

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