

# Nubian Jam

## Brand Nubian

Intro/Chorus: Laura Alford Seem all the fellas understand what it feel  
cos it's a Nubian Jam and everthing's real

\*repeat\* Verse One: Lord Jamar It's time to blow up the spot, anything you was in, you're thru  
the roof

All the jams we done been thru is proof  
We blend truth, with mathematics doin acrobatics over beats  
The sound dramatic when it played in Landrover jeeps  
I know my peeps is in the front of the stage  
smokin blunts with the strokin stunts, ready to set it  
when the word is given, I know you heard how we was livin  
Never takin no shit, just stayin clever and makin the hits  
Shakin the tits of the honeys when they jump  
Makin money's what we bump cos slumps is for chumps  
and we pumps, worldwide, girls slide backstage  
Lookin for a free ride, legs divide at a young age  
Lord Jamar is like Jesus, speakin in parables  
and to devil's is cemarable  
to see this, but they ain't got no choice

No escapin the penetration of the voice Chorus (x2)

Verse Two: Sadat X And I watched and I watched and I watched then I looked

The X is like no other who can drop it in the rain  
I'm not that high, so give me back my lighter  
Stage right in the party at night, I'm in the shadows  
Thinkin bout returnin to the spotlight  
The X is top flight, ESPN highlight  
From, throughout the rhythm, I give em what I give em  
Oil slickness on that ass like \*? Ewin?\*

I know what I'm doin, leave your whole town ruined  
Brand Nubian, the name alone stands  
Overseas fans be shoutin different accents  
So hence the black prince from 2-0  
Soft-spoken but my words comprehended by the herds  
Goin back to the days past the ol' gun phase  
All stare in amaze or get caught with the rays  
Cos the X is like the master of the phrase...

Chorus: Laura Alford Seem all the fellas understand what you feel  
cos it's a Nubian Jam and everthing's real

\*repeat x3\* Verse Three: Sadat X, Lord Jamar I want the mic in the clutch  
cos it's too cold to hold, and too hot to touch  
I'm like the thoroughbred searchin for cheese

You can't cut off the head of a fatal disease MC's freeze at thirty-two degrees below  
Justice served, now watch us bust this herd

in the head with another jam set by the brother man  
Letters for the other man, understand  
Chorus: Laura Alford  
Seem all the fellas understand what  
you feel  
cos it's a Nubian Jam and everthing's real  
\*repeat 3X\*

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>