

Brand Nu Hustle

Brand Nubian

[Grand Puba]

Flow like fluid, watch me do it
Ain't nuttin to it once the Grand run through it
More fame than the Pac-10, ain't no distractin
Took your star, reactin like fast actin Tinactin
Start a mack trend once the rhyme style blends
Niggaz bite the style like Lexus different rims
Civilized flow, time to put it on go
Some do anything for dough like a hustle point oh so
Move out my way cause I've been belted by gamma ray
Puba don't play, maintain from {?} to Amaway{?}
Once of the best, the dish niggaz can't {?}
Cause your style been exposed like assholes and toilet
bowls
Grand Puba my nigga my dawg
Before my first girl kissed was a frog on the log
Now I be the Prince, stackin green like the Grinch
One time for your mind as we educate the blind

[Lord Jamar]

Uhh, in ninety-eight you still find me at the weed gate
Nigga we straight, even though we dropped late
Hit the record shop and cop the tape
If it's hot give me props if it's not you can skate
On the block with the Jake, hit you with the sock
with the lock in the face, we rock in the place
And I ain't got a problem with droppin the bass
So it's get the option every time in the place
Foul concoctions like base
Went from a child now I'm standin in my pop's place
With the hot taste, LP's or CD's
Peace to LG and all G-O-D's
This shit is C.O.D., s'meanin cash on delivery
If chivalry is dead, go and tell a fuckin chickenhead
She'll never get shit from the dread
Hit her with a dick, book for the head - the head

[Sadat X]

You know I be to myself and I stay aight
And the old grey van can still get me around
Cause I'm the style talker, the street walker
A measure of a man who's like a native New Yorker
You see me over here with these cats over there
Have no fear, cause Dottie X is here
And we rock, a to the non-stop
And we rock, and then throw on a cop
Kid you ain't doin nuttin here so get the fuck out
Knife ending +Thriller+ with the cold can of smoke
I can't sport a rope if I could, we'd all be rich
I leave a piece of my style flyin high up near
And you say to yourself damn I'm glad I was there
This is as rare as me freakin Cher
Y'all people stare but behind closed doors y'all'll
take it there
Some cats is frontin like The Mask, dude you ain't got
to ask
Take your best shit to trash and heat up, and blow the

street up

[Grand Puba]

Hot microphone bandits here to vandalize your system
Told you once before but y'all niggaz don't listen
Cue the line right fast and watch the punchline
Turned around and flashed ya more faster than a Born
Master Master
Hold up, stop, rewind that part
Find a God to translate cause the punchline is great
You feelin this Son, you dig the way it's gettin done?
Can you find some niggaz hyper? Ehh, Non Cipher

[Lord Jamar]

I believe the life giver, life taker, the owner and the
maker
Used to bone a shorty in Jamaica
Now I be the dice shaker, cold like an ice maker
Roll herb with the rice paper
Used to get stole for the paper
Now we rock gold from the greatest story ever told
They call me bold for the shit that I be sayin on the
mic
Y'all niggaz be playin on the mic, peace to all my A-
Alikes

[Sadat X]

I need the A collars, green dollars, see who follows
Stack up and retreat, go from street to street so he
can eat
They say all niggaz can keep a beat
Say hot to death in the project heat
I might speak if you lift yo' feet, any higher
I'ma touch, but first let me play my Willie Hutch
I'm Old New York, like the Dutch and the redskins
Disease and whack chicks nowadays make me dead skins
Do I have real friends or do they got their own ends?
Well let me be the only one at the bar who spends

[Outro]

It's like that y'all, and you don't stop
Well check it out now, and keep on
Alamo, rock the house and
Sadat X, rock the house and
Lord Jamar, rock the house and
Grand Puba, rock the house huh
A check it out now, to the beat huh
A check it out now, a what what huh
And here we go now, a one time
Uhh, hey Jeff what they say y'all?