## **Back Up Off The Wall**

## **Brand Nubian**

No, Flagro
Uh, what
Yeah, Brand Nu' comin' through
Long Island, Harlem World, all out, all out
Let's talk about tit
What, yeah, now put ya hands up
Uh, what, now put ya hands up
Put ya hands up
Now get ya back up off the wall

I'm better feeling than running raw Chain gang link I need a shrink What y'all niggaz think I'm a do when I get real money Iano keys played in series Peace to Lil' Cease Microphone track board, loose chord, oh Lord Promo number one Sadat X had a grenade And the have next day I smashed the shit Allie played Now we delayed by ninety days You better find me anyways You better return to the Terror dome, ain't nobody home Non-haters play the corner in the elevator Crash crews smack the open palm so you don't bruise You push a button and what happens nothing I push one and there's a man with a gun in the doorway I'm in 4A, I been in there all day I had some smokes, some bitches and chicken on a slab There's enough for everybody so y'all niggaz don't grab

Come on, come on, come on, yo
So get your back up off the wall
What, I said dance, come on, come on
So put your hands up
Stop frontin and pop somethin
Cornball niggaz stay frontin ain't got nothin
Mad cause the life I lead, twice ya speed
Brown-skinned Miami, that's the wife I need
Light that weed, front nigga might just bleed
Tryin to ball with y'all but I might just flee

The second coming of Christ I'll make you run for your life It's like a gun up against a knife You can never win, when we fight to the end I'm tight with the pen Don't be going off the head, cause they be blown off the head And showin off the skills of the mentally dead I do the knowledge before any words get said Herbs get me red, hold on, Simply Red Pimps be dead in rap, everybody's fed with that Y'all could go ahead with that I'm trying to show you where my head is at Dread be the positive black Drop the B, you get lack See you when you get back Lyrical three-pack, spiritual miracle Uhh, Lord Jamar the imperial

Microphone serial killer, urban guerilla You acting mysterious, we out to take this rap shit serious Slap the taste out of your mouth, then break out

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Now I'm a put a rush up on molasses Breeze on through like easy passes Wiggle more asses than aerobic classes El kabong, my people blaze them trees up like Cheech and Chong Get that ass open like a pair of butt cheeks in thong For sure dog, I don't mean to come off pushy Blaze your party hot, and have it smelling like D'bussy Spit my phlegm and drop my gem Collect my wins and copy the Benz with the icy rims I be dramatical, mathematical, radical thriller The mic killa wreckin more shit than Godzilla Matter of fact I'm more iller, knock your shit off the pillar The four-wheeler touched every flava but vanilla You know my name, my game, so shorty shake that thang I get you open like them ball-head niggaz on Rogaine Spit my flow all the way from New Ro' To Acapulco, white poos brown like cocoa Flip flows def like so so

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