Pass the Gat

Brand Nubian

Aiyyo

Gimme a gat I'm 'bout to smoke this motherfucker!

Gimme a gat I'm 'bout to smoke this motherfucker!Pass me the gat, pass me the gat, I gotta fight back

I ain't rollin' over on my motherfuckin' back

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I ain't rollin' over on my motherfuckin' backI need seven brothers ready to roll, I mean some real shit

Brothers ready to bust, bust again and again

Snatch the chains off the door my man, this is a stick-up

I ain't bring no funds, just came to snatch the guns

Check it, brothers spread throughout the whole damn store

Don't leave nothin', don't leave a witness

This black man is armed, another man's alarmed

This is the next Vietnam, set it off in the NorthMy moms is down with it, pops is committed

Something's got to give, I'm like a powder keg

Ready to stick a bank, drivin' a high-powered tank

Newsflash, Brand Nubian, takin' fifty hostages

Take 'em in the basement, feed the punks sausages

(Yo if I don't get 'em)

[Incomprehensible] twinkies from hostess

Shoot the fagot in the back for actin' like that From New York, in the East, I'm the black man police

I called the cops for a beef that I had, but they didn't do

A fuckin' thing, tellin' me to tone down

As if they was a father gettin' red in the face

And they threatened me with mace, so check it out

(Hey!)

So now I'm the wise guy but they ain't tryin' to bend

That's why I'm here to pretendAiyyo pass the fuckin' gat!

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I ain't rollin' over on my motherfuckin' backPass me the gat, and just like that, I squeeze

Like a man possessed from the Old West See I rest in Rule, keep a tool close

You don't want be the learner that my burner makes toast

'Cause today's mathematics is Uzi does it

I got the automatic stashed in the attic

And it's an emphatic now cipher

If you think you take the life of me without a fightHuh, I clean my gun with a rip rod

Here comes the God who don't eat pig lard

Lord J A motherfuckin' M A R

Never passive, the crew grows massive

We get wreck with the tech, blow your mind with nine

Plus we got the shotty for your body

Rodney King ain't this God-ly king

Before I take a whippin', I'll dump a fuckin' clip in The police, who give us no peace, to be deceased

I'll have a feast, as I commence to slay the beast

So my advice to black men, stay strapped

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