

## Step Into Da Cipher

Brand Nubian

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First up it's the nuts up, what's up?  
To the niggas from the projects  
Prospect Park in Brooklyn, I'm lookin' at another crime scene  
Committed by the brothers on this rhyme team

Just freestylin' in a cipher, might take the life of MCs  
If you're wack we got the right to seize  
He's black like Ultra, know your culture  
Motherfuckers don't know so they won't grow

Lord Jamar show and prove the rules I kick  
Makin' niggas move, no matter how smooth it get  
Or how rigid, niggas still get it  
I kill wicked motherfuckers with the rhymes that I structures

In my third eye, know you heard I  
Study math like a mathematician  
See half of y'all wishin you could sound like the gods from the town  
Of the rule, you ain't got the urge, bust it down Serge

You know I smoke it like the flame to the tip of that bud we just twistin'  
From another dimension, did I mention  
That funky, that's the only way we know how to get niggas  
Rhymes belimminent like a partial scholarship

But my style's so heavy it make you lean when I drop  
Leave you spinnin' like the washin' machine before it stop  
Goin' all out, have to seal these motherfuckers fate  
On a mission from Cleveland, ridin' it from outta state

So ready yourself because it's on full scale  
I heard some put Jamar to bail down to New Rochelle  
Now Rule, that's where we scheme and we plot  
On the late night, blunted in the basement with Sadat

And we discussin' your demise, know it's gonna come  
Sure as the sun's gonna rise, send me the drum  
And Serge is buckin' off a shot from the mental insight  
Air tight, throw a worker from cradle to gravesite

I feel lick a shot pum, pum, push up on the one  
I'll bad, bad and I'll no run  
Original Flatbush style, and solo jam  
Like beep Han Solo man

Yes, Mr.Intellect and sex in the flesh  
I'm rougher than the hair on your girl's chest  
Maestro Manny one verse, time come in  
My cafi in the scab when they go flurry

You don't concern me, your style can't burn me  
You's about as hardcore as Big Bird, Bert and Ernie

My steelo fat like your girlfriend, pregnant with twins  
After, Thanksgiving then they're eatin' pork skin

I don't give a fuck about your section, just watch your murder flexin'  
Step correct to the brother with the dark complexion  
6' 1", two weaving and cocked diesel  
You can see that hair is curly, ain't no fuckin' up like you baby, see

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When the corrupt stuff in my mind starts to erupt  
Even the hard niggas will be yellin' "That's enough"  
But what about my style, ooh, child, I switch 'em up  
Rearrange 'em up, in other words I change 'em up

Snagglepuss, I make a nigga fall like the season  
So exit stage left 'cos you ain't on my level, leaf  
You wanna battle? Here's what happened to the last kid  
His wife became a widow and his kids became bastards

In the rap profession, I'm not the one for testin'  
I'm the first to let'cha know I'm way dirty like mudwrestlin'  
So bring all the flunkies you roll with  
So when I set it on your ache, you all be like "Oh shit"

You want more so here we go, peep how my rap flow  
I'll have your ass sneakin' out the backdoor  
This is some trouble you don't wanna get your ass in  
So watch your step and don't come out'cha mouth in the wrong fashion

Feel the wind blow through your hair  
My aim is square on your backbone  
You're home alone and your mom work the double shift  
Just enough time for me to hit that off

"Bounce on a nigga" said my man Wop  
Peace to the squad, one-eighth, Fo' and Teepee, check it  
I'm the type of nigga that'll walk down the street  
On some casual shit, even my kid could flip

Hear me on the Wop tape, ban, hit 'em  
Hear me with the rhythm, yo you better go get 'em, check it  
Anticipation, you're waitin' and waitin'  
Peace to Courtland, Ave, Teepee wheelnose in

Satan, the early bird, aiyo that's my word  
My man, Joon with the 'erb to the moon  
Eh, Shawn Black, nigga, where ya at?  
No type of daydreamer or a nigga with enphysema  
This is X and I'm straight from the Rule

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