

# Nine, Fo'eva Blunted

There's death in the air, my eyes are bloodshot red.

I'm forever blunted so I don't care.

Word to my nappy black hair, it's the year of the leader,  
a follower's a dummy, he'll die alone with no fuckin' money;  
All alone in his crib lookin' out the WINDOW, while the WIND BLOW,  
playin' NINTENDO.

Jackin' off, shit like that's not happenin',  
hands are clappin, toes are tappin', niggas is rappin'!  
(Who the fuck are you?) Yo, I'm the Nine. Forever blunted, always hunted,  
in my prime.

My skills have grown like a fungus to make Gs in the Hundreds,  
as the tongue gets WICKED, I KICK IT.

On the Ave, with my niggas, passin' C-notes,  
guzzlin' 40s wrapped in brown paper bags; loadin' up mags, 5-0 patrols,  
I'm still BLUNTED, still hunted, still don't know what the fuck he wanted.  
Jumped out the blue-and-white with that bullshit stick in his grip tight,  
I ain't in the mood tonight.

Forever stressin', make a nigga want to pull his Smith-N-Wesson...  
(Redrum!) No question.

That shit be makin' your screws loose and like an old shopping cart,  
we ain't tin men, niggas got heart!

Like my nigga Noble and my nigga Troy,  
strong, real brothers with balls get 9-1-1 calls.

WHEN SHIT HITS THE FAN, THERE I STAND WITH MY BLUNT AND MY GLOCK IN MY HAND,  
WHAT'S THE PLAN?

We bum rushin' all snakes and devils no matter their color,  
we're the next generation of rebels.

Hard-headed, undisciplined and ruthless, you'll wind up toothless,  
the wanted, forever blunted...

(Banging on door, phone ringing)

(Damn, man, who the fuck was that, man? Niggas is bangin' on the door, fuckin'  
game is on, fuckin' kid is cryin. I'm stressed, man, damn! I need a blunt  
now!)

Check the flav, don't misbehave.

On my block, you'll get shot when you see the infrared dot,  
and hear the glock pop, you'll drop like rain in mad pain,  
when a nigga got nothin' to lose, a nigga goes insane.

Mad heads on the ave SCRAMBLIN', some GAMBLIN',  
as I see it, shit beats panhandlin':

a quarter here, a quarter there, see I told you that's why we murder,  
ya either fight for your right or you're fucked like Bertha.

It's SILLY, here comes the sequel:

you can get drunk as a skunk, but weed's illegal.

I'm forever blunted anyway, I don't give a fuck what Uncle Sam say,  
okay, let's parlay.

Ease on down the project block and make some noise,  
wake up the neighborhood pumpin' beats, IT'S ALL GOOD.

Spark a blizz-nut, lamp on the project bench, here comes 5-0 again,  
YOU KNOW THE MONKEY WRENCH.

Fuckin' up a nigga's fun is always ILLIN',  
step the fuck off, Flat Foot, we CHILLIN'.

You don't live here anyway, take your ass back to Scarsdale,  
before I hit you with this garbage pail.

Mad stress...thank God for the buddha bless, now it's off my chest.

Until tomorrow, it'll happen again, I'll still be hunted, I'll still be wanted,  
so I'm Fo 'Eva Blunted...