

100 Degrees

9th Prince

Yo, yeah, yeah
I don't even talk to y'all niggas
Not on the streets
I wanna big up my cousin O.D.B. though
Word up, Baby Jesus locked down
You know?
That's it, man
That's all I gotta say to y'all niggas
You know?
Then watch me spit
Lyrical warfare, word up

Aiyo I'm wise like a blind man playin' piano
Jellyin' across the Verazanno bustin' at Sopranos
White boys with attitudes like Rocky Marciano
Got a fire arm like Janet Reno
We serve John Wayne in El Dorado
Go to war like Al Pacino
Or Robert De Niro Casino
The ghetto is pitch dark
For the street's of messenger, the story like Joan of Arc
First spark with Stapleton park
Gladiators and D&D, before that was the Paris Crew Squad
I just to stand up on the benches
State of mind, third eye dimension lynchin'
Killarm' comrades like henchmen
Street doctor leave you paralyzed in St. Vincent
End the session with the weapon
Madman reach for the sky and snatch the Moon out the Heaven
Attack you with the Mac-11
Shots let off that'll rip thru ya flesh
Pull bullets the shape of sevens, keep steppin'
Lethal rejection, high scene rock mine, BONG!
Heavyweight blows to ya midsection, Madman is comin'
You best to head the opposite direction

Aiyo Madman drag 'em thru the dark streets of reality
Matrix combat, projects go to war from Shaolin to Iraq
When fake niggas bust their heat, real soldiers bust back (bust back)

Aiyo I spit razors at haters
I'm a walkin' skyscraper like Wolf Blazer
We blase lasers at invaders, that's infantry behavior
1-2-0 precinct slang faders
Weak niggas get robbed in pissy elevators
Rappers bite like alligators
We bust CD's inside Navigators
I ain't pretty, life is risky
Like my act against Species
Migrate, United States, the cities, Madman prophecies
I had to duck four shots comin' out of 260 lobby
Islord picked me up in a stolen Mazurati
With two hotties with two sawed off shotti's
Beretta know karate
Fuck around in half lead half metal
On to beat a body, soon to be a millionaire like Bill Cosby
Dom P. accept the collect calls from John Gotti

We ain't gangstas we shankstas that'll shank ya
Bitch ass niggas get hung with coat hangers

We keep bustin', ain't no trustin', nobody
On these dark streets.. word up
Yo O.D.B., big cuz, Baby Jesus
Killarm', we gon' come break ya ass out, nigga
Word up, we keep preppin' this shit
9th Prince y'all, Madman y'all
Throw ya grenades up
Word