

Queen

"Nitty Gritty *"

Visit "[Nitty Gritty *](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[* also appears on The Best of K.M.D.]

[Zev Love X]

This is a re-mix!

(To what?)

It's is a RE-MIX!

(To what?)

IT'S A REMIX!

Let's get right down to

(The nitty gritty)

(The nitty gritty)

(The nitty gritty)

(The nitty gritty)

(The nitty gritty)

(The nitty gritty) --> MC Lyte

(Let's get right down to the nitty gritty) --> Tim Dog

[Zev Love X]

Born again, a soul bend blends

K.M.D. and Brand Nubian, friends

X-tends to grip palm and causin calm in

His knowledge of self, so commence to bombin

As alarmin as a beep from your beeper

What you needed was a wake-up call to the sun, you
sleeper

You don't wants get woke by the wolf, does ya?

(Naaah...) Good guessin

Switch the pitch up, another session

From the infamous God Squad

You see, we's all peas in the same pod, god

-od after 7, my attribute is -even

My tolerance is gone and my word is bond

You see the Nitwits knockin

Preach, "the Lord'll change your life around"

I figure I just saw Jamar the other day uptown

Give him a pound, it's no puzzle, they musta

Been guzzlin that 85 proof, ask Busta

[Busta Rhymes]

Question number one, how can you go wrong?

K.M.D., can I sing this song? (Sho' nuff)
The nitty gritty, do the nitty gritty
Get on down and let's do the nitty gritty
Busta Rhymes from the top of Chill City
Flippin on the rhythm, showin you that I get busy
Stand up for the right of the young and the witty
Movin inconspicuous like a baby kitty
Moved to the Island and I left the urban city
Whylin in the Island till I find a young bitty
Baby doll, well, I never ever fall
Hard, let the God Squad in the dancehall
K.M.D., Brand Nubian
Leaders Of The New School always be chillin
Hold up, so I can get illy
First to interfer here and I'm comin back silly
Now I feel the vibes of the choco in the Philly
You know you can't fuck because we rippin it, Smitty
I know you love this song (?) to the break of dawn
Onyx, god, tell me what is going on?

[Onyx the Birthstone Kid]

What, what goes? As far as I know, see, bros
Are havin trouble knowin who's friends and who's foes
The worst devil is a black devil
Because you come disguised as a wolf in sheep's
clothes
Like Preacher Porkchop who keeps the church clappin
Mo' comes the money, mo' money got him yappin
He sucks your bucks, so his pockets fatten
He's got some guts, he pimp-struts up to Staten
Island, I be chillin in Long Island, Long Beach
Hippin gods to they culture with the strong speech
I build with the Nubians I chill with
I fill with my zig-zag-zig
I never lived big, I never lived large, I never lived fat
The devil man in this land, he won't allow that
So brother man, I don't wanna bust you
But if you don't know the devil, gee, I can't trust you

[Onyx]

Knowmsayin, man
You just can't brothers who don't know what time it is

[Zev Love X]

True indeed, true indeed, yo
So Lord J

[Lord Jamar]

Yo, that's true indeed
And I know the time of the day
Lord Jamar goes like this

[Lord Jamar]

Life's hardships
Stones are placed and one must face trips
Falls and spills to kills and cause mishaps
These are some of his traps
But I got a jewel that needs no gift wrap
So just receive, believe when shown the light
The devil gets left, the gods gotta get right
To the source of our loss, stop wearin the cross
Do for self, kill that "Yes, sir, boss," and
When you do, from the other you won't beg
Can't you see my brother, you're the Arma-Legga-Leg
Arm, supreme Head, and instead
Of relyin, why don't you start tryin?
You say try is to fail, I say try is an attempt
Cause when you stop tryin that makes victory exempt
From your cipher, the life you lead is not hype
The blackman was not born to be a gutter snipe
Or an alley cat, you should be steppin to the rally fat
Not just with dough, but with the knowledge you know
So, get up and go, get yourself a book of
Life instead of living life like a hooker

Get some knowledge of self and do for self
Yo man, brothers ain't tryin to check it out
... you know what I'm sayin?
Crack, crack them skulls, man

[Subroc]

I see some so crazy deaths
Men, from head to toe they're full of lead
I flipped a brick, nah, I build a fort instead
So I taught children 'fore I flipped
Cause in actuality my man's mentality was stripped
I dipped back to the roots, I am a king with ranks
Cream in the coffee, clay thing - no thanks
Why play the role like all silly teens?
I'm the black bowling ball knockin pins to smithereens
Each teach in every town, relate that
The God Squad is like Homey the Clown, we don't play
that
Coon, juggaboo, Uncle Toms in the mix
Give me a (woof!) in reverse, Psalms 82 and 6
"All gods, and children of the Most High"
Cave-guys still fry in the sun, don't deny
I got a third eye sight vibe that don't lie
I am the lion, goodnight, defyin evil's the bull's eye

[Sadat X]

It's like this... (and my word is bond)
This is a modern type of style, look at what I did
A devil still can't build a pyramid

I dug a tunnel to Asia, wrote a speech with a laser
Rush your brain with a new genetic strain
The god in god's clothing, and the devil's loathing
Got enemies, but I really don't give a damn
I smacked a man cause he tried to serve a plate of ham
Disguised in a patty, my uncle Trevor's natty dread
He got a (?), used to be a foot fet'
The city (?) and I forgot to mention
That I'm the word buff, yes, enough is enough
Zig-zag-zig, watch the blackman get big and burst
The blackman is first
I drive a black hearse and I bury all the devils
With K.M.D. I can raise up my levels

(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty, and my)
(The nitty gritty, and my)
(The nitty gritty, and my word is bond)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty and my)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty and my)
(The nitty gritty)
(The nitty gritty and my)
(The nitty gritty, and my word is bond)

Visit [Queen](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.