

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