

Brand Nubian, Coming Years

[Grand Puba]

Uhh ("through the coming years"); through the coming years
("life, will grow sweeter"); life is gon' get much sweeter y'all
("through the coming years"); Through the coming years
("life, will grow sweeter")

Now I heard the silliest shit from this crackhead bitch
I asked her why she smoked that shit - she said, "We all can't be rich";
She said, "I'm hopeless, like a penny with a hole in my soul";
Then she asked me my goal, I said to live to grow old
And watch my seeds grow and teach those who need to know
And if my shorties need me, deliver like Dominos
See the name of the game of life is maintain
Your mind won't grow if you can't feed the brain
Through the comin years a lot of blood sweat and tears
Poured a lot of beers for my niggaz who ain't here
My pops used to school me - I'ma keep it real wit'chu
You can play the corner all you want 'til one day it's gon' get you
Got to get up, get out and get somethin
Or you can sit around all day and do nothin
See that's the main reason why that we pour a lot of beer
Cause there's mad niggaz gone but the corner's still there so

[Chorus]

("through the coming years... life, will grow sweeter");
("through the coming years... life, will grow sweeter");

[Lord Jamar]

They say you only get better with age
Fine wine gets better with time, fruit get ripe on the vine
Truth bring light when it shines
I'm at my best, like Tyson in his prime
And that goes for the raps and the beats
I make songs for those tryin to escape but trapped in the streets
And y'all 'bout to see that I'm 'bout to be on MTV
Lookin off a penthouse balcony
And I've been fuckin with birds like falcons, we
off the handle and steel like alchemy
Just for keepin it real like Malcolm, G
OD it'll all reveal
When they, crown me king then you all will kneel
I'm 'bout to, drop some shit that you all will feel
The seed's been planted, now look at all the vegetation
I'm tryin to see my family straight for generations
Gimme my reparations

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

I'm not the richest, not by far
And I ain't got 24 inches on the car
And I doubt that you'll ever see me at the car show
And I work every day, ain't got that star dough
But my daughter keep me grounded
Surrounded by good friends and my brothers, and a few others
that I met on the road, like here and abroad
And the Brand Nubian name remain with respect
All of us still here and that's much MORE than a check
Still growin and our family correct, tap the bottle
And I guess you could say that I'm a role model
of how to make it without hittin the lotto, and that's life
From a man to a boy, from build to destroy
We born again, yo it's back on again
One more trip across the globe

One more run for the roses, the door never closes
Until we shut it right

[Chorus]