

# Brand Nubian, Soldier's Story

Steven Biko, D.O. from the Bronx, Medgar Evers  
Che Guevara, Fred Hampton, Martin Luther King  
Big L, Bob Marley, Huey P. Newton, Mike P  
Tupac Shakur, Biggie Smalls, Clarence 13X  
Emmitt Till, Big Trill, Nat Turner, Freaky Tah  
Wise from L.G., Malcolm X

[rocket soars overhead]  
"Fire in the hole!"  
[war sounds]

[x2]  
Hut one, hut two, hut  
Hut three, hut four, hut

[Chorus: Lord Jamar]  
Soldiers don't die they just fade away  
Have you ever tried to spray the AK  
We camouflaged down with the analog sound  
Leavin enemies in the ground  
A thin red line, between war and peace  
Sometimes we creep on all fours behind enemy lines  
We look death in the face, on a daily basis  
We do it cause we have to, a soldier's story

[Lord Jamar]  
Aiyyo taste the blood, as it hit your face  
And walk through the mud, shit up to your waist  
Feel the mosquito bite, at night, when the torpedos hit  
Smell the burnin flesh, hear the screams of death  
My man Jim just lost a limb  
His right arm was the price, freedom cost to him  
So much, loss of life, we lost so many men  
So many horrors, I wouldn't know, where to begin  
In a foxhole, lock and load let's rock'n'roll  
Guerilla warfare, all's fair that ends fair  
We gotta take this bridge, for the sake of the kids  
For the way, that they make us live  
We can do it with the gat or hand to hand combat  
Make plans to bomb that  
You see, war is hell so much more to tell  
And this is for alla y'all soldiers that fell

[Chorus]

[x2]  
Yo left, yo left  
Yo left, right, left

[Sadat X]  
I got 13 guns now, plus a sword; bullets all over the floor  
In the drawer, by the closet, in the door  
And Ben, fixed my firing pen, that's 14  
Hear a 30 bark, shoot it at the dirty narc  
Spark came with this gun, makin it 15  
Oh yeah that ol' 22'll make it 16  
Who got dough for the VA trip, come back with two on the hip  
That's 18, shiny and clean  
Jean the dopefiend been holdin somethin mean  
My son Sammy hold the diesel, and you give him the weasel  
2 more flips, guns with grips, I'm into whips  
I'm 60/40 and the Bronx is no shorts  
We build forts from {?} and tenements  
Shoot off the roof blow-joe, and light a {?}

My niggaz hold the heat and leave you dead on my street  
Oh we gon' eat, and anybody in my path is gettin beat

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Me and my soldiers commit espionage, for that 3-car garage  
Livin large, with the swimmin pool in the back yard  
Traitors, infiltrators of that top secret data  
Exterminators of creators who invented haters  
cause there's a civil war, poor killin poor  
Usin that psychological warfare to kill us all  
Too severe to ignore, so I play the spook who sat by the door  
Righteous teacher for the poor  
Dedicated soldiers, freedom fighters  
Rhyme writers on chore with the cure to stop the undyin war  
Nubian, follow me, hup two three  
From the year 2000 to the E-N-D  
Cause I don't know what y'all been told  
(See I don't know what y'all been told)  
Brand Nubian never sells their souls  
(Brand Nubian never sells their souls)

[Chorus]

[x2]

Yo left, yo left  
Yo left, right, left

[x4]

Hut one, hut two, hut  
Hut three, hut four, hut