

Sporty Thievz F/Mocha

"Straight Outta Now Rule"

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Intro/Chorus: Lord Jamar, Grand Puba

Straight outta Now Rule, Brand Nu keepin cool
We drop a jewel and never stoppin what we do
Always do what we must, everything that we touch
is going platinum plus, comin thru in a clutch
repeat

Verse One: Lord Jamar, Grand Puba

A lot of y'all niggas is 85th, on some shady shit
Bark is much worse than your bite like a baby pit
In the pitch dark of the night you's afraid to get
exposed
like the sunlight which rose in the morning
Froze in a gunfight, forcing those who run with you to
reevaluate
affiliations
We salivate from hunger, placed in fucked up
situations
and wonder when retaliation will occur
Build destroy H-he or her
It's time to fill the void, niggas kill the noise
To the young boys, you fuckin with a grown-ass man
Watch your tone or get acquainted with the back of my
hand
Nubian Brand steadily influencin fans
For other rappers we gon' ruin your plans
What we doin stands as a motto
Like Grace Jones' nipple to the bottle
We pioneer and never follow
We're out for the lion's share now watch me take it
there

Yeah, my verbal clarity speaks for my popularity
Sell 5 million CDs and give the proceeds to my favorite
charity
Son, I ain't gonna super splash you with no Fantasy
Island shit
I mean I work hard for what I got and I be thankful for
what I get

And if you practice, spit your verbs properly, not
sloppily
Like monopoly, you can end up with cheese, whips and
property
Oh damn, silly of me, I forgot to let y'all know
it's one thing you should never do in this game and
that's sell your soul
I make a lot of sense then I go and make the dollars
Work hard like blue collars, ghetto scholars is hard to
follow
Niggas say it's real rough today and I say what you say
They promised me 40 acres and a mule and all I got
was a project and a
subway
I stay positive, niggas mistake that for not hard
Nigga I'm GOD, walk thru North America like Master
Farrad
Me and my squad, separating the peas from the pod
No bodyguard, fuck around and roll a tank thru your
yard

Chorus

Verse Two: Sadat X

Yeah
Man, these dick-in-the-butt rappers could get shot in
the face
Dragged thru the streets and probably left some place
I seem shootouts in the park
Ball games turned tragic, bitch niggas gettin smacked
and smacked again
in front of they girl, and she's throwing away that ass
And I ain't really asked for it cos a lot of niggas tore it
And yes, my man Hav had bought me something from
VA
I was gonna hit him with doe but he ain't reall want no
shorts
Cos we had worked together and he knew I was true
blue
Man, I swore I would never go to VA again
until I found out who killed my best friend
I can tell by the wind somebody's gettin ready to bend
They lifestyle's bout to end
I'm in these African cabs on stores run by the Arabs
with pictures of yen, seem like they schemin
Herculoid cats get flattened and reduced to pitchin
That girl gave you crabs but I can't explain those scabs

[Grand Puba] Ha ha, where we at? Flash one-time

Chorus (x2)

Ha, '98, too soon
Brand Nubian, what?

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