

Nelly F/ The Teamsters**"Nitty Gritty"**

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Ay-yo, peace god, Shaquan Allah!
Yo peace, this J-Quest the Boogie Man
Yo, peace, god, D-Black
Peace to the gods! Tony D. from the Now Rule mob
Ay-yo, ain't them the gods K.M.D. in matter of fact?
Yeah, K.M.D. - yo, ain't them the brothers Brand
Nubians?
Yo, I heard they go by the name of the God Squad,
what's up with that?
The Five Percent and the Ansaar together?
That is something totally new indeed, god, true indeed
god

[Zev Love X]
Check it out!
Born again, my soul then, blends
K.M.D. and Brand Nubian, friends
X tends to grip palm in cousin calm
In this 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 wanna get wolfed by the wolf, does ya?
[Naaah]
Good guessin' - switch the pitch up
Another session from the infamous God Squad
See, we's all peas in the same pod, god
On and upright, getting downright knit
With rod held up tight, 'cause I'm sick wit'
Nitwit Witnesses knockin' at my door
Preaching the Lord to change your life around
I figure I just saw Jamar the other day uptown
Give him a pound, it's no puzzle, relax
The nit-wits guzzle 85 proof that's Max!

[Grand Puba Maxwell]
God Cipher Divine, as I build on an incline
Quick to help another, 'cause I know I'ma get mine
Build-Powers think they hard, but they killin' they own
kind
Emphatically no, divine evil got him in his mind

Now you caught a case you're in the mountains, you're
a lifer
With no skins from your girl, that's a He-Cipher-
Monkey-Cipher
Or you can use the next plan
Vaseline, a magazine or your lovin' hand
I know you know who got you livin' like this, Black man
So honey, honey, honey, with the real big titties...
"Let's get right down to the real nitty gritty now!"
Put some clothes on that behind
And maybe brothers wouldn't think skins all the time
You wanna look lustful, but don't want them to lust
Which is crazier than a bag of dust
So weavy weavy weavy is quick to deceive me
So I had to tell Weavy weavy, leave me

[Onyx the Birthstone Kid]

Yeah, I hear you Haji, but yo, I got something for those
that are
frontin' out there, god
Now ain't that the pits - another brother's blown to bits
But when the news hits, everybody catch fits
He gets mad, but still at home we sits
Piggin' out on the big pig, spoon to the grits
Talkin' 85 jive, brothers they wanna get live
But some funk while I strive
See I strive, I gotta keep gods steppin' in harmony
The devils try bombin' me, the devils try Tommin' me
up
But Now Cipher Way, I gots knowledge of self
I been had it, but it's a bad habit to health
See 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, then how can I trust
you?
Know'm sayin'?

[Lord Jamar]

Ay-yo, true indeed Onyx, they don't know the time on
the dial
It's like this...
Life's hardships
Stones are placed and one must face trips
Falls and spills and kills and cause mishaps
These are some of his traps
But I got a jewel which 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 wearing 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, yo, 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 Black man 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!

Know'm sayin, that's the knowledge of self
And do for self!
Black man gotta move on...

[Subroc]
I see some so dense
Man, from head to toe they're full of lead
I flipped a brick, nah, I build a fort instead
So I talked, chilled, before I flipped!
'Cause in actuality my man's mentality was stripped
Back to the roots I am, that I am a king
Cream in the coffee? No thanks, plaything
You simple teenage, you thought you got the knack to
be Black
State of mind ain't like mine
I got soul that you lack
Each one teach in every town, we like that
The God Squad is like Homey the Clown, we don't play
that
Coon, jigaboo, Uncle Toms in the mix
Get a clue, or get the Book of Psalms, 82 and 6
"All gods, and children of the Most High"
Cave-guys still fry in the Sun, and don't deny
I got a third eyesight vibe that don't lie
I AM that I AM good night, divine evil's the bullseye
Bam! Right between the eyes! So y'all know who's the
target right?

[Sadat X]
Yeah, I hear ya Subroc, and I see it like this:
It's 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 [??] strain
A god in god's clothing, and the devil's loathing
Got enemies, but I really don't give a damn
Smacked a man 'cause he tried to serve a plate of ham
Disguised in a patty, my uncle Trevor's knotty dread
[? He got a dude that's Fred, used to be a foot Fed
The city {??} suspension?], and I forgot to mention
That I'm the word buff, yes, enough is enough
Zig-zag-zig, watch the Black man get big and burst
The Black man is first
I drive a black hearse and I bury all the devils
With K.M.D. I can raise up my levels
Bust it!

[everyone]
Yeah! You know what I'm sayin'?
It's time to build, it's time to build...
We gotta raise up the dead...
Word is bond, we gotta reach them - let 'em see the
light
You know what I'm saying? True indeed...
'Cause each one must teach one, that's how we reach
one
God Squad - getting down to the Nitty Gritty...

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