

I was down on my luck
Out of my bucks
Growlin' my gut while in a rut
How I was smilin' when falice was callin' on uh
I was proud and I bust loud and enough to rally them up
My style is a child it was roudy and ruff
Such as life, when the dope ain't sellin'
The soap aint smellin'
Ripe dough aint swellin', no hope but nope I ain't failing toni
ght
And into the contest with nothin in my palm just
A microphone and god next to Tech to bless and I'm set
I won, the people voted for me to take the paper
Was fate the way it happened the show fell on
The day of my graduation day, so I chose the show
To go open for EPMD and Gaume that's how it was suppose to go
I didn't know that I was chosen never
Expected it but these people saw while the other
Haters rejected it, I tore through the hardest part
Of this art when most neglected it, I poured out
My soul on to the paper and you accepted it

You are my heart, you are my soul
I thank you for all you done for me
You are my art, you are my flow
My fans made it for everyone to see
Forever accepting N9nes soul