## Brand Nubian "The Return"

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"Grand Puba""Lord Jamar""Sadat X""Alamo" [Puba]"Raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"

[Jamar]"I'm only bringin you the real"
"Grand Puba""Lord Jamar""Sadat X""Alamo"
[Puba]"Raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"

[Sadat]"Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin about"

Verse One: Lord Jamar

Three sixty degrees I stand in the square, right over left

Preparin to fight to the death, you could never stifle this

Not even the triflest, nigga on Earth, could ever fuck with what I spit in a verse, we always hit where it hurts Underground so we dig in the dirt Always gotta put a nigga to work, is how it seems It's kinda hard to hear the silent screams Through the violent things, turn a deaf ear Your body might get left there - you better step to the rear

We put it down with Premier, rock mad army gear You ain't heard us all together in, several years It's like a federal crime, you had to settle for rhymes that lacked substance, we got that in abundance Pro-black and you know that We stay Fat like Joe Crack, Lord Jamar come too far, to ever try and go back

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Verse Two: Sadat X

I'm on 110 and Lennox with these Africans overseein our physical being, and how we doin it It only take one bad nigga to ruin it, pursuin it and actin like it can't happen put you in the chair To the bookings we go, on the twenty-four hour flow I run through obstacles, take off my shackles Proper backing with the bangers and the rhyme singers I run with dem and others, rock NY in colors with the straight brim and the chick who work in the gym

The great Datty in the C-Town Express
Whoever step to this is gonna have to face stress
Whoever step to this better be at they best
Look at me close I'm the perfect host you standin too close

so back up, you should never try to act up The Wild Cowboy still got the style boy One of a kind I throw a helluva line

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Verse Three: Grand Puba

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah My man Primo hit me off with the plural Zig Zag Zig like Zorro now we makin more bread than Stella Doro

Unsung hero bring more \_Heat\_ than DeNiro Never known for spittin trash shit on the mic, that shit's

Rhyme flow stay off the meter, tight like two-seaters Make y'all get nuts like a cellblock filled with dick heaters

Make my approach then shorty's bagged like coach Cut on the lights if she ain't a dime then watch me run like a roach

Y'all know my shit be hot they call me Dr. Doo-a-lot Now I got seeds so I'm stingy I keep strings on my Benji's

So tree up, nigga we up, about to re-up Y'all know the deal, grab this paper, dissapear like Copperfield

I need a meal, time to eats with a flow

Drop the beat, press it up, and hit the street, dinnertime's complete My Nubian ways'll get ass that open for days Make more chips than Frito Lays when I spit the phrase that pays

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