

## Right Here

Brand Nubian

[Intro: Brand Puba]

Dottie X baby

Lord J, what?

[Chorus 2X: Grand Puba] - ad libs first time only

It's like yeah (yeah)

Brand Nubian back in your ear (in your ear)

Raise the roof like we just don't care (uh-huh)

It's right there it's right there it's right there  
(right there)

Where you at huh? (Huh?)

[Grand Puba]

Uhh, top notch status watch the God get in flamin

Herbal with the verbal drop top twin turbo

Blazin for the year Born God to two G's

Flow like these, help the God stack cheese

Summer jet-skis, truck with TV's

Sittin under tropic trees with iced teas

Mindstate positive black, rhyme flow be spectacular

More accurate than a Acura

Brand Nubian, "One For All" again

No question there, check the way the trees blend

When it comes to this I be one of the best

And I strive to be stress free like Tribe Called Quest

Uhh, Brand Nubian, rhyme sayer

Don't wanna be a player, just the microphone mayor

Haji Allah, come with the rough rugged mellow

Spit so much butter make the mic yellow

[Chorus]

[Lord Jamar]

Light skinned understanding C with brown eyes

See me in abandoned streets of Crown Heights

With weed in my hand runnin lights

In need of a grand to put down on the fights

See me and the Brand Nubians keep it tight

Flew me in to do a show in the middle of the night

If we don't get our dough then you know we gonna fight

Keepin niggaz on they toes cause our flows be right

I used to bag O's on sight, now it turn me off

when they flows be tight, I'm the road of the right and  
just

When I was 15 I used to smoke dust

Now I strive to stay pristene and free from lust

So watch the 3 bust, I be the black Jesus

Attack any man who plan to freeze us

Your hands should be up, my mans be treed up

In the land that the black man needs to free up

[Chorus] - last line "Raise the roof X"

[Sadat X]

I'll kick the old style then flip the new

One of three Nubians, Lord Jamar and Grand Pub'

I'm in African cabs from stores run by the Arabs

Pictures of Mecca next to the price sticker  
And they little sons with the big guns, Palestine shine  
Got you thinkin from divine, we pump the mainline  
Hey I gots in here, for my services ringin  
with the eccru color collar with the new leather  
What's my master plan, for my crew from H.T.  
This is how we puttin it down in ninety-seven  
A style war, nigga take a shot to the jaw  
I stood back and let my sons wild out, I'm on my own  
Just play the brownstone with my main cousin Tone  
When you came to my spot, who you tryin to see?  
Dead them other cats, the Brand Nubian emcee  
Of sound mind and the soundest body  
I ain't bendin no dough, bitch trick for me  
(Yeah, and that's how it's supposed to be)

[Outro: Grand Puba]

It's like yeah  
Brand Nubian back in your ear  
Let's put it there, we put it there huh?  
What, raise the roof one time huh  
Two times uhh, three time uhh  
Lord Jamar huh, Sadat X what?  
Grand Puba uhh, let's raise it, blaze it  
Raise it raise it, blaze it  
Raise it blaze it, raise it  
Raise it blaze it, raise it - uhh