

## **Brand Nubian "Sweatin Bullets"**

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Sweatin' bullets, watch me pull it on a motherfucker  
(Wet 'em up)

Sweatin' bullets, wet a whole click full of suckers  
(Wet 'em up)

Sweatin' bullets, watch me pull it on a motherfucker  
(Wet 'em up)

Sweatin' bullets, if I flip then I'm gonna fuck it  
(Wet 'em up)

Sweatin' bullets, watch me pull it on a motherfucker  
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Sweatin' bullets, wet a whole click full of suckers  
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Sweatin' bullets, if I flip then I'm gonna fuck it  
(Wet 'em up)

For the next couple of seconds or however long it takes  
I'ma hit y'all with somethin' far below Christ or nothin'  
Couldn't get a better deal if this was Vegas  
Ain't no cards on the table, just a bottle of Black Label

And a picture of your girl who I said was sweatin'  
bullets

Reach for it, pull it, or we'll always have beef  
You'll be scared to walk the streets, sweatin' up your  
sheets

You bought a ticket to Jamaica, I caught you at the  
airport

Blood spilled on your dome, which funeral dome is da  
One preferred, all expenses occurred  
To the one who sweats the bullet, slugs, thugs and  
drugs  
Or whoever bring it better be able to sing it

'Cos the song of a dead man's a sad one  
And a family without a son is a mad one  
Sweatin' bullets and I know you love your family  
But Money you can't scare me or when I'm feelin', melly

You could get over but I'ma bring ya back down  
Play ya like a clown, from the brother's ringling  
Your spine is tinglin', you can't feel your legs  
Will I ever walk to the doctor? You begs

The hot one shattered your spinal vertebrae  
Remember that shit that you said the other day  
They gotcha style with the dead arm  
Take the dead aim and flash your name

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I'm sweatin' motherfuckers like Jack LeLaine, I packs  
the pain  
I'll rack your brain, leave you in a sack wit your name  
Hangin' from your toe as I'm bangin' your hoe  
She'll be slangin' pussy down in Magic City, bringin' me  
doe

If you don't know it's Lord Jamar from the Nubian set  
No matter who the fuck you are we're puttin' down the  
sweat  
Servin' heat on a motherfucker's street  
Bullets be dripped whiles a motherfucker trippin'

You'll never catch me slippin' cos I got my rubber soles  
The devils make me sick, I'd love to fill 'em full of holes  
Kill 'em all in the daytime, broad motherfuckin' daylight  
12 o'clock, grab the Glock while waitin' for the night

We sweatin' motherfuckin' bullets, and if we break a  
sweat  
That means we'll make ya wet  
I'll take your life and jet back to some place cooler  
Now Ruler is where my burner gets the fueler

If niggas wanna do I got the hollow point Teflon  
The kind niggas will vest then get laid to rest on  
So niggas bring your best on but I suggest you invest  
on  
A burial plot 'cos shit is gettin' hot, we're sweatin'  
bullets

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