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 thatFrom 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!
Gimme a gat I'm 'bout to smoke this motherfucker!Pass me the gat, pass me the gat, I gotta fight back
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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 inThe 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
Aiyyo aiyyo yo, pass thatPass me the gat, pass me the gat, I gotta stay strapped
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Pass the gat!

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