

Brand Nubian

"Steady Bootlegging"

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["Some get over the hump... bootleggin!
Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin.
Some get over the hump... bootleggin!
Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin.
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"]

Verse One: Sadat X

I've been watching you for about two weeks
Selling phony imitations of myself
if I chose to wild I might flip or break your table
Strong arms tappin all your pockets
Look, look at this tape, loose ass plastic
Copy machine picture damn straight I'm gonna hit ya
But I don't cause I maintain, you're just a common
street peddler
offender, the question revolves
Is the record company involved?
Hmm, dig the reality, is that I'm bein played
Should somebody take the weight cause my pocket's
like on E
That I can't see, therefore I burnt teeth
When I find the source to my loss of income
I gots ta see him Jack, yo I gots ta see
And the street vendor out there, don't steal don't sell
my tape
I don't give a fuck about the plea that you coppin
Everyone's got problems sellin my tape ain't gonna
solve em
On my ave... holdin your eye with a heatin pad
Dig the scene cat, knowledge the crime, know the time
Or you'll be out much more than a dime

["So many fingers... steady bootleggin!
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin!
So many fingers... steady bootleggin!
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin!
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"]

Verse Two: Lord Jamar

A kick in the ass from a leg and a boot
Constitute the right to shoot one who steals my loot
Bang bang like it ain't no thing to the bastard
Who sold my shit before it's mastered
Now how the fuck did you get a copy?
It's an inside job or the security is sloppy
But nevertheless I'm doin my best to solve this mess
I find out, I blow a hole in his chest
It's black music that they wanna discredit
Garth Brooks ain't bootlegged cause they'd never let it
happen, that's why I'm cappin and slappin
All the motherfuckers sellin tapes to young black kids
rappin
They try to say hardcore don't sell
But everywhere I go they killed my shit well
New York to California everywhere in between
know the flavor of the God so what the fuck do you
mean?
I gotta get my props in ninety-two it's up to you
the listener to do your part and buy that bullshit from
the start
I can't get back what I don't receive
Best believe they got a trick up they sleeve

["Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin
on!
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on.
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on!
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin
on."]

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