

# Nine, Ova Confident (Remix)

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?  
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat 4x)

(Nine)

Run for the hills, but there's no escape  
>From a CD, my wax, my fat cassette tape  
I'm great, like Alexander, or nearly gets real  
When I hold a piece of steel and tell you how I feel  
All over, toes are tapping, Bronx, Brooklyn, Island of Staten  
Manhattan, Queens, South Central, Compton, Watts  
Miami, Atlanta, I blow up mad spots  
My name is Nine, recognize, remember you're too tender  
To get slick with the number one contender  
I flow like diareahha when I'm dropping shit  
Mama mia, ain't no cure for the pure lyrical gonorrhea  
Overconfidence is popping  
I'm like the hourglass, turn me over and I still keep dropping  
That old Nine flavor continues to pay the rent  
After you hear me you won't be so overconfident

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I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat 4x)

(A.R.L. Da X'RSIS)

Devoted come-upper  
Give me time to bust a freak-out verse, brother  
The back-twister, shoving Macks in your sister  
Catch this bullet-blister  
Bulls-eye, don't give two f\*\*ks who'll die  
Don't read the Bible cause lies get me sick  
You'd better recognize  
Darc Mass Click took it over  
Posdonous, now it's De La  
When I'm broke I'm free high, 24-7 stay lye  
The world seems bed to me  
A murderer the X is meant to be  
Yo hit up with the tounge that's lent to me  
When you violate, you pay the penalties  
Hard like penatentaries, bringing pain for penatentaries  
Vocals stresses, bullets rip through vests  
Valentine's Day I stab chicks in chests  
My mental molests  
Darc Mass blesses the world  
Stomping, cause you a little overconfident

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(Nine)

You thought you was the man, bad news kid  
I never heard of you, or the bullshit you claim you did  
You're phoney, full of baloney, like Oscay Meyer  
The weiner, your style is artificial like Purina  
Cat chow, meow, I'm on the prowl like Thurston Howl  
And been on the island with mad cash, official cow  
I got rhymes like you got bullshit  
So you know my repotoire is thick with intice spits  
Lyrically I'm so amazing like Luther  
I hit the stage and get ugly like Medusa  
And no place for delf, I ain't slamming  
If it's with the real hip-hop, then it's props that I'm demanding, understanding  
My potential, hollowtip lyrics  
I'm shooting, aiming at your motherf\*\*king mental  
I'll leave you in a state of confusion, brain dead and stuck up

In other words all f\*\*ked up

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