

Originators

9th Prince

Yo, what up?
This right here, is an explosion
For all the radio stations
Across United Nations
United States
Word up, turn this up right here
Eh-yo..
It's the Prince

Eh-yo, Originators became Gladiators
God-body regulators with street educators
I was born from the womb, I'm energy handlin
Peep the creator of The Terminator
9th Prince rhyme slayer
Stapleton Housing Projects, razors
Machine gun blazers
Ask your neighbors
Jamiacan rum, no chaser
Number one contender
We can bust guns after dinner
Last Man Standin, he's the winner
Ghetto Prime Minister
Desert Storm sk-masked Avengers
We move like ninjas, in the winter
Born skin Adonis
Slugs to the stomach, blood gush like vomit
Madman's bionic, check the rugged climate
Bright like lightnin, Terrorist Islamic
A ghetto superhero like Marvel Comics
Vertical limits, fresh notebooks
I write anthems for crooks
Image, cross the line of scrimmage
I shoot you in ya temple
And leave ya face shattered with dimples
Killarm' could never be so simple
Cross My Heart and won't die 'til ya ass is crippled
In a wheelchair
Kneecap raps, flashbacks of Digital Warfare {*echoes*

Word up, I wanna say what up
To those who copped our first and second album
Y'all real troupes out there
Yo.. aight?

Eh-yo my alliance run through club cheetahs
Rusty Heaterz that bust like lyrical heat seekers
Through the speakers, non-believers are deceivers
Do the media, lyrics try to teach ya
A walk through Harlem like Black Ceaser
Razor blade stashed inside a sole of my sneaker
Ill graphics, far from a savage
The streets is wicked like Halloween havoc
Little children with automatics
Imagine baby's drive-bys in a carriage
Rap busters like Peter Pan
Or built like Sandman on a desert land
I'm from Shaolin, my sword is a mic stand

Used to swoll ya glands, 9th Prince'll take command
Of the stage, my heart pumps rage
Like a jungle lion trapped inside a cage
I free the slaves through the +Airwaves+
A Hot 97 airplay
All my real soldiers, raise ya AK's and hand grenades

Word the fuck up
The 9th Prism
The new millenium
Peace and blessins to all the 5 Boroughs
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten
Word up, Queens, you know?
Long Island, up state, Connecticut
The whole tri-state, New Jerz'
Peace and blessins to Killarm'
We armed and dangerous
For real, the new millenium
Get ready, one love
Two guns, three lives