

# Nine, Da Fundamentalz

(Nine)

I waste MC's like time  
who wanna know the incredible original Nine  
Burnin MC's at degrees of five-hundred fahrenheit  
Drop em back to celsius, lord help me it's insane  
Pop like tops on 40 o-z's  
Make cheese, while you sweat me for the proceeds  
I survived cause I strived  
then I cock back my fist and PUNCH out ya insides  
Who's left, cause Nine got rights  
I squeeze teecs like spandex mad tight (right right)  
One on one, don't you make me buck you with my gun, baby  
I'm tired of playing all these games  
It seems like I-yah can't get time out anymore  
My name is Nine and your name is mud  
When I come down, I-yah haffa come down raw  
Just say, ohh, ohh, listen to the Nine my style is fat  
Just say, no, no, sucker MC's know they rhymes are wack  
Just say, oh take your best shot, lemme see whatcha got  
Ain't got a lot, run from red dot, spot like cop  
Oh lord, I got the drop, shot the blood claat  
Non-stop, pop pop pop pop goes the gat  
Still fat, still black  
I still rap, and yo' ass is still WACK  
Who's that nigga with the booyaka?  
It's the one and only Nine and I'm doin ya  
Weeded daily, always pack a half ounce G  
Put springs in your boots and still can't outbounce me  
(Check one check two check tree)  
Check as many as you want, but come check me, N-I-N-E

Chorus: Nine (repeat 2X)

Oh God I got Da Fundamentalz

{{Instrumental}}

Oh God I got Da Fundamentalz

{{Instrumental}}

(Nine)

Rock, the body body, rock the body body  
Nine wants a hottie that treats me like I'm daddy daddy  
The format I use, steps on blue suede shoes  
I guzzle brews then mic check ONE TWO  
I shake and bake the world, rearrange  
like the chemical jheri curl, drink til I earl  
\*throws up\* Excuse me, where was I? Stay fly  
Never ran, never will, do or die  
Chocolate thai got me lifted  
No mistake, hit like a earthquake, son I'm gifted  
N-I-N-E, came up in lights  
I rock mics, down with street fights and chalice pipes  
Niggaz know my steelo I'm 40 Below  
Deep flow, act like you fuckin know  
Infrared beams, baggy jeans, mic screens  
Caffeine and nicotine makes me fiend I'm mean like Joe Greene  
Down with a team, on point like the damn laser beam  
It ain't no fuckin dream  
I pull styles out my ass like doodoo (SHIT)  
Nine makes MC's quick quick flick the Bic to the izz  
Light, pull smoke, blow it in your area  
with jaws, like a pitbull terrier  
{{Instrumental}}  
off the head, no pen, no paper, no pencils  
With the device I'm nice, if the price is right

I tear the motherfucker up all night  
Bomb diddy bomb ba dang a dang  
I got slang like Wu-Tang not many can hang

Chorus

(Nine)  
For those who are unaware  
This is another Fed Production warning  
to all wack, sucker ass, punk ass crews  
And all you industry niggaz who was sleeping  
Now's your wake-up call, punk..

Bob Lewis, Nine, Tony Stoute, Al Blount  
The crew, is in effect  
You cannot stop this  
Protect your fuckin neck