

# Nine, No Part A Me

"Step right up.." (look around, look around, look around..)  
"Boys and girls" (\*repeats\*)  
"Ladies and gentlemen.." (look around, look around, look around..)  
"Step right up.."  
"Boys and girls" (\*repeats\*)  
"Ladies and gentlemen.."

(Nine)

I remove rappers out the frame like pictures  
Got more lyrics, than scriptures  
The irrational tormentor, terrorizin pretenders  
Knockin out gold fronts and dentures  
I enter, the chamber with a candle, harass and dismantle  
I'm too hot to handle - grab ya mitten  
So let it be written, let it be done  
We got a whole ton of choke to smoke before I go broke  
So toke, I hope you understand  
You're lyrically handicapped  
I'm strapped, ready for combat, and all that  
Whatcha sayin mean faces resemble wrecked cars  
So unwrinkle your mug and relax God  
My heart pumps no juices, intimidation is useless  
Excuses excuses you ain't really ruthless  
I'll tap your shorty, out of this world  
Leave her frizzy, cause I knock the juice off the curl, what?

"Step right up.." (look around, look around, look around..)  
"Boys and girls" (\*repeats\*)  
"Ladies and gentlemen.."

(Chorus)

You want no part of me, not even a fragment  
Left the replacement laced in the basement  
It ain't hardly that easy to spark me, don't start me  
Believe me, you don't want no part of me

(Nine)

Grey skies for you sonny, ass-out  
Baby with the runs, and you with no Pamper money  
Protect ya body, Wu already got ya neck  
Nine'll leave ya leakin like pipes in the projects  
You get jiggy but you don't compare  
I'm out of the question like a crackhead, workin for daycare  
I remix you then pause  
Pussies like you end up on all fours with no drawers  
I came through the doors in 1994 like never before  
In ninety-five I went on tour, while you slept on the floor  
Reality my style is legit  
And if you can't hit you need to sit or quit and don't say shit  
Amateur night, I'm a all-year pro, you sleepin  
Get off the NoDoz and buy some new effin clothes - you don't want it

(Chorus) - repeat 2X

(Nine)

Say somethin.. knew it!  
Not enough of the main fluid, sound good when you say it  
and look stupid when you try to do it - I'm nuttin to fool wit  
Who you went to school with, "The Fresh Prince of Bel Air?"  
Wouldn't waste a bullet on you, I can dead you with a mean stare  
You too easy to scare, and I don't care  
Whatcha say just mess around and try it  
Get hit up with a hundred silencers cause I bring the Quiet Riot  
Put your money where your mouth is and I'll buy it

Twist your tongue up so fuckin bad, you won't be able to untie it  
Stay out of my circumfrence when I'm mic checkin  
I ain't sayin you lose nigga - I'm sayin you comin in second..

(Chorus) - repeat 2X