

# Allah U Akbar

## Brand Nubian

Verse One: Sadat X  
This is the stick up boom music for styles to flow free  
But y'all know it's me or could you tell by the spree  
The deuce crew of the new, yeah makes the whole shit clear yeah  
Give the question, I'm tired of brothers guessin  
The Nubian brought the X a lot of fame  
But wouldn't it be a shame if it all up and ended  
That ain't the plan I had and shit like that ain't intended  
For the slick headed wonder, wearer of saggy pants  
Old school kicker, reviver of the circumstance  
Got a backpack with a fat stack of fac  
I got a three-oh, so P.O. step back  
I'm with the uptown baldies, kids that were Lords  
Kick for kids that's paid, I kick for kids with no funds  
Whole blocks come for classes kids with contacts kids with glasses  
Hardrock punks crack heads and even trunks  
Wanna know the truth, so they flock to my roof  
New York I got the grip, I told ya I told ya  
This means war, as if by Sister Souljah  
To think that the X would ever take a fall  
After gettin all of this, man you're crazy  
The only way I'd fall is if I got fat and lazy  
And I won't cause I work real hard  
Wake up in the morning at the hour of God and make beats  
Later hit the streets for some forty-fifth sweets  
So all y'all been told, black youth essential  
From the hard urban blocks of Now Rule residential  
That the God, rocks real hard  
Verse Two: Lord Jamar  
God damn right, the L-O-R-D, J-A-M-A-R  
Says peace and Allah U Akbar  
Back like a motherfuckin head to crack  
Brand Nubian tracks are filled with black facts  
Now I ain't Humpty Dumpty chump, see  
I ain't fallin, you can go call in  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Try to knock me off you never see another day again  
My seven-twenty-one-fourteen's ready  
And my scope with the laser beam steady  
So if you're feeling lucky, then come and catch a buck  
How could I kill a man, well I just don't give a fuck, so  
Check out the dreadlock, make the dead rock  
With my baldhead, ayyo like the top ten  
We're bound to win, cause God don't like ugly

You get slugged rushed raped robbed and mugged G  
I don't wanna be the man, I just wanna make jams  
Cuttin sharp like Edward Scissorhands  
It's ninety-two and of course we grew seeds  
they're planted like a farmer, so let's reap what we sew  
And if you're thinking that we're a hoe in the game  
We gettin wreck to your brain

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