

## **Brand Nubian**

# **"Dance to My Ministry"**

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[GPM] Peace God!  
[LJM] Aiyyo peace  
[GPM] What's the science?  
[LJM] Elevation  
[GPM] You gettin ready to drop math on this?  
[LJM] True indeed my brother  
[GPM] Well it's time to start the revolution  
[LJM] Aight, so let's start this

[Lord Jamar]  
See it's a positive force which guides my course  
It ain't Little Bo Peep, who's sheep Little lost  
It's the Tribe, the God Tribe of Shabazz  
First on the planet Earth, but definite to be the last  
With Allah's special pass  
Students enroll, while Jamar teach class  
Seminar I give, is for you to live  
Not tryin to keep your mind captive  
I break shackles, tear down tabernacles  
Any problem in sight, Jamar tackles  
Bones crackles as I start to break  
the body of the snake that spake  
Unto my people, with lies and deceit  
through trickery, but, Hickory Dickory  
Dock, time's run out on the clock  
The shepherd is here to protect the flock  
With my staff I walk through the wilderness  
Build on math, and destroy all the villainous criminals  
Perpetratin constant subliminal signs to brainwash the  
minds  
of the unknowin, stop church goin  
It's time to shine light, that's why I'm Provin and Showin  
That the age has come to be concious  
not unconcious, cause in your subconconscious mind  
you find I speak the truth, from the DJ booth  
straight to the youth, of the inner city, and the outskirts  
Some may disagree, but yo hey, the truth hurts  
Lord Jamar, and I'll advance in the industry  
I'm makin sure you can dance to my ministry

Now dance!

..

Aiyyo come, into my laboratory  
I'ma take you on a tour..  
An ankh is the key and the key is knowledge  
which unlocks my lab's door..

Careful as you enter, heat generates from the center  
Lord Jamar's an inventor  
Production of black facts, put on to a black wax  
I got a lot to say, set in stacks  
To the Right is where I keep my fuel  
The Qu'ran and 120 lessons  
Am I the nicest? Count your 12 jewels  
Word is bond, cause the Gods keep testin  
Why the test? Cause I'm 'fessin this duty of the civilized  
From the dumb you bring forth the wise  
So they can open their eyes to their being  
And finally realize it's just the all-eye seeing  
Black Man Supreme, knowledge machine  
The Alpha and Omega, the Arm-a-Leg-a-Leg-a-Arm-a-  
Head  
And like jam these facts will spread  
over the thoughts of the white bread  
Cause we've been misled for the longest  
Time to rise up and gather our strongest  
Brothers and sister, Mrs. and Misters  
He-ro's and she-ro's, we'll take em from the zero  
They were thought to be and show em, how it ought to  
be  
Cause it's passively, hell I fought for thee  
culture of my ancestry  
And made it so you can dance to my ministry

So dance!

..

Aiyyo I wanna peace to the Father Allah and Justice  
I wanna say peace to all the Gods and Earths  
and all the positive people of the universe  
I wanna say peace to the God Sincere  
The God Supreme, Lakim Shabazz  
and the God Jahwell from Vernon  
I wanna say peace to my Nubian brothers  
Maxwell, Derek X, and Alamo  
Wanna say peace to my physicals, Tony D  
and Lil' Terrance  
I wanna say peace to my good brother Q-Tip  
from A Tribe Called Quest, De La Soul  
And last but not least I wanna say peace

to the grandfather Bambaataa of the mighty Zulu  
Nation  
And I'm out y'all  
Knowledge Knowledge

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