

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