

Back Up Off the Wall

Brand Nubian

No, Flagro
Uh, what
Yeah, Brand Nu' comin' through
Long Island, Harlem World, all out, all out
Let's talk about tit
What, yeah, now put ya hands up
Uh, what, now put ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Now get ya back up off the wall I'm better feeling than running raw
Chain gang link I need a shrink
What y'all niggaz think I'm a do when I get real money
Iano keys played in series
Peace to Lil' Cease
Microphone track board, loose chord, oh Lord
Promo number one Sadat X had a grenade
And the have next day I smashed the shit Allie played
Now we delayed by ninety days
You better find me anyways
You better return to the Terror dome, ain't nobody home
Non-haters play the corner in the elevator
Crash crews smack the open palm so you don't bruise
You push a button and what happens nothing
I push one and there's a man with a gun in the doorway
I'm in 4A, I been in there all day
I had some smokes, some bitches and chicken on a slab
There's enough for everybody so y'all niggaz don't grab Come on, come on, come on, yo
So get your back up off the wall
What, I said dance, come on, come on
So put your hands up
Stop frontin and pop somethin
Cornball niggaz stay frontin ain't got nothin
Mad cause the life I lead, twice ya speed
Brown-skinned Miami, that's the wife I need
Light that weed, front nigga might just bleed
Tryin to ball with y'all but I might just flee The second coming of Christ
I'll make you run for your life
It's like a gun up against a knife
You can never win, when we fight to the end
I'm tight with the pen

Don't be going off the head, cause they be blown off the head
 And showin off the skills of the mentally dead
 I do the knowledge before any words get said
 Herbs get me red, hold on, Simply Red
 Pimps be dead in rap, everybody's fed with that
 Y'all could go ahead with that
 I'm trying to show you where my head is at
 Dread be the positive black
 Drop the B, you get lack
 See you when you get back
 Lyrical three-pack, spiritual miracle
 Uhh, Lord Jamar the imperial
 Microphone serial killer, urban guerilla
 You acting mysterious, we out to take this rap shit serious
 Slap the taste out of your mouth, then break out
 Come on, come on, come on, yo
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 Now I'm a put a rush up on molasses
 Breeze on through like easy passes
 Wiggle more asses than aerobic classes
 El kabong, my people blaze them trees up like Cheech and Chong
 Get that ass open like a pair of butt cheeks in thong
 For sure dog, I don't mean to come off pushy
 Blaze your party hot, and have it smelling like D'bussy
 Spit my phlegm and drop my gem
 Collect my wins and copy the Benz with the icy rims
 I be dramatical, mathematical, radical thriller
 The mic killa wreckin more shit than Godzilla
 Matter of fact I'm more iller, knock your shit off the pillar
 The four-wheeler touched every flava but vanilla
 You know my name, my game, so shorty shake that thang
 I get you open like them ball-head niggaz on Rogaine
 Spit my flow all the way from New Ro'
 To Acapulco, white poos brown like cocoa
 Flip flows def like so so
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