

Punks Jump Up to Get Beat Down

Brand Nubian

Get nothin' but a beat Punks jump up to get beat down
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Get nothin' but a beat One day when I was ridin' on the train
I seen these two kids talkin' about the Nubian reign had fallen
I didn't say nothin', 'cuz these kids caught my goat
Even wore my coat like a murder that they wrote So this kid with mouth, swagger 'n I'll blaze the cloak an'
dagger
So I gotta show Duke's the macho lot, that I am
I can rock a jam, make the world drop ham
Oh yes, I'm the bad man an' bad men wear black
An' if it comes to droppin' bombs, yo, I'm with that Though I can freak, fly, flow, fuck up a fagot
Don't understand their ways, I ain't down with gays
You wanna grab the style that was made from my mom an' my dad
When I was young, I used to run with a notepad
Then dimes knew an' somehow I knew that I was bad to the bone Black prodigy since the age of twenty
I could write a rhyme, rip it up an' write a next one
Right on the spot, sign my name with a dot
Diamond D threw me some smooth shit, Bronx crowd roar
Stick up your whack jam, everybody hit the floor Okay it's you, Slim, the hard rock of the pack
Don't wanna kneel to the brothers, you must be holin'
Bust some shit in his chest, now his whole body's swollen
Why did I have to do it? He asked for it
His man saw it, so it don't mean shit to me
He's gone, that's how it's supposed to be Check it out now
I ain't goin' out, man, that short shit is dead
Have you heard what I said? If not, ask the dread
He got a can an' that's bad
Similar to the one that I got from my own dad Punks jump up to get beat down
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Get nothin' but a beat I'm like dick in ya ass, quick fast like my name was Flash
When a nigga try an' rob me for my cash

You thought you had a sweet Vic, a nice pick
But you didn't anticipate that I might be sick
Now who's the trick, 'cuz I'm not a up
I always do the fuckin', if I have to do the buckin'
I leave my Nikes stuck in your rectum, 'til you learn
Brand Nubian, yo, you gotta respect 'em
Dissect 'em, yo, our word is bond regardless
To my what an' do the Puma strut
So step the fuck off, before I punch you in your face
With the mothafuckin' bass
Then you're gonna taste blood in your mouth
It's gonna flood south to the ground
An' you're gonna know I don't fuck around
So if you think you had two soft new jacks
We're gonna have to off you with a few cracks
To the jaw an' you won't pop that shit no more
Explainin' to your friends why you're layin' on the floor
Did you want some more? I didn't think so
Just got whipped, like a fagot in the clink
So I suggest you take your bloody mess
An' find a piece of wire, fix your broken jaw
Then it's time to retire, Lord Jamar will live long
'Cuz I give strong blows to the heads of my foes
Dread flows, gives me power as it grows
Watch how rass cladda, you catch the speed knot
Heed not an' Hell will be your home
Lord Jamar, Sadat, as we swell your dome
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