# To the Right

## Brand Nubian

Yeah we're gonna swing this one to the right
Wanna give a shout to my man Pos K
My man Big Daddy, he's cool
Now Rule Mob, check it outWell honey here's a Hickie, Puba's not a quickie
When it comes to skins, goddamn I'm picky
Who will be the princess to occupy the prince?
And if she's less than dope I hope the Limo's got tintsNow honey, you see this may sound profound
But let me love you down and if I'm uptown I'm back downtown
All the skins I've been in I gets no frowns
You see doo-doo M C's, really think they can outlast, I smell gasAs a yung'un I was thefty, born as a lefty
The rhymes I drop, somethin' more than hefty
Roll like a Ranger, Puba's no stranger
For those who try to diss me, uh-oh, dangerUsed to drink the Olde E, coolers, just be Goldie
When I played soccer with the dreads that play goalie
Here steps the one that's capable, of slaughterin'
For those who wanna bite get the catalogue, start orderin'
'Cause Puba's shit is on stock OckI shape the wig like a woodblock
I like to dip dip dive, a Benz I'm soon to drive
I guess you can call this my nine to five
I send my lust to scoop skins with my skin buster
Freak the mind and butt behind and I gots the GeorgiaBut hang on for a sec
You don't have to worry about the Puba gettin' wreck
'Cause to me see it's more than likely
And if I flow too fast, let me, slow down slightly
Let's take a trip expenses paid money grip
Don't flake or flam, 'cause Puba's not havin' itDerek X to the right
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu Nation
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu
C'mon and clap your hands for Zulu Nation
C'mon and clap your hands for ZuluYou see me rock a video and slam shit up on feels so good
There was no doubt about it, 'cause I knew that I would
Before I kick these lyrics that I rip and I rule with
This girl done tried to cram 'cause she was down with the old schoolShe smacked me, attacked me, harassed me till I swung
But I made her see stars 'cause her bell rung
See an uptown girl is much different than a downtown girl
No I'm not a wife beater, no I'm not a girl cheater
I nipped this problem in the bud with my force from the Rule
And my man Ron Stud, word to lifeSo give a shout if you know what I'm talkin' about

And if you don't then brother you're lost
I had a boss, traded it in for a horse
It died, I made glue, it's no lossI'm the boss at my job 'cause I hire all workers
Tired of the sob story tear jerkers
Compassion, for fashion never seen in our slums
Never sold work, never handled no gemsSo 'Que Sera Sera' as the fat lady sings
But when the bell toll is the song I sing
Taken up the flights, whether uptown or crown heights
I pound a bunch of you after lunch 'cause I do rightAppear from the rear with my Clan and I'm the Cave Bear
Rip up the street on my worldwide tear
So loudly my troops and let's form three groups
Wreck time is here, so let's get paid on free loopsAllah Jamar to the right
(Yo knowledge the God)
Peace God
(Yo knowledge the God)
Peace God!You're captivated by the science 'cause the lesson's mathematical
Jamar rockin' the jam, is an emphatical
Y, equal, knowledge born I go on, although clothes get torn
By weaker Cypher men 'cause what came from my pen
Made 'em lust, now I mustRush out the back door, in-to the alley
Girls in pursuit, enough to form a rally
I didn't wanna scuff up my brand new Bally's
So I made a quick dip, like I was goin' back to CaliTook the Lear Jet, don't fear yet, comin' on your ear set
So as I hit program, you know I'm gonna slam
Cause even in my name there's a funky live "Jam"
Don't eat Spam or no types of ham
Polite to all women so I say, "Yes Ma'am!"Sniffin' a gram ain't flam, it's kinda weak
Jamar I keep you open through the rhymes I speak
Not down with a frat, no I ain't no Greek
A message from a Blackman, is what you seek

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