

Sadat X f/ Brand Nubian "Brand New Bein"

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[Lord Jamar] Lord Jamar, Sadat X Grand Puba, Brand Nubian Check it, yo Lord J, rap's Broadway Joe I'm like Namath cause I'm famous for the way that I flow See you're an anus and you're heinous, I just think you should know that in the plainest, you're the lamest and I think you should go straight to hell, New Rochelle, that's where I'm from You got money for a show then here I come You wanna front on the low then hear my gun I'll have you trapped in a closet with nowhere to run Huh, yeah, my flow is impeccable Yours don't make sense like homosexuals You do a show, I'ma throw more vegetables Youse a bitch, you need to grow some testicles Your whole style is unacceptable None of your albums will ever be collectable Least you could do is try to keep it respectable This is yoga rap, my flow is so flexible [Chorus: DJ JS-1 scratches] "Ghetto music rap, we doing it" - Lord Jamar "Brand Nubian" - Sadat X "I flirt with the idea of quitting the game Nah, I'ma evolve, continue to change" - Xzibit "Ghetto music rap, we doing it" "Brand Nubian" "Ghetto music rap, we doing it" "Brand Nubian" [Grand Puba] Yeah, yo, 'Datty X, Grand Puba, Lord J See when I drop my thesis I keep a hundred niggas straight down the line like permanent creases That paper increases, hot whips on leases Sort of mine like nephews and nieces I give it to you straight black, I ain't never been a hate cat I'm more concerned with filling up my plate Jack Shit I'm starving, keep them bullshit snacks I need my bank account obese when I'm moving in that Maybach A fool can learn from his own mistakes But the wise man learn from others That's why when I give it to you homie, gotta keep it real talk so you ain't stuck with three baby's mothers I be that Mister Magnificent, oh so significant NY, so fly, viewing it from the bird's eye Grand Puba, the mummies are magnetic Bullshit niggas and bitches is getting deaded, uh [Chorus] [Sadat X] Grand Puba, Lord Jamar, 'Dat X the Wild Cowboy Wake up in the morning with the yearning for 'erbs Go to war with my dudes, it's like we fighting the Serbs And I ain't got to prove it to y'all The Jews and the A-rabs, that's a real brawl Don't let them slugs gas up

your ear You was never in the jail, you never walked
down the tier Me? I'd rather be surrounded by broads
Even though I know half of them is really straight
frauds Damn, it's great to be here with my brothers
Blowing things in the air, ain't near no baby mothers I
am still the Wild Cowboy, ask yourself who got more
style boy I warn you, I'll go baseline on you Hit you with
the eighth and you keep that faith The Brand Nubian
combo, Grand Puba ensemble Still type hungry, let's
eat this food I could jump in this stew, there's no known
cure [Chorus]

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