

Nine, Make Or Take

(NINE)

Man this world we live in
there's two ways to do everything
the right way and the wrong way,
thens there's the short way and the long way.
But I'm goina do my thing the DARK MASK WAY.
I'm either goina make it or I'm goina take it.

(CHORUS)

I got to make something or I got to take something
even if it comes down to hustling in public
I'm goina do whatever to avoid the stormy weather
got my act together either make or take

(NINE)

In the land of the free and the home of the brave
I still feel like a slave, my heart is dark like the bat cave
Don't cry... dry your eye...
we all goin' die... but I'm goina die fly
In the race the great paper chase
Money's the only thing that I'ma let you throw in my face
Corrupt political officials
speak the issues, and dis u, like used toliet tissue
I'm goina miss u when u fall into the flames it's the same games
with new names, and new gains, same pains, and blood stains
propaganda, I want to smoke trees in a havanna, wearing a bandanna
at the Coppa Cabanna, swear to god I split a nigga like a banana
over currencies or property aint no stoppin me
I'm building a monopoly now copy me, each one teach one
Lessons of making and taking erasing, faking, and snaking
Serious like a Jamaican
and I bring home the bacon daily, really,
I never fake it, I got to make it, like it's sacred
Fuck around and I'ma take it

(chorus 2x)

(NINE)

My hand raps around dollar bills sends chills down my spine
like cheap wine, so I gotta get mine,
all the time I rewind back to the days when I realized sometimes crime
pays, there's 6 million ways to die but only one to live,
I need enough money to spend enough
money to give cause I love my peeps and my peeps love me
and I refuse to see them living in proverty
I gotta be on point, I anoit myself savior with new flavor
like craig with my third eye I cried
Shed tears in the mind for being blind
Only thing left for me now is crime or ryhme

(chorus 2x)

(NINE)

I refuse to lose simular to chuck
never bite the hand that feed u never bite the hand that buck (pow)
now what! stuck in a maze with one way out
figure it out that's what life's about
Trail after trail, tribulation after tribulation
I want a black nation cause I'm sick of the plantation
No more picking cotton have you forgotten
we the kings and queens of the earth
Now rome in the rotten apple, drinking Snapple
trying to get a little capital, spend it like I'm crazy
That's what rap will do, you got to maintain

Make sense out of what's insane and stay on top of your game
Dont blame nobody but yourself for your lack of wealth
Times get hard get sneaky like a stealth
Make or take is the thesis
I want pieces of the pie gotta do or die

(chorus 2x)