## Brand Nubian "Straight Outta Now Rule"

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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' through in a clutch

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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 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 through North America like Master Farrad

Me and my squad, separating the peas from the pod No bodyguard, fuck around and roll a tank through your yard

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Yeah, man, these 'Dick in the butt', rappers could get shot in the face

Dragged through 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 real want no shorts

'Cause 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 Ha ha, where we at? Flash one-time

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

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