

Go Hard

Brand Nubian

[Intro: Lord Jamar]

97 shit
This ain't brand new shit
What?
Thought you motherfuckers knew

[Lord Jamar]

Yo it be cold as the fuck in the winter in New York
No heartbeat, swoopin down on a nigga
Politicians be deliverin speeches with forked tongues
When I talk it reaches the young, plus teaches the dumb
Look at the disgust at the slums, BROOKLYN
Hustlin for crumbs where we musclin the shook ones
You lookin down the barrel of a gun as your apparel's
gettin run
Narrowly, escapin wit'cha life
That's what we call breakin the ice, takin a slice of
the pie
The makin it price, ain't no Jesus Christ when you die
We goin through this life high, blowin the smoke in the
sky
Revoked my license for a D-U-I
And I still have no trouble doin 95 on I-95
Bitch you'll never take me alive
We makin strides, but still we got a long way to ride
Strong with the pride put your longplay in and slide

[Sadat X]

{?} looks, throw them used girls against the wall
Some kids that gamble are foul, cause the dice slide
wild
I'm like the {?} next edition that be grippin the roll
I'm like the feelin that you get from gettin dough
that's sold
I told you once before I'm like the travellin man
I smoke the A black since way back and stay black
I'm like the mainline, here to shine, and I swear
I be all out in the streets with my cats at 3 AM
Hey count that thing over there, that's my money
I'm not a rich man by far but I can manage a bill
and flip a bill, and survive in this world
I do things with skill, check it out
I can stack up, pack up, move out like a gypsy
"Wild Cowboys" steps from V-A to Poughkeepsie
Haulin contraband, in a stolen van, driven by a white
man
Hey I'm all over this land

[Grand Puba]

Yeah~! I speak on it, give it to you like you want it
Cause I need a fat wad in the year of Born God
I hit you with the rhyme speak unique
Make a stripper shake they buttcheeks, sendin
competition up shit's creek
Words spit from these semi-automatic lips
And it don't quit, lockin microphones like a pit
Bill Blassie, classy, like I'm sassy

Twist they own chasis quite fastly cause the God's
nasty
I got to stack these chips and take long trips
And that's how we doin, down low like crack brewin{?}
Brand Nubian, one of the greatest rhyme styles
Be the latest who can't fade us, check out the data
Yeah nigga, still baggin free shit from Tommy Hilfiger
Extra careful of the pocket digger
Nine-seven, actin ninety-seven, and you ask that
Cause that's who the fuck you lookin at