

# Brand Nubian, Sweatin' Bullets

Intro/Chorus:

Sweatin bullets, watch me pull it on a motherfucker (Wet em up!)  
Sweatin bullets, wet a whole click full of suckers (Wet em up!)  
Sweatin bullets, watch me pull it on a motherfucker (Wet em up!)  
Sweatin bullets, if I flip then I'm gonna fuck it (Wet em up!)  
\*repeat\*

Verse One: Sadat X

For the next couple of seconds or however long it takes  
I'ma hit y'all with somethin far below Christ or nothin  
Couldn't get a better deal if this was Vegas  
Ain't no cards on the table, just a bottle of Black Label  
and a picture of your girl who I said was sweatin bullets  
Reach for it, pull it, or we'll always have beef  
You'll be scared to walk the streets, sweatin up your sheets  
You bought a ticket to Jamaica, I caught you at the airport  
Blood spilled on your dome, which funeral dome is da  
one preferred, all expenses occurred  
to the one who sweats the bullet, slugs, thugs and drugs  
Or whoever bring it better be able to sing it  
Cos the song of a dead man's a sad one  
And a family without a son is a mad one  
Sweatin bullets and I know you love your family  
but Money you can't scare me or when I'm feelin \*?melly?\*You could get over but I'ma bring ya back down  
Play ya like a clown, from the brother's ringling  
Your spine is tinglin, you can't feel your legs  
"Will I ever walk to the doctor?" you begs  
The hot one shattered your spinal vertebrae  
Remember that shit that you said the other day  
They gotcha style with the dead arm  
Take the dead aim and flash your name

Chorus

Verse Two: Lord Jamar

I'm sweatin motherfuckers like Jack LeLaine, I packs the pain  
I'll rack your brain, leave you in a sack wit your name  
hangin from your toe as I'm bangin your hoe  
She'll be slangin pussy down in Magic City, bringin me doe  
If you don't know it's Lord Jamar from the Nubian set  
No matter who the fuck you are we're puttin down the sweat  
Servin heat on a motherfucker's street  
Bullets be dripped whiles a motherfucker trippin  
You'll never catch me slippin cos I got my rubber soles  
The devils make me sick, I'd love to fill em full of holes  
Kill em all in the daytime, broad motherfuckin daylight  
12 o'clock, grab the Glock while waitin for the night  
We sweatin motherfuckin bullets, and if we break a sweat  
that means we'll make ya wet  
I'll take your life and jet back to some place cooler  
Now Ruler is where my burner gets the fueler  
If niggas wanna do I got the hollow point teflon  
The kind niggas will vest then get laid to rest on  
So niggas bring your best on but I suggest you invest on  
a burial plot cos shit is gettin hot, we're sweatin bullets

Chorus