

# 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)