

Allah U Akbar

Brand Nubian

This is the stick up boom music for styles to flow free
But y'all know it's me or could you tell by the spree
The deuce crew of the new, yeah makes the whole shit clear yeah
Give the question, I'm tired of brothers guessin' The Nubian brought the X a lot of fame
But wouldn't it be a shame if it all up and ended
That ain't the plan I had and shit like that ain't intended
For the slick headed wonder, wearer of saggy pants Old school kicker, revival of the circumstance
Got a backpack with a fat stack of fac
I got a three, oh, so P.O. step back
I'm with the uptown baldies, kids that were Lords Kick for kids that's paid, I kick for kids with no funds
Whole blocks come for classes kids with contacts kids with glasses
Hard rock punks, crack heads and even trunks
Wanna know the truth, so they flock to my roof New York I got the grip, I told ya I told ya
This means war, as if by Sister Souljah
To think that the X would ever take a fall
After gettin' all of this, man you're crazy The only way, I'd fall is if I got fat and lazy
And I won't 'cause I work real hard
Wake up in the morning at the hour of God and make beats
Later hit the streets for some forty-fifth sweets So all y'all been told, black youth essential
From the hard urban blocks of Now Rule residential
That the God rocks real hard Goddamn right, the L O R D, J A M A R
Says peace and Allah U Akbar
Back like a motherfuckin' head to crack
Brand Nubian tracks are filled with black facts Now I ain't Humpty Dumpty chump, see
I ain't fallin', you can go call in
All the king's horses and all the king's men
Try to knock me off you never see another day again My seven-twenty-one-fourteen's ready
And my scope with the laser beam steady
So if you're feeling lucky, then come and catch a buck
How could I kill a man, well, I just don't give a fuck, so Check out the dread lock, make the dead rock
With my bald head, aiyyo like the top ten
We're bound to win, 'cause God don't like ugly
You get slugged rushed raped robbed and mugged GI don't wanna be the man, I just wanna make jams
Cuttin' sharp like Edward Scissorhands
It's ninety-two and of course we grew seeds
They're planted like a farmer, so let's reap what we sew And if you're thinking that we're a hoe in the game
We gettin' wreck to your brain

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