

Somebody Told A Lie

Brand Nubian

[Intro]

Yeah

Uhh, uhh

Check it out

[Chorus 2X: singer]

It's time for you to show some love (yeah)

Hydro tip blow as we let one go (uh-huh, uh-huh)

So what nigga, nigga what? (What nigga?)

It's time to put it on and that be word is bond

[Sadat X]

Now my mind is more straighter than the one-way sign

And for the record my past is checkered, with
achievements

For the dead, bereavements, heart-wrenchin

An extension gives you 30 days, befo' the lights go out

On public access, for success, stressin head beatin

is defeatin why I'm here, why I got a glass of Chia

I got a hold of a good job, reliable associates

My books coincide, with the ride of a lifetime

The untraceable, with no codes, stripped from my lymph
nodes

Arose, then explodes, grows

And who's to say I'll save the overlord from sprayin be
floored

From my last before my chin hairs are clipped

I'm in this spot called Two I's, down the block I'm

seein 2 guys

in McDonald's chewin fries, I'm think "Damn I love my
woman!"

In this strange universe, perverse, the black hearse

Is shit gettin better? All y'all moist ladies choice

[Chorus] w/ different ad-libs

[Grand Puba]

Now I got an Uncle named Humpty

So you know I like my pockets real - lumpy

While your style be - chumpy

Crack your whole flow - like Humpty Dumpty

Hon I keep raw down to the core, give you what you
bargained for

Sound like diamonds on velour, now

My style be different, changin when I get the urge

With Brand Nubian cats I merge with classic shit and
then we splurge

You know the dealllys how these chickens get touchy
feely

when you doin Benjy Willie but I tell them bitches

"Really?"

I'm stingy, a nigga play the down-low and then G

Plus I got seeds so I keep strings on my Benjis

Uhh, one time for your mind down to your panty line

Spit one line and get you open like a dollar \$ign

My shit's spectacular when I spit my vernacular

Niggaz bite like Dracula, more accurate than an Acura

True to what we do as we flip these flows for you
Cause some of these emcees out here be soundin "DOO DEW
DOO!"

[Chorus] w/ new ad libs

[Lord Jamar]

The last man to represent, member of the 5%
Born September 17 in '68, have you ever seen
a rap that can asphyxiate, crowd participate? We
accumulate
Y'all niggaz dissipate, while these faggots figure
skate
a figure eight around the rink we paint elaborate
landscapes
For all my mans that's down in the clink
We 'bout to bring this town to the brink
I frown when I think of all y'all clown-ass niggaz that
was down
Lessons in life, don't question me, question your wife
Affectionately, I gave her the pipe, she said my flavor
was right
The band major in a tan blazer
Cut you a smile with my man's razor
Brand Nubian style, but not a new ager
In ninety-eight I got a new pager
and dumped digits from my old bitches
To all my thugs that wanna hold riches
Even if you sold drugs, still show love

[Chorus] w/ NO ad libs - singer only, repeat 1/2