

## **Brand Nubian**

# **"Time Is Running Out"**

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[Sadat X]

The time is running out, tick-tock, like the grains of sand

Every man sharpens man, like steel sharpens steel

The threat of a war is real

Where my soldiers for the battlefield?

And as the days of the two-oh approach

I drop a seed in my girl, so I can stay in this world

And decompose the foes that jumped up under our clothes

We living on rows on top of rows and, half our stores is clothed

We still trickin out, jerkin out

Half the project workin out

They buildin underground cities

While we concerned about seein titties

With they secret, commities, and society, orders

They carryin out the slaughter

Picture your daughter on State's for a quarter

My old Uncle Sam fought in the war of Vietnam

Got caught with napalm and burned off half his fuckin arm

The government knew then about the lasting effects

And they cut off his checks

and if he wild out he'll be murdered

Or possibly herded, to the VA Hospi-tal

Where they got em under on roof

Where they can conceal the proof

You can see shit changin cat it can't stay the same

Damn I wish the government didn't have my real name

[Lord Jamar]

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[Sadat X]

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[Lord Jamar]

Time for my army to get it on, we marched upon the  
lawn  
out in D.C., stated our word is bond on TV  
Unfold the prophecy left in the cold by democracy  
This whole world is based on hypocrisy  
It's evil to the roots and now we burn and loot, and  
shoot guns  
Extort funds, kidnap another Patty Hearst  
and tap her daddy's purse, anarchist, smoking  
cannabis  
wrapped in brown leaves, you now trapped with the  
town thieves  
The ground breathes in the fumes of death  
Clouds loom from the smoke, of the fires we set  
We travel underground the sewer system, and train  
tunnels  
We let you know that you was victims, of brain funnels  
Information like computer generation, see  
Proper Education Always Causes Elevation  
It's time for liberation, we gonna put this plan in  
activation  
Government assassination, written in revelation

[Grand Puba]

Pardon me mister, well it's the eight-five resister to  
give  
your brain cell a blister so fine-tune your resistor  
Every ghetto corner's goner so I think that should  
wanna  
take heed to the seed, once I plant it we can feed  
Now we stuck on stupid in a state of unawareness  
Makes us, fearless endearless  
Recklessness makes us careless  
This ideology, stupidity, lack of ideology  
periodically destroys us psychologically  
Cipher's dimension is viewed on dissension  
Like a undetected chemical that creates mad tension  
We all been inject now we all become infected  
Ways and action of our people is the way that we detect  
it  
It's gettin trifer, we should run the six sects  
Taking tons of you now follow by, twenty-one ciphers  
But we don't, cause we frozen, posin, at thirty-two  
degrees  
That's no way for the chosen to be dosin

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[Sadat X]

Cause right about this time, they tryin to trace my moves  
by simple things like bills, they tryin to mark my location  
At home or on vacation through my ChemicalBank card  
They tryin to kill the God and through my food feed me lard

[Grand Puba]

It be that lesson temptation for them devilish type creations  
Making the black mind feeble with they thought pattern  
Evil  
like Kneival, or conniving, got no time for eighty-fiving  
It's time to educate instead of wasting all our time

[Lord Jamar]

We goin to hell in a handbasket, fell into a casket  
Cause for drastic measures, we should all stick together  
Final Call, we better heed instead of chasin after cheddar cheese  
Before we back to slavery commitin acts of bravery yo

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