

Generation Next

9th Prince

(feat. Islord, Ruthless Bastards, T.M.F.)

Aiyo I want all y'all niggaz out there in this rap shit
Claimin' y'all rappers
Y'all niggaz ain't no fuckin' MC's
KnowwhatI'msayin', son?
Cuz once you step into the chamber
Cuz we dealin' with the 7th Chamber..

Aiyo
Witness this homicide lyrical specialist
Once I slide on the set like Mt. Everest
Avalanches, causin' total mayhem
In this rap industry, towards any non-descript rapper
Who has the strongest heart, and dares to challenge the God?
Dart for dart, that's the wrong move
Like one cat with a red shirt, stumblin' in a problem
Ten cats with blue shirts, each one of 'em
Lugered out with clips filled to the brim with hollow points
Cuz I'm on some, fuck all y'all R&B artist-es
Thinkin' y'all MC's, y'all best to Run 4 Cover
And throw ya bulletproof helmets on ya head
Enough said..

I spit warfare, real shit niggaz like to hear
Infrared from Ruthless, nigga, crack them beers
Twist the 'dro, put the clip in the fo'
Cock it back, put one in the head, these niggaz don't know?
Then let 'em know how we comin'
Deep, we keep shook niggaz runnin'
You cowards is afraid of my power, ain't holdin' nuttin'
Lemme show you somethin', 'bout this rap shit
First of all if you ain't spittin' acid, you goin' backwards
These Bastards attack shit, fabulous, fatherless
Marvelous, Shaolin niggaz from stompin' wood
Killarm', T.M.F. connect with Ruthless
Challenge new generation, nigga, we the best
We out for this cheddar cheese
You better freeze if we enemies
If ya life's on the line you better squeeze
Yo I'm tellin' these wannabeez, about the ho's
Come out ya shoes, we ain't got nuttin' to lose

Aiyo I floss like a red Porsche beamin' in the sunset
You made a dumb bet fuckin' with these young vets
Who bumped heads with the hardest and build with the smartest
Five artists, you can't do nuttin' to part us
Niggaz is garbage that either get bagged up
Cuz their style's ragged up lookin' like sad pups
You'll be jacked up, weakened with your eyes half shut
'Til you had enough cuz fuckin' with us is bad luck
The temptation of pussy be hard to pass up
So before I slide in I test the cat and strap up
Is there a question? You gotta ask us
Don't be afraid, but on my behalf you're gettin' played
And where you was at, you shoulda stayed
Now you search for aid, no one to save you

And all your so-called men betrayed you
They wantin' to talk and work deals under the table
Passin' 'em CREAM, gold watches and large cables
They snaked you, like the serpent
Turn the lights off and close the curtain
Sellin' their soul to a merchant
I got niggaz, scared to, meet me in person
Searchin', like the Internet, I got 'em surfen'

Now Born, Port Richmond, Killah Hill
Stapleton, West Brighton, Jungle Nillz
In Shaolin we keep it real
Shit is gettin' deep, reach for steel
We goin' all out, do what you feel

I stick and move, move and stick with niggaz
If it's real I click with niggaz
Layin' all the fifth with niggaz, sick of niggaz
Simple lickin' and squeeze faster than with triggas
Double dare any niggaz, cross me and my city slickers
Petty pocket pickers rockin' niggaz
Quick to throw a rock at the bitches
Tryin' to cockblock my riches on a hot block with snitches
Still gettin' dough, still gettin' hated on the low
Still doin' sticks with Sideshow, eyes low from hydro
Drive slow, beasts on our tail, rain, sleet or hail
Catch me on these cold streets stabbin' for bail
Niggaz is lackin' the real so I brought the hostility
Better off killin' me then sendin' me back 'fore I fail

Aiyo thugs and rubber clips with hollow joints
Sharp lead that fled through your pressure points
Celebrity Death Match, we out like an axe
Bein' swung by a serial killer maniac
Poetry brainiac, project hoodrats
They enjoyin' hearin' my album
Black dust will get you blast
Then throw on a skimask and rob street's asylum
9th Prince, y'all niggaz can't solve him
These 9 Fingers of Death'll be the answer to your problems
My roof is like an infrared, I'm hostile
No Smiles, dogs cry when they're on trial
Rhymes travel 23 million square miles
Mad razor blades, throwin' switchblades that'll cut you a fade
Lyrical maze, MC's lost for days
Within the 9th Chamber, another Wu banga
For all my Killah Hill side stranglaz

Tommy Whispers, nigga
Bastards! Word is bond, come on!
Revenge of the 9 Fingers
The Chamber continues
Word up
Everything is Everything
Garvey the Kid
This Shaolin shit is forever!
Forever..