

# What the Fuck...

## Brand Nubian

Once again it's the dread and the bald head  
Won't be satisfied till the devil's I see em all dead  
Layin in a mass grave, for the past slaves they were stayin  
Do you think a nigga forgot? Matter fact  
My trigger's hot, you blink you gettin shot  
And if the weather's hot, your body's gonna stink when it rot  
Lord J got the arms, Sadat got the bombs  
We don't feel shit, you cried a hit on ya moms  
Now leave the bloody bitch in a ditch  
Get'cha pretty penny if the mother of my enemy  
My brother's sendin me four bursts from down south  
And for the lies you told, I'm a buck you in the mouth  
Now what the fuck's this all about? Everybody gotta weapon  
Who's gonna let burst the first shot? Hmm, I thought not  
Feel the battle, tell Darryl that his first-born is dead  
Shot in the back by the task force  
I'm mistakin your face in a similar face  
Got em murdered  
Much like how the buffalo is herded by the pale face  
Who threw some game on the Indian, who got jerked for New York  
You better walk, got caught then wear your vest  
We might throw somethin that's hollow  
Brand Nubian ain't never been the ones, to follow nobody  
We gotta lotta arms but I like to pump the shotty  
Now what the fuck's this all about? Now what the fuck's this all  
about? Now what the fuck's this all about? It's all about brothers risin up, wisin up  
Sizin up a situation, but gettin fit within the nation  
No deviation, a straight pathways down my wrath  
I sing sounds of math on behalf  
Of the Gods and the Earths, birthplace in space  
You be fuckin with my turf when you be fuckin with my race  
Now face, your maker and take your last breath  
The time is half past death  
Now what the fuck's this all about? If you're less than a man, in my eyes  
Then your head's off, and I'm a set off the wheels  
Motherfuck the baby seals or savin the whales  
All the crack sells, it's the Armageddon  
So cancel the wettin  
Go in the garage, find that old camouflage  
Blend in like a mirage and explode

Take nothin lightly, crackers shootin nightly  
Cos I don't need nobody that's gon' shoot me in the back  
Black people show 'n' act and when they front, that's wack  
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