

**Michael Damian****"Open Bar"**

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Bring it down...

(Chorus)

As we proceed well dressed to get done

Live well, dress well to the day it's done (2x)

(Grand Puba)

Come here singing, check this 2 piece combo

Grand Puba, Dat X snatching Polly-o

Please, dig the way we grant this cheese

Looks a whole lot better wit a pocket full of

cheddar(yea)

We smacked this on the blizzard day we all remember

We stomp through wit Gortex and 3 ?guaded? timbers

So Ali, put them things to a halt

Get that rhythm so we can stack these papers in a ?  
boat?

No time for chicken when a nigga politicing

No time for sticking cuz honey here is easy picking

I need to be straighter than gator

Catch a flashback and you can do me in the project  
elevator

It's no guessing when it comes to this session

Ah, it's no diggy, Ali hit us wit a blessing

Me and Sadat go back to the days of the sandbox

Now we much bigger, still laying nigga

We used to chase honies back then

Now all we chasing is decimals, Range Rovers and  
Mercedes Benz

850's and houses, no time for skirts and blouses

Bitch, back the fuk up of my trousers

Chorus(2x)

(Sadat X)

Yea yea yea

Can you face success for the coming year

Drink jet, lay back and get your swiderve

Make the breadline wind way around the corner

I want all of my people to be rich so life wouldn't be  
such a bitch

The same way as it comes, I want my pockets filled wit

lumps  
Puba, you know me for 20 odd years  
Let's raise our glasses in cheers, ?that was all our?  
careers  
You know what, we goaling in since the days of old  
My pockets been swoll yet unconsole  
Never dwell, we live swell on the d-low  
Raise the person now in you, getting wit the us and now  
Alamo, if you hit me once mo' wit that  
I'll return and burn, kill shit for the ages  
Rip up the stages listed in the yellow pages  
They better slow down wit that slander  
I am the great Sadat X from New York state  
And I rate much more than pretenders  
I'm down wit mindbenders and the big  
moneyspenders, the big earners  
There'll be no cross burners in this part of the grass  
I'll be the first one to flip and run up wild in that ass

Bring it down...  
Chorus(2x)

(Sadat X)  
Let bygones be bygones was last year's episode  
This year I wanna explode wit the great paper caper  
If the move is willing, should I not go for the killing  
Freewheeling poses alot of death, wack rappers waste  
alot of breaths  
The cognac is back in a mid size glass wit ice  
I'm already nice, who got the dice  
So let's roll, hold on, let me gain control  
When you hear this jam, you can bet your last dollar  
I was jack deep down born in a whole squalla  
Hey Puba, speak to these people

(Grand Puba)  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, man, yo  
My days is over playing Willie Cassanova  
Used to fuk wit these bitches til I smacked up my Rover  
Used to take the hoes to the hotel  
If they wanted mo', used to take them to the motel  
Shit was swell, in '96 though I be mad jell  
Cuz if you play these niggaz out, they might go tell  
And on that note, let's shake it to we all butt naked  
Keep the crisp style flowing, 'Mo, keep the beat going  
It's Grand Puba, Ali, Sadat and don't foget it  
Make you happy like the day that OJ was acquitted

Yea as we put it on like this, know I'm saying  
Wild Cowboy, Grand Puba, Ali, ?mow wow skow?  
Black, Bird, Mark Da Spark, Stud Doogie, huh, yea

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