

Brand Nubian, Who Wanna Be A Star? (It's Brand

[Chorus: Sadat X]

Who wanna be a star? Be out late night under the moon
Got a plan to get dough and be rich by June
And all the broads, sexual, yeah ultimate head
But, over one chick I seen two niggaz dead
Who's God? Know theyself and still know math
And be that same bad nigga that's hawkin on the ave
It's Brand Nu baby, it's Brand Nu
It's Brand Nu baby, it's Brand Nu

[Lord Jamar]

Uhhh, Lord Jamar, rap caviar
Guitar loop in a Jaguar Coupe
Combat boots, fatigue suit, niggaz that's ready to shoot
and "Ready to Die" like Biggie Smalls
We can drop our drawers, see who got the bigger balls
The way I act'll be forever called a nigga y'all
Tattoos on my arms and neck, bomb the set
If you havin trouble payin me, pawn the baguettes
Cause I be comin armed with, more than a threat
All my LG niggaz, why don't y'all tell these niggaz
Treat 'em like paper trees and fell these niggaz
Now it's all I can do not to smell these niggaz
These Brooklyn blocks is lookin hot
These motherfuckin cops, is tryin to put me in they cookin pot
But the shit it ain't gon' never stop
Forever playin the block, if you like it or not

[Chorus]

[Sadat X]

At the bassline I blow your mind at the top
When the melody drop - I'm still here
It's psycho Western what happened on Creston A-V-E
Bronx community, one-eight-three
Who is the summer heat for winter leather
Rims, rings, neck look gleamy bitch eyes look steamy
She said she been smokin outdoor all day
Let my find out my Bronx niggaz hit you I'll be up when it's {?}
When the sun go down, I lose round on the ground
One stuck in your crown, whoever zoos rendezvous
with they crews, these drawers rip for free
And if I can't touch, then I got to pop the clutch
Non-touchin broad is a fraud
She prayed to the Lord and get fucked in a Ford
And she a bad bitch, daddy rich, cousin used to pitch
Faggot-ass brother gotta switch

[Chorus]

[Grand Puba]

Uhh, now from way back when, when you gettin up goin to work
I'm just gettin in, smellin like a pint of gin
Up in the rathole, where ghetto bitches sellin they souls
Cause it's after 4 and all the discos is closed
Nigga I'm up when you up, and I'm up when you sleep
Bouncin around in the black dirty offroad Jeep
Wakin people up tryin to sleep
Cause like the first time, this time, we makin the beats
The undeniable, satisfiable, reliable, Brand Nubian
Now you know we come with the bomb
So hi-tech, see us on your DVD-ROM
Get love from little kids like a Pokemon
Everytime we spit that shit it be our word is bond

See I been down in the trenches where projects hazard
Where them visions of wire fences and dopefiends ran the yard
I ain't the sixth sense, I'm the 7th sense

[Chorus x2]