

# Nine, Wutcha Want?

Verse One:

I gets banned if I do gets banned if I don't  
So sometimes I will and sometimes I won't  
Puff mad stick crack a forty down the back  
Sit fat and relax and plan my attack  
Not the one to test I possess mad finesse  
My buddha was blessed one bird in the nest  
Chills with my peeps steady bouncing in jeeps  
on the New York streets hittin urban concrete  
I'm the man untestable, with the extraterrestrial flow  
Fo'-fifty-fix celo, pop the top off the forty ounce bottle  
I'm not the one to follow, I'm not the role model  
Hollow tips in my clips money grip and my Glock  
only spits when I react to the bullshit  
So give me room to breathe and get up off DEEZ  
And save the confessions for JEESuz  
Plus I don't need to hear no sorrow  
Eff it, the sun will still come out tomorrow  
Long as I'm breathing, needing, even like Steven  
Achieving, gettin some cheese and  
representin lovely, Boogie Down Bronx major  
with the project flavor, I made ya, daze ya  
My behavior is mad ill if you front  
You know what I want!

Chorus:

(Whutcha want Nine?)            Fat beats for my rhymes  
(So whutcha want Nine?)        Mad clips for my nines  
(So whutcha want Nine?)        A ill posse  
and my name up in lights, N-I-N-E

Verse Two:

I'ma let you know how I feel on the real  
I pack steel it's like a jungle makes me wonder where my eel is  
Hits the bricks skips the dog shit complete in my cipher  
Temper like Rowdy Rowdy Piper, hyper like a viper  
I'ma strike if I got it goin for the jugular  
Stretch you like a copper  
Stoppah, stoppah, but you can't stop me  
Just clock me, just watch me blow up the spot G  
Came a long way from, back in the day  
we did it for no pay, just rhymin hit the hay and  
sleep, wake up, write another rhyme  
Hit the park after dark drop the beat one time  
That's when shit was real, no phonies no baloney  
Just the homemade mics and wheels of steel  
Backup from the roof, amp plugged in the street light  
Everything right, jam over a street fight  
Back to the lab I grab my pen and pad  
Raw lyrics make a fleuredoscad  
Had no dinero, enough get fo' chicken wings and rice  
A forty ounce a nickel bag to get nice  
And now I might make a million, and still son  
it makes the heart pump, you know what I want

Chorus

Verse Three:

Be like Elmer J. Fudd with the mansion and the yacht  
Brand new Glock non-stop hip-hop

Remote control boombox lampin on my dresser  
The God ain't no lesser as the pressure comes to test ya  
Hundred pound weight around the neck, daily  
nuff treasons nuff reasons like Philip Bailey  
Can't get enough of that funky stuff  
Rhymin astronomical, original, shit is phenomenal  
Heat up the ghetto put the pedal to the metal  
Speed like Racer treat you like a wack rhyme and erase ya  
Right off the pape I roll a big fat spliff  
Four-fifth on the hip, Heineken in the grip shit I'm ready  
Get the keys for the jeep, let's bounce  
Cruise avenues, get some brews and sing the blues with the  
Funkmaster Flex cassette in the deck  
I'm in effect I move my neck while Son gets wreck  
Oh what a feeling, I'm on the wheels of steel and  
I snatch up some skins for some sexual healing  
Erything's kosher copasctetic, groovy hip-hop moves me  
soothes me, I'm letting off like an uzi  
But first steps a doozy and bruise me  
Now I'm choosy before I start to freak it like a floozy  
I wanna get big get paid true stunt  
You know what I want!

Chorus