

Brand Nubian, Whatever Happened...?

[20 second discussion of old school memories]

[Lord Jamar]

Aiyyo we came up together, flamed up weed together
Changed our names together, even had seeds together
Everyday we used to be together, got tattoos together
Drank brews together
Fucked hoes together, did shows together
Bought jewels, bought clothes together, we was close together
Bust guns together, we would run together
Said we would be, Dunns forever
And shine like the sun together, and never sever
And down for whatever's clever
They say two heads is better so let's put it together
We can get the cheddar comin back to back like a doubleheader
I can't believe we not still together
'Member back in the days, when we used to get ill together
We was ready to kill together, make blood spill together
Now we hardly even chill together

[Chorus]

Whatever happened to you? - We were true blue
No limitations on the things that we used to do
Whatever happened to him? - My man got bagged
He in the pen and he might not see daylight again
Whatever happened to her? - She had two seeds
Now she's smokin and she just ain't the way she was
Whatever happened to them? - Now they started as friends
But it seem like they blowin in the wind

[Sadat X]

Heads are laid out in the dojo
Threw you a lifeline from K-Ci and JoJo
We crossed the earth on airplanes
Don't worry about a thing, lay back and get {?}
Damn silky slim was the bad thing
Used to spread her out her man was down in the bing
Knew it couldn't last like that
For the niggaz that I knew that got blast like that
She got this nigga's pictures on the wall
Out with the baby eatin dinner at the mall
Told me she was from Madison
But A.G. and them told me she was really from Patterson
Thought she was 18 then
But she was 16 and had been fuckin grown men
Wild, that was way back when
I still think of shorty and want to smash her again

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

For the third time my man got knocked
'Cept he was gettin tired of 3 hots and a cot
Now his short stay is a very long stay
From all them yak sales in the project hallways
Now a nigga blew trial and started coppin
But ain't nuttin poppin 'less you messin with a nigga like Johnny Cochran
Up North, Comstock; caught a flashback
Cause that's the same place I used to go check my pops
Damn, here we go again
My man John {?} won't see New York 'til about 2010
It be the same ol' ghetto shit; send me some flicks
some chips, some commissary, some groceries and some kicks
It be a plot while we in the trenches

Playin the project benches, thinkin {?}
For those who know the woes, the highs and the lows
The wind blows and the grass grows so

[Chorus]