

# Coming Years

Brand Nubian

[Grand Puba]

Uhh ("through the coming years") through the coming  
years  
("life, will grow sweeter") life is gon' get much  
sweeter y'all  
("through the coming years") Through the coming years  
("life, will grow sweeter")

Now I heard the silliest shit from this crackhead bitch  
I asked her why she smoked that shit - she said, "We  
all can't be rich"  
She said, "I'm hopeless, like a penny with a hole in my  
soul"  
Then she asked me my goal, I said to live to grow old  
And watch my seeds grow and teach those who need to  
know  
And if my shorties need me, deliver like Dominos  
See the name of the game of life is maintain  
Your mind won't grow if you can't feed the brain  
Through the comin years a lot of blood sweat and tears  
Poured a lot of beers for my niggaz who ain't here  
My pops used to school me - I'ma keep it real wit'chu  
You can play the corner all you want 'til one day it's  
gon' get you  
Got to get up, get out and get somethin  
Or you can sit around all day and do nothin  
See that's the main reason why that we pour a lot of  
beer  
Cause there's mad niggaz gone but the corner's still  
there so

[Chorus]

("through the coming years... life, will grow sweeter")  
("through the coming years... life, will grow sweeter")

[Lord Jamar]

They say you only get better with age  
Fine wine gets better with time, fruit get ripe on the  
vine  
Truth bring light when it shines  
I'm at my best, like Tyson in his prime  
And that goes for the raps and the beats  
I make songs for those tryin to escape but trapped in  
the streets  
And y'all 'bout to see that I'm 'bout to be on MTV  
Lookin off a penthouse balcony  
And I've been fuckin with birds like falcons, we  
off the handle and steel like alchemy  
Just for keepin it real like Malcolm, G  
OD it'll all reveal  
When they, crown me king then you all will kneel  
I'm 'bout to, drop some shit that you all will feel  
The seed's been planted, now look at all the vegetation  
I'm tryin to see my family straight for generations  
Gimme my reparations

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

I'm not the richest, not by far  
And I ain't got 24 inches on the car  
And I doubt that you'll ever see me at the car show  
And I work every day, ain't got that star dough  
But my daughter keep me grounded  
Surrounded by good friends and my brothers, and a few  
others  
that I met on the road, like here and abroad  
And the Brand Nubian name remain with respect  
All of us still here and that's much MORE than a check  
Still growin and our family correct, tap the bottle  
And I guess you could say that I'm a role model  
of how to make it without hittin the lotto, and that's  
life  
From a man to a boy, from build to destroy  
We born again, yo it's back on again  
One more trip across the globe  
One more run for the roses, the door never closes  
Until we shut it right

[Chorus]