

Nine, Any Emcee

"Any MC that disagree with me, wave your arms" -> Rakim

□* repeat 8X *

(Nine)

Rat-a-tat-tat, it's the nappy black cat with no hat
Back to chat like Super Cat with my format black
Attack a track like Ali with no gloves
Pussy shoved to rise above nonsense, lyrics are able
Turntable spins, round and round we go
Goin for delf, you know, dolo, with a ill flow yo!
"Whutcha want Nine?" Told you, fat beats like this
A pocket full of grip, mic in my fist, no bullshit
I'm all that and then some, hon blow up like a shotgun
Any MC that disagree is done, you best run
I creep and I crawl and I yes and I y'all
and I refuse to fall, so all in all
The God works hard, I practice my verbal gymnastics
To get your girl on my mattress
I love to hit it hard from the back
I'm the man with the plan you can't disagree with that

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□* repeat 8X *

(Nine)

The last MC to disagree is now history
No longer an MC, he is now PC
I'm real and real MC's know that
only fake MC's disagree, that's why they wack!
I do em somethin terrible, I'm incredible
like the edible egg, Arm Leg Leg Arm Head
Who's the dread that said BOOM DA DA?
It's flavor it don't matter, swing batta, swing batta
Knock em out the park, after dark I spark L's
Write rhymes to exercise my brain cells, count the cash in my stash
Cash money money money -- I need
I got a seed to feed and like most a touch of greed
Gettin paid completes the cypher
Bein broke is like havin no blunts, just a lighter
It's about the dead prez in the 9's
And I am the Nine, gettin mine, no crime

* DJ cuts and scratches the Rakim sample *

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□* repeat 4X *

(Nine)

I came a long way like Virginia Slims
from beatdown Timbs to co-op cribs and Jeeps with rims
From fo' chicken wings and rice
to lobster with champagne, no ice now everything is lovely A-IGHT?
Nuttin can stop me now, I'm on the prowl
You can play the Indian but there's no HOW
I'm the one and only incredible original Nine
Like the sun will shine, I will always rhyme
Like Pam Grier is fine, I gets mine like two nickels
is a dime, primetime like a new crime
The church bells will chime when I stand at the pulpit
And like Erick give a Sermon, mad money I'm earnin
Remember, the saint ain't as great as the sinner
Like C. Boogie Brown I was born on the 19th day of September
NINE!!!!!! The numba one contender!

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□* repeat 8X *