

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 Humpy
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 deallys 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