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 commisary, 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]