

The Return

Brand Nubian

"Grand Puba""Lord Jamar""Sadat X""Alamo"
[Puba]"Raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"
[Jamar]"I'm only bringin you the real"
"Grand Puba""Lord Jamar""Sadat X""Alamo"
[Puba]"Raised in the ghetto singin songs called survival"
[Sadat]"Have a stout if you know what I'm talkin about"

Verse One: Lord Jamar

Three sixty degrees I stand in the square, right over left
Preparin to fight to the death, you could never stifle this
Not even the triflest, nigga on Earth, could ever fuck
with what I spit in a verse, we always hit where it hurts
Underground so we dig in the dirt
Always gotta put a nigga to work, is how it seems
It's kinda hard to hear the silent screams
Through the violent things, turn a deaf ear
Your body might get left there - you better step to the rear
We put it down with Premier, rock mad army gear
You ain't heard us all together in, several years
It's like a federal crime, you had to settle for rhymes
that lacked substance, we got that in abundance
Pro-black and you know that
We stay Fat like Joe Crack, Lord Jamar
come too far, to ever try and go back

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Verse Two: Sadat X

I'm on 110 and Lennox with these Africans overseein
our physical being, and how we doin it
It only take one bad nigga to ruin it, pursuin it
and actin like it can't happen put you in the chair
To the bookings we go, on the twenty-four hour flow
I run through obstacles, take off my shackles
Proper backing with the bangers and the rhyme singers
I run with dem and others, rock NY in colors
with the straight brim and the chick who work in the gym
The great Datty in the C-Town Express
Whoever step to this is gonna have to face stress
Whoever step to this better be at they best
Look at me close I'm the perfect host you standin too close
so back up, you should never try to act up
The Wild Cowboy still got the style boy
One of a kind I throw a helluva line

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Verse Three: Grand Puba

Yeah, yeah yeah, yeah

My man Primo hit me off with the plural

Zig Zag Zig like Zorro now we makin more bread than Stella Doro

Unsung hero bring more _Heat_ than DeNiro

Never known for spittin trash shit on the mic, that shit's a zero

Rhyme flow stay off the meter, tight like two-seaters

Make y'all get nuts like a cellblock filled with dick beaters

Make my approach then shorty's bagged like coach

Cut on the lights if she ain't a dime then watch me run like a roach

Y'all know my shit be hot they call me Dr. Doo-a-lot

Now I got seeds so I'm stingy I keep strings on my Benji's

So tree up, nigga we up, about to re-up

Y'all know the deal, grab this paper, dissapear like Copperfield

I need a meal, time to eats with a flow

Drop the beat, press it up, and hit the street, dinnertime's complete

My Nubian ways'll get ass that open for days

Make more chips than Frito Lays when I spit the phrase that pays

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