

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Foundation"

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Intro: Grand Puba

Brand Nubian baby, here to flip it again
And you know it don't stop until the party ends
So get your hands up high, if you feel me reply
Cos you know these brothers here we keep it extra tight

Verse One: Lord Jamar

Look, listen and observe, it took precision to connect
The words of dialect within a rhythm you never heard
Forbidden fruit, take a bite, you could lose your life
like how they crucified Christ Musa's hair was white
Lord Jamar, Sadat X and Puba's here tonight
We got next on the court, I don't know what you thought
This flow can't be bought, only sold in exchange
for platinum ang gold, you've been told, open up the
manifold
Only to reveal scrolls and scrolls
Premeditated to be dedicated to lost souls
Properly educated, never sloppily operated
Playing the beats for all my people incarcerated
We stay in the streets and find new ways to eat
Crime wave, I remember wetting my feet
in my blind days, now these niggas getting they heat
from under they seat, I wonder when the guns'll
deplete

Chorus: Grand Puba

Brand Nubian brothers here to flip it again
And you know we don't stop until your party ends
So get your hands up high, if you feel me reply
Cos you know these brothers here, we keep it extra
tight
The Foundation, as we hitcha with a Brand Nu creation
New millennium we don't mess around
Do the knowledge as we blaze the situation, so just feel
me now

Verse Two: Sadat X

I'm in a rush, who got the keys to my truck?
Who am I? I just might be a spy
I drop a tear at the sight of the blue NY
I'm a threat just like Garnette
Pick a player out my set like Marbury
Serve me sherry with a cherry
I always eat what you think
I ain't got no shoes on my feet, I'm from down the
street, huh
Now cats ride around New York with the slick hot rods
Some late model usually pushing full throttle
Hanging illegal U's and staying with the gleaming
shoes
Riding one deep but back to back to back
Fuck a buzz, it's gonna happen just because
Sure I was with her was, but I don't know what she does
Big dimes hit me everytime like it's a crime
My prime will steadily climb
Yeah, I can't release nothing to y'all before it's time

Chorus

Verse Three: Grand Puba

Now my verbal illustration graphic more than
Playstation
Microphone occupation operation save the nation
Black crusader, persuader, educator
Knowledge detonator none greater
Leave haters stuck like a project elevator
Always jammin it airtight like a laminate
You can't contaminate it
Go-getters we be superb like Justin's catfish fritters
Now I got 2000 flows, only 4 less than all of my hoes
(*Hey!*)
Oops I mean my bro's but I'm just keeping y'all on your
toes
Excitement for your enlightenment, spitting novels,
getting bravos
Tear it up like El Nino, keeping it hotter than jalapenos
Microphone holder doing more damage than rolling
boulders
Rhyme style should've fooled ya, knocked your head
right off your
shoulders
See my intention, black-on-black prevention, break the
tension
Teach the seeds, tell them what they need and then
collect my pension
Brand Nubian, baby, born more flows than a test tube

valve

Your radio ain't really on if Brand Nubian ain't on your
dial

Outro: Grand Puba

Yeah, as we do it like this

2000, Brand Nubian comin atcha one time

New millennium style

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