

# Brand Nubian, A Child Is Born

[Lord Jamar - interpolation of Grandmaster Flash's "The Message"]

A child is born with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but He's frowning too  
Because only God knows what you'll go through, uhh  
A child is born with no state of mind  
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[Sadat X]

He grew up in an instant, the fourth of seven children  
The oldest male on the block was half and half  
Brown stones to neck bones, crack jonez to tones  
Where young girls spread out and drop seeds like they're farmers  
They're old as their momma's, the same age as their aunt  
and the neighbourhood drunk men  
and that lady with the dreaded disease is like hard to please  
And the house of ill fate with the metal gate  
Keep the thin people cracked out like munchkin monks  
The ole man with the fruit stand is on his man  
His hand, his ole heart just can't stand  
the CPR as they load him in the back of a car  
I'm on a world tour to help free the poor  
&gt;From the local drug cats to kids in front of the store  
Number runners, gangbangers and the big money spenders  
Reality check rings as we descend from the king

[Grand Puba]

Now a child is born with no state of mind  
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Because only God knows what you'll go through  
A child is born with no state of mind  
Blind to the ways of mankind  
God is smiling on you but He's frowning too  
Because only God knows....

[Lord Jamar]

The home's filled with horror in my horoscope  
Tomorrow I could be broke, this ain't a joke  
I'm twenty dollars away from bein dead ass  
I'm bout to spend half on a bag to get my head blast  
Last week I lost to justice cypher born  
and spawned a riff with my wiz  
now she dead with my kids  
I live by the subway, niggas push drugs in my hallway  
All day everyday tryin to get the pay  
And I be tryin ta find a better way  
You see, when you're poor then you're forced to adore to raw play  
Survival be a forte, lookin forward to-a robble up your food stamps  
Projects' like boot camps  
wit generals cookin chemical warfare  
Ki's to a mayor, I ain't seen ya ass in four years  
The law bears down on anybody that's brown  
My complexion puts me in the direction of the section 8  
Rejection seems to be my fate  
As a kid, don't wanna ship my momma, always said I had to wait  
And it's been drama up to date  
Enough to traumatise people's lives and the eyes they try to fixate

[Sadat X]

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Because...

[Grand Puba]

Born into existence with some resistance  
A struggle comin out my ol' earth's womb  
It was little past noon, three months before June  
I had a feelin I was headed toward the land of doom  
I came out and the doctor got ready to smack  
I grabbed the 'bilical cord and tried to pull myself back  
but it was too late for that cos in fact  
I'll slit the sack so I gotta maintain where I'm at  
Now I'm here breathin this diff'rent kind of air  
Poverty bound, headed for the welfare  
Drug-infested, rat-infested, people drownin in sorrow at neighbourhood bars  
Roaches bigger than my hot wheel cars  
Dope fiends with swollen arms lookin like rotten wood  
turn to crack monsters up and down the neighbourhood  
Liquor store business soar as the crowd pour  
or thru the corridors, echoin off the project walls  
That's why the Gods say

[Lord Jamar]

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