'm bein' played
Should somebody take the weight 'cause my pocket's like on E
That I can't see, therefore I burnt teethWhen I find the source to my loss of income
I gots ta see him Jack, yo I gots ta see
And the street vendor out there, don't steal don't sell my tape
I don't give a fuck about the plea that you coppin'Everyone's got problems sellin' my tape ain't gonna solve 'em
On my ave, holdin' your eye with a heatin' pad
Dig the scene cat, knowledge the crime, know the time
Or you'll be out much more than a dimeSo many fingers, steady bootleggin'
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin'
So many fingers, steady bootleggin'
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin'
Steady bootleggin', steady bootleggin'
Steady bootleggin', steady bootleggin'A kick in the ass from a leg and a boot
Constitute the right to shoot one who steals my loot
Bang bang like it ain't no thing to the bastard
Who sold my shit before it's masteredNow how the fuck did you get a copy?
It's an inside job or the security is sloppy
But nevertheless I'm doin' my best to solve this mess
I find out, I blow a hole in his chestIt's black music that they wanna discredit
Garth Brooks ain't bootlegged 'cause they'd never let it happen
That's why I'm cappin' and slappin'
All the motherfuckers sellin' tapes to young black kids rappin'They try to say hardcore don't sell
But everywhere I go, they killed my shit well
New York to California everywhere in between
Know the flavor of the God so what the fuck do you mean?I gotta get my props in ninety-two it's up to you
The listener to do your part and buy that bullshit from the start

I can't get back what I don't receive
Best believe they got a trick up they sleeve Too much bootleggin', too much bootleggin' is goin' on
Too much bootleggin', too much bootleggin' is goin' on
Too much bootleggin', too much bootleggin' is goin' on
Too much bootleggin', too much bootleggin' is goin' on

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>