

Ragtime

Brand Nubian

Hit her, I mean let's hit this
That's not straight
Do it God, ya bwoy let's do it now seen?
Let's pull it bwoy Ai yo, check this out
Brand Nubian gettin' ready to swing this ep'
We got the Grand Puba, we got Derek X on the flex
We got, Lord Jamar, we got Alamo with the A, Ron Stud
And my man Ep Rock X, kick the flavor for me on this one
'Cause we gettin' ready to be out of here in a sec Wild, New York raw as my voicebox soars
I'll open your pores 'cause it's one of my chores
Kickin' beats to boggle rhythms, cuttin' rhymes to a schism
People often wonder and ask, is I'm the best? Surely you jest, I'm not down with the rest
In fact they failed the test
It's my vernacular that's simply spectacular
My bite is in your neck it's the effect of Dracula Man on a mission, go to school with low tuition
Can't even keep account, of the G's I be kissin'
But oh, I beg your pardon, the race, is startin'
The criminals is there and I'm the hardest of the hard And it's a feet for you to meet me on any given day
The adjective, "Amazing", spelled with an 'A'
And a 'G' on the end, by usin' my pen
Set forth on a journey for the perfect blend Rhyming was a fad in the days of my dad
Now MC's is makin' G's and goin' for bad
The X in my name makes it all official
Am I the king? Well that's the so called issue Rollin' off the tongue was the fresh one liner
And CB talker was the zero one niner
Took a slight drop from the tip of the top
Now I'm out for mines and I'm goin' to clock What's mine on the line on a rhyme I will dine
Never ate the pig can't deal with the swine
Keep on, yes my word is bond
Speakin' that knowledge like Farrakhan 'cause it's ragtime Ah, yeah it's ragged, let's do it
Aight now we got Lord J
Lord J, yo c'mon now
Kick the flavor to this
Drop it like this
(I'ma swing it like this) I like to drop bass, 'cause when it hits, I bounce 'em
I do this with my seven and my one half ounces of brain
Which I contain, to manifest thought
The record is bought so I figure I ought to elaborate
(Might as well) As minds in turn collaborate

I speak the facts black, I don't exaggerate
 I just get to the bare essential
 Demandin' that I talk, of my credentials, 'cause yoI never slept, my mind was in the right place
 Now let's take our steps and retrace back to a time
 When black was defined as original, God like
 Supreme divine, refined is my mind that's why I'm buildin'
 There was a void in New York but now it's filled in
 By the Lord J, don't forget the A-M-A to the R
 Now say I'm a star
 (You a Star, J)
 Well, you can be one too
 Now here's all you got to do
 You got to know, knowledge of self's the foundation
 Know wisdom's the way to let it outcome
 Understanding is the manifestation
 And cultural freedom, the final turnout 'cause it's ragtime
 That's definitely ragtime
 Now let me brag mine, let me brag mine
 Hit this in the 90's
 Hey yo, bust it
 (Here I go, here I go, here I go)
 As I, stand as a pharoah and beat up on Eliza
 Trick ends on my friends, 'cause Puba's not a miser
 Last longer than a Duracell or a Energizer
 I got a little older but a whole lot wiser
 When it comes to shootin' [Incomprehensible] I'm a damn good shooter
 MC Grand Puba should be worshiped like a Buddha
 I boogies to the rhythm, kicks all the flavortism
 Damn, I gets busy, though makin' rhyme I gets bizm
 Always help another meaning sister or a brother
 Just a little tip I picked up, from my mother
 Smooth as Ali Baba once I week, I see the barber
 So honey pucker up 'cause I'm a damn good slobber
 Mr. Exquisite, dressed in silk, Bally's made of lizard
 So honey, what is it?
 (What is it?)
 I rock a rhyme at a wedding, next tour I'm probably heading
 You wanna beat like this? Check the stack of Otis Redding
 I'm hurtin' like a blister, confusin' like Twister
 Not a only child, four brothers and one sister
 Not a rinky-dinky never snackin' on a Twinkie
 When it comes to flexin' I can bend like a Slinkie
 So here comes the champ, to civilize a tramp
 When brothers try to play me, that's when the Pub' gets amped
 So smile, here comes the picture, click
 A humble type brother so don't play me as a vic
 I can relate to the good times, the Cosby's on the sometimes
 Go [Incomprehensible] on a Sunday then it's back at work on Monday
 Take my gear to the cleaners, buy pants or a Beamer
 Then I'm out, bangin' crackheads, I can do without
 (Definitely, why not Puba? Why? Why Why?)
 'Cause it's ragtime

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