

# Steady Bootleggin'

Brand Nubian

["Some get over the hump... bootleggin!  
Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin.  
Some get over the hump... bootleggin!  
Some go down in the dark! Bootleggin.  
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!  
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"]

Verse One: Sadat X

I've been watching you for about two weeks  
Selling phony imitations of myself  
if I chose to wild I might flip or break your table  
Strong arms tappin all your pockets  
Look, look at this tape, loose ass plastic  
Copy machine picture damn straight I'm gonna hit ya  
But I don't cause I maintain, you're just a common street peddler  
offender, the question revolves  
Is the record company involved?  
Hmm, dig the reality, is that I'm bein played  
Should somebody take the weight cause my pocket's like on E  
That I can't see, therefore I burnt teeth  
When I find the source to my loss of income  
I gots ta see him Jack, yo I gots ta see  
And the street vendor out there, don't steal don't sell my tape  
I don't give a fuck about the plea that you coppin  
Everyone's got problems sellin my tape ain't gonna solve em  
On my ave... holdin your eye with a heatin pad  
Dig the scene cat, knowledge the crime, know the time  
Or you'll be out much more than a dime

["So many fingers... steady bootleggin!  
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin!  
So many fingers... steady bootleggin!  
Some of these high class ahead they still bootleggin!  
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!  
Steady bootleggin! Steady bootleggin!"]

Verse Two: Lord Jamar

A kick in the ass from a leg and a boot  
Constitute the right to shoot one who steals my loot  
Bang bang like it ain't no thing to the bastard  
Who sold my shit before it's mastered  
Now how the fuck did you get a copy?  
It's an inside job or the security is sloppy  
But nevertheless I'm doin my best to solve this mess  
I find out, I blow a hole in his chest  
It's black music that they wanna discredit  
Garth Brooks ain't bootlegged cause they'd never let it  
happen, that's why I'm cappin and slappin  
All the motherfuckers sellin tapes to young black kids rappin  
They try to say hardcore don't sell  
But everywhere I go they killed my shit well  
New York to California everywhere in between  
know the flavor of the God so what the fuck do you mean?  
I gotta get my props in ninety-two it's up to you  
the listener to do your part and buy that bullshit from the start

I can't get back what I don't receive  
Best believe they got a trick up they sleeve

["Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on!  
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on.  
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on!  
Too much bootleggin! Too much bootleggin is goin on."]