

# Nine, Uncivilized

Who cut ya?

Save the theatrics for the mattress.

Nine bring it raw dog style with no practice.

I mack this microphone like a hoe on the stroll.

In total control of the soul.

Any asshole can pull a gun the streets are full of fools

I met smarter younger brothers in jails than in schools.

Runnin his story about his glory, it bore me.

And his territory, it don't do nothin for me.

So fuck him and the horse that he's ridin

I'm barely survivin, losin my breath

Cause I'm drownin in sorrow.

I seen a lot of pain with these two eyes of mine.

That's why I write the rhymes that borderline on crime.

I gotta make somethin or I gotta take somethin.

Can't beat that...

Fuck Versace and Rolex, I can't eat that.

I need that green it seems to reign supreme.

By any means, pens and papers on triple beams.

Get-rich-quick-schemes blow up in your face

None taste worse than a plan gone sour

Your power slippin thru your fingers like dimes and nickels.

We go pistols

U know where to shoot at, wherever the loot at. Chew dat.

I don't break the law the law breaks me.

I aint sittin around waitin for the devil to come and take me.

Don't shoot until u see the whites of they eyes

Anything less would be uncivilized

Chorus (x2)

You know... in a world full of lies and alibies

Some men die for a piece of the pie

It's Uncivilized

So I strive to survive and keep my eyes on the prize

(So I try to get by stayin high of the lie (2))

Anything else is uncivilized

(It's keepin me from actin uncivilized (2))

I break the rules on my quest for the 12 jewels

Believe in Delf' bring stacks and green packs

Need hats for Jacks, camouflage

At least 2 gats for when skies are black and grey

Any day above ground is a good day, I'd say

The way kids play nowadays, no hands

They spray round my way

I'm feelin like Sade and I'm runnin outta sad songs

You fake, one mistake could leave u dead wrong

Roll with the king, whoever that is

See him in the corner of my eye

But he dissappears like cigarette smoke

In a cloud, then the rain comes, then the pain comes

X marks the spot, graffitti marks the slums

The chosen ones communicate with mathematics

The new tactics set me free from all the dramatics.

Keep it in my attic, that's where my brains at

Keep it in the closet, yeah but keep it black

Back up from the ropes if u can't float between notes

Ane memorize them quotes I wrote when I toke from Buddha smoke

Hope ya brought your dictionary with ya

Cause if u get the words, then u get the picture

I hit ya because I love ya

You're my people and I put noone above ya

But if you're foul I bust ya

It's time to be totally disrespectful to Saint Ives  
Part of the reason we're all uncivilized.

Chorus (x2)