

Sadaharu

"Open Bar"

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Featuring Grand Puba

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 a lot of death, wack rappers waste
a lot 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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