

Ragtime

Brand Nubian

Aiyyo, check this out
Brand Nubian gettin ready to swing this ep'
We got the Grand Puba, we got Derek X on the flex
We got, Lord Jamar, we got Alamo with the A, Ron Stud!
And my man Ep Rock
X, kick the flavor for me on this one
'Cause we gettin' ready to be out of here in a, sec

Wild, New York raw as my voice box soars I'll
Open your pores cause it's one of my chores
Kickin' beats to boggle rhythms, cuttin' rhymes to a schism
People often wonder and ask
Is I'm the best? Surely you jest, I'm not down with the rest
In fact they failed the test
It's my vernacular that's simply spectacular
My bite is in your neck it's the effect, of Dracula
Man on a mission, go to school with low tuition
Can't even keep account, of the G's I be kissin'
But oh I beg your pardon, the race, is startin'
The criminals is there and I'm the hardest of the hard
And it's a feet for you to meet me on any given day
The adjective amazing, spelled with an 'A'
And a 'G' on the end, by usin, my pen
Set forth on a journey for the, perfect blend
Rhymin was a fad in the days of my dad
Now MC's is makin' G's and goin' for bad
The X in my name makes it, all official
Am I the King? Well that's the so-called issue
Rollin off the tongue was the fresh one-liner
And CB talker was the zero one-niner
Took a slight drop from the tip of the top
Now I'm out for mines and I'm goin to clock
What's mine on the line on a rhyme I will dine
Never ate the pig can't deal with the swine
Keep on, yes my word is bond
Speakin' that knowledge like Farrakhan
'Cause it's ragtime!

Ah yeah it's ragged, let's do it!
Aight now we got Lord J
Lord J, yo c'mon now
Kick, the flavor, to this
Drop it like this (I'ma swing it like this)

I like to drop bass, cause when it hits, I bounce 'em
I do this with my seven and my one half ounces of brain
Which I contain, to manifest thought
The record is bought so I figure I ought to elaborate
(Might as well) as minds in turn collaborate
I speak the facts black, I don't exaggerate
I just get to the bare essential
Demandin' that I talk, of my credentials, cause yo
I never slept, my mind was in the right place
Now let's take our steps and retrace
Back to a time, when black was defined
As original, God-like, Supreme Divine
Refined is my mind that's why I'm buildin'

There was a void in New York but now it's filled in
By the Lord J, don't forget the A-M-A
To the are, now say I'm a Star (You a Star, J!)
Well you can be one too
Now here's all you got to do (whatcha gotta do?)
You got to know knowledge of self's the foundation
Know wisdom's the way to let it outcome
Understanding is the manifestation
And cultural freedom, the final turnout, 'cause it's ragtime

That's definitely ragtime
Now let me brag mine! Let me brag mine
Hit this in the 90's
Hey yo, bust it (here I go here I go here I go)

As I, stand as a Pharaoh and beat up on Eliza
Trick ends on my friends, cause Puba's not a miser
Last longer than a Duracell, or a Energizer
I got a little older but a whole lot wiser
When it comes to shootin' ? I'm a damn good shooter
MC Grand Puba should be worshiped like a buddha
I boogies to the rhythm, kicks all the flavortism
Damn I gets busy, though makin' rhyme I gets bizm
Always help another meaning sister or a brother
Just a little tip I picked up, from my mother
Smooth as Ali Baba once I week I see the barber
So honey pucker up cause I'm a DAMN good slobber
Mr. Exquisite, dressed in silk, Bally's made of lizard
So honey, what is it? (What is it?)
I rock a rhyme at a wedding, next tour I'm probably heading
You want to beat like this? Check the stack of Otis Redding
I'm hurtin' like a blister, confusin' like Twister
Not a only child, four brothers and one sister
Not a rinky-dinky never snackin' on a Twinkie
When it comes to flexin' I can bend like a Slinkie
So here comes the champ, to civilize a tramp
When brothers try to play me, that's when the Pub' gets amped
So smile here comes the picture click!
A humble type brother so don't play me as a vic'
I can relate to the Good Times, the Cosby's on the sometimes
Go ? on a Sunday then it's back at work on Monday
Take my gear to the cleaners, buy pants or a Beamer
Then I'm out, bangin' crackheads, I can do without
(Definitely, why not Puba? Why why why?) 'Cause it's ragtime