

# Punks Jump up to Get Beat Down

## Brand Nubian

Get nothin' but a beat Punks jump up to get beat down  
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Get nothin' but a beat One day when I was ridin' on the train  
I seen these two kids talkin' about the Nubian reign had fallen  
I didn't say nothin', 'cuz these kids caught my goat  
Even wore my coat like a murder that they wrote So this kid with mouth, swagger 'n I'll blaze the cloak an'  
dagger  
So I gotta show Duke's the macho lot, that I am  
I can rock a jam, make the world drop ham  
Oh yes, I'm the bad man an' bad men wear black  
An' if it comes to droppin' bombs, yo, I'm with that Though I can freak, fly, flow, fuck up a fagot  
Don't understand their ways, I ain't down with gays  
You wanna grab the style that was made from my mom an' my dad  
When I was young, I used to run with a notepad  
Then dimes knew an' somehow I knew that I was bad to the bone Black prodigy since the age of twenty  
I could write a rhyme, rip it up an' write a next one  
Right on the spot, sign my name with a dot  
Diamond D threw me some smooth shit, Bronx crowd roar  
Stick up your whack jam, everybody hit the floor Okay it's you, Slim, the hard rock of the pack  
Don't wanna kneel to the brothers, you must be holin'  
Bust some shit in his chest, now his whole body's swollen  
Why did I have to do it? He asked for it  
His man saw it, so it don't mean shit to me  
He's gone, that's how it's supposed to be Check it out now  
I ain't goin' out, man, that short shit is dead  
Have you heard what I said? If not, ask the dread  
He got a can an' that's bad  
Similar to the one that I got from my own dad Punks jump up to get beat down  
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Get nothin' but a beat I'm like dick in ya ass, quick fast like my name was Flash  
When a nigga try an' rob me for my cash

You thought you had a sweet Vic, a nice pick  
But you didn't anticipate that I might be sick  
Now who's the trick, 'cuz I'm not a up  
I always do the fuckin', if I have to do the buckin'  
I leave my Nikes stuck in your rectum, 'til you learn  
Brand Nubian, yo, you gotta respect 'em  
Dissect 'em, yo, our word is bond regardless  
To my what an' do the Puma strut  
So step the fuck off, before I punch you in your face  
With the mothafuckin' bass  
Then you're gonna taste blood in your mouth  
It's gonna flood south to the ground  
An' you're gonna know I don't fuck around  
So if you think you had two soft new jacks  
We're gonna have to off you with a few cracks  
To the jaw an' you won't pop that shit no more  
Explainin' to your friends why you're layin' on the floor  
Did you want some more? I didn't think so  
Just got whipped, like a fagot in the clink  
So I suggest you take your bloody mess  
An' find a piece of wire, fix your broken jaw  
Then it's time to retire, Lord Jamar will live long  
'Cuz I give strong blows to the heads of my foes  
Dread flows, gives me power as it grows  
Watch how rass cladda, you catch the speed knot  
Heed not an' Hell will be your home  
Lord Jamar, Sadat, as we swell your dome  
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