Step Into Da Cipher

Brand Nubian

In the cipher with my boys, you know we get busy
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In the cipher with my boys, you know we get busyFirst up it's the nuts up, what's up?
To the niggas from the projects
Prospect Park in Brooklyn, I'm lookin' at another crime scene
Committed by the brothers on this rhyme teamJust freestylin' in a cipher, might take the life of MCs
If you're wack we got the right to seize
He's black like Ultra, know your culture
Motherfuckers don't know so they won't growLord Jamar show and prove the rules I kick
Makin' niggas move, no matter how smooth it get
Or how rigid, niggas still get it
I kill wicked motherfuckers with the rhymes that I structuresIn my third eye, know you heard I
Study math like a mathmatician
See half of y'all wishin you could sound like the gods from the town
Of the rule, you ain't got the urge, bust it down SergeYou know I smoke it like the flame to the tip of that bud we just twistin'
From another dimension, did I mention
That funky, that's the only way we know how to get niggas
Rhymes belimminent like a partial scholarshipBut my style's so heavy it make you lean when I drop
Leave you spinnin' like the washin' machine before it stop
Goin' all out, have to seal these motherfuckers fate
On a mission from Cleveland, ridin' it from outta stateSo ready yourself because it's on full scale
I heard some put Jamar to bail down to New Rochelle
Now Rule, that's where we scheme and we plot
On the late night, blunted in the basement with SadatAnd we discussin' your demise, know it's gonna come
Sure as the sun's gonna rise, send me the drum
And Serge is buckin' off a shot from the mental insight
Air tight, throw a worker from cradle to gravesiteI feel lick a shot pum, pum, push up on the one
I'll bad, bad and I'll no run
Original Flatbush style, and solo jam
Like beep Han Solo manYes, Mr.Intellect and sex in the flesh
I'm rougher than the hair on your girl's chest
Maestro Manny one verse, time come in
My cafi in the scab when they go flurryYou don't concern me, your style can't burn me
You's about as hardcore as Big Bird, Bert and Ernie
My steelo fat like your girlfriend, pregnant with twins
After, Thanksgiving then they're eatin' pork skinI don't give a fuck about your section, just watch your murder flexin'

Step correct to the brother with the dark complexion
6' 1", two weaving and cocked diesel
You can see that hair is curly, ain't no fuckin' up like you baby, seeIn the cipher with my boys, you know we get busy
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In the cipher with my boys, you know we get busyWhen the corrupt stuff in my mind starts to erupt
Even the hard niggas will be yellin' "That's enough"
But what about my style, ooh, child, I switch 'em up
Rearrange 'em up, in other words I change 'em upSnagglepuss, I make a nigga fall like the season
So exit stage left 'cos you ain't on my level, leaf
You wanna battle? Here's what happened to the last kid
His wife became a widow and his kids became bastardsIn the rap profession, I'm not the one for testin'
I'm the first to let'cha know I'm way dirty like mudwrestlin'
So bring all the flunkies you roll with
So when I set it on your ache, you all be like "Oh shit"You want more so here we go, peep how my rap flow
I'll have your ass sneakin' out the backdoor
This is some trouble you don't wanna get your ass in
So watch your step and don't come out'cha mouth in the wrong fashionFeel the wind blow through your hair
My aim is square on your backbone
You're home alone and your mom work the double shift
Just enough time for me to hit that off"Bounce on a nigga" said my man Wop
Peace to the squad, one-eighth, Fo' and Teepee, check it
I'm the type of nigga that'll walk down the street
On some casual shit, even my kid could flipHear me on the Wop tape, ban, hit 'em
Hear me with the rhythm, yo you better go get 'em, check it
Anticipation, you're waitin' and waitin'
Peace to Courtland, Ave, Teepee wheelnose inSatan, the early bird, aiyo that's my word
My man, Joon with the 'erb to the moon
Eh, Shawn Black, nigga, where ya at?
No type of daydreamer or a nigga with enphysema
This is X and I'm straight from the RuleIn the cipher with my boys, you know we get busy
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