

Nine, Lyin' King

Verse One:

I heard your album and I don't believe a word of it
I think you're soft like that trick, Mother Hubbard
Fillin' the cupboard with gang goods
Like Mother goose, who lived in a shoe;
Next door to your weak-ass crew.

Nine flew over the cocoo's nest
Took a worm from the mouth of a baby bird
I know you heard, as the world turns
8 million stories to tell, 7 and a half million lies
500 000 facts in doubt

Aaaarrgh!
Heard your album and I don't believe a word of it aaargh!
Tink you're soft like that trick, Mother Hubbard
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The well is almost dry, down to his last lie, why?
How many bodies you cancelled since your last video?
How many keys or dope did you flip in your rhyme flow?
Save it for David;
When you said it, never gave it a second thought
Fans bought the wolf ticket
Shitted on reality for fantasy produced *by tact*
Mr Rough-records --
On a real island yo ass won't be whilin' and smilin'
Who's the character?
With gold records and life still harder than artica
Niggaz is backwards, step in a revolving door
I sold drugs and wanted to rap --
Now niggaz rap and wanna sell drugs
Dem celebreties wanna be thugs
But when them slugs start flyin'
And the beef comes they start crying (sample of a cry)
(I knew he was lying)
Wishing, hard-core gangstas turn into born again christians

Chorus:
Who da lying king talkin' about his diamond ring
Flipping keys killing all his enemies please
All you do is write rhymes
This fronting with yours is makin it harder for minez
You lying king.

No-body out there be mislead
So no-body out there be mislead
Stop lying y'all

Verse Two:
Rappers be lying all the way to be bank Gee! *that's cool?*

Describe Luchiano Alamensky. Fantasies!
Female MCs even ryhme about flipping keys
Couldn't work a triple been, na mean?

It seems like keep it real
Means real bogus --
Real fake --
Outta focus when you wrote this
Half of the niggaz yelling blunts don't even smoke this
I hope this get through, if you heard it
I'll expose ya panties, by pulling your skirt up
Word up! I heard alotta stories
Alotta fake glories and unknown territories
It sounded a little fishy
Like red snappers and trout
Niggaz is boneless, like filet
Soft enough to saute okay?
The sky is the limit:
Even I exaggerate when I create
But I don't perpertrate and illustrate
To sound great, cuz it's fake
I really will *make my take* and break ya neck in two
If you disrespect my crew
This is what I do, not physically
I'll break you with the one-two
Who the hell do you think you foolin'?
I see though you coming from the *bing*
I hate the lying king

No-body out there be mislead
So no-body out there be mislead
No-body out there be mislead
Stop lying y'all

Chorus x 2