

## **Brand Nubian**

# **"Lick Dem Muthaphukaz"**

Visit "[Lick Dem Muthaphukaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Lord Jamar talking]

Ah yeah, ya know what I'm sayin'  
Nine Trey, Brand Nubian in effect  
On ya motherfuckin' head  
Not givin' a fuck  
Word up, know what I'm sayin'  
In the wilderness of North America

[Verse 1: Lord Jamar]

You like to taste the lead, well get ya face fed  
After I'm done, you rather suck on pencils  
Here comes the coroner with chalk for the stencils of  
your body  
As I walk over the shit and spit outta heart  
Now brothers talk shit and can't back it  
That's why I had to fit em' for a full metal jacket  
Peel his cap once cause I know it's all it takes  
Watch the motherfucker fall and his body catch the  
shakes (BLAST)  
Just before he die, I'ma look him in his eye  
Ask the nigga how he figure he was big enough to try  
The motherfuckin' G to the O to the D  
I told ya couple times that the Gods must be crazy  
But ya didn't listen, so now ya on a mission  
To get an autopsy, a raw C-O, ya can't stops me  
Now tell me is there anybody else  
Before I put my AK back up on the shelf  
Cause I put in work like Job Corps  
Niggas talk shit and get jerked and robbed for  
Their life by a knife or a gun  
So when ya see me comin, nigga run

[Hook]

See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker  
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker  
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker  
See I had to lick em' - Punk motherfucker  
E-Everybody down with my crew, a fuckin' menace to  
society  
E-Everybody down with my crew, a fuckin' menace to  
society  
E-Everybody down with my crew, a fuckin' menace to

society  
A fuckin' menace to society

[Verse 2: Sadat X]

Somebody's dead, a whole crowd forms  
The cops ain't even come yet and money's dead in the  
street  
Somebody called his people and they come downstairs  
screamin'  
Six girls cryin' wild cause money had a child  
A good dick, couldn't even stand the .44 lick  
Dead quick, the funeral is strictly closed-casket  
And ol' Aunt Faith, her baby fingerpaints  
My moms know the time so she wanna send me down  
to Alabama  
I gotta cousin, says she's got some friends  
She says they strictly fuckin' I could get away from  
buckin'  
She tried to gas me up, I tell her sex is everywhere  
And sex is but a word, it ain't shit I ain't heard  
Tell my moms I ain't leavin' my crew said to stay  
My crew I'm believin' so fuck it anyway  
I got my mob from the rule, that live by the cruel  
And my crew from Courtland Ave. they always say  
they'll set it off  
And if I choose, who's somebody might die  
And if they don't die then they won't be able to walk  
Pump slugs in his back for talkin' pussy talk

Visit [Brand Nubian](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.