Step to the Rear

Brand Nubian

Here we go
(Okay everybody, step up to this)
(Sing my song, step up to this)
(Sing my song, step up to this)
(Sing my song, step up to this)Yo Stud, bust it
Step to the rear, Grand Pu is on arrival
Raised in the ghetto singin' songs called survival
Runnin' round town givin' all the girls Puba snacks
I wouldn't try to scale my style, you just might catch a cardiacFigured the way to get paid is to grab the mic, rehearse, ya know
Smooth as Jermaine so honey, don't take it personal
There's no need to try to diss the swinger
Baby, all you get is two snaps up and the fingerThe bob-a-loo bad boy, a threat to the paranoid
You try to step to this? It's void
A new hit from the Grand Man with nights like the Sandman
Gain for awake in case I gotta stomp a head outBusted is a trick that's not up my sleeve
It's possessed with finesse and it works when I breathe
Paid in the shade with an A, that's the grade
With the papers that I made from this tradeSo get hip to the grip, you know where to slide the chips
If you wanna cash in on the wins
Grand Puba and I love to hit skins
(And you know what?)(I've got a song to sing, oh, bay, bay)
(I've got a song to sing, here we go)
(I've got a song to sing, oh, bay, bay)
(I've got a song to sing)Follow me now
(Okay everybody, okay everybody)
(Okay everybody, okay everybody)
(Okay everybody, okay everybody)Grand Puba, the higher mystic ruler, keep a 40 in the cooler
She don't know me, Money Grip, you better school 'er
Before I have to play her is a foul way
And catch a quick short stay at the HolidayNow forecast as I won't be playin' soccer with the dreads
Ballin's my hobby, doin' wonders in the bed
From full-size, to king-size, to queen-size, to high-rise
Even bunk beds, I know how to work the legIf Pu ain't the answer then you must be sick as cancer
Smooth romancer, let it ring, I'll probably answer
So come take a dip with your 'Private Dancer'
Nasty, naughty, over 6' call me shortyBut I'm long, I'm like Stretch Armstrong
I go on and on, and on, and on
Never in a scandal and I'm never caught schemin'

Knew Pu was dope ever since I was semenSwimmin' in my daddy's big nuts
But now I'm scoopin' girls with the big ole butts
Arise to respond for the Max-wellAsk well, hell, it don't even matter
Puba ain't game for the shit chit-chatter
Puba's in town, oh shit, let's scatter
You can hide that ass, but it just don't matterThe 90s is here, Pu is on a mash-out
Huns that I've done always seem to pass out
But hon wake that ass up this ain't the place to crash out
You try to play me? I have to throw that ass outFoes and hoes, good riddance
'Cause when Pu comes out, there'll be no skiddin'
I'll slide upstairs and see Chuck at the chop shop
Tell I'm fade the size, let a wolf on topReel and reel and soul to soul
Honey, heel to heel and toe to toe
It really doesn't make a diff, I'm not the type to riff
I might smoke a spliff, but I won't sniffAnd ya don't stop
(Okay everybody)
Now I'm-a end it like this
I'm like Superfly Snuka, know how to hook a hooker
Caught her on looker, know where I took herTo the short stay, around my way,
And like Monie say, "It was the perfect way"
I caught a verse from the Christian
And it goes, "Praise the Lord"
Skins lined up on a wharf for when I'm boredFrom Na-ru, I'm in the right mood
And if you like the way that this flows, well, that's cool
See this is no illusion, the style is too confusin'
If you try to bite, then you're cruisin' for a bruisin'Back up, sonny and let me make my money
Then I'm straight, I got a date at 8
So see you brothers later, time to motivate
Yeah, now bust itI'd like to give a shout to my Brand Nubian brothers
Lord Jamar, God Allah, Derrick X on the flex and Alamo
And we gonna give a shout to the SD50s who pumped this
And I'ma say, yo, peace

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/