

Nine, Ova Confident

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat 4x)

[Nine]

Run for the hills, but there's no escape
>From a CD, my wax, my fat cassette tape
I'm great, like Alexander, or nearly gets real
When I hold a piece of steel and tell you how I feel
All over, toes are tapping, Bronx, Brooklyn, Island of Staten
Manhattan, Queens, South Central, Compton, Watts
Miami, Atlanta, I blow up mad spots
My name is Nine, recognize, remember you're too tender
To get slick with the number one contender
I flow like diareahha when I'm dropping shit
Mama mia, ain't no cure for the pure lyrical gonorrhea
Overconfidence is popping
I'm like the hourglass, turn me over and I still keep dropping
That old Nine flavor continues to pay the rent
After you hear me you won't be so overconfident

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[A.R.L. Da X'RSIS]

Devoted come-upper
Give me time to bust a freak-out verse, brother
The back-twister, shoving Macks in your sister
Catch this bullet-blister
Bulls-eye, don't give two f**ks who'll die
Don't read the Bible cause lies get me sick
You'd better recognize
Darc Mass Click took it over
Posdonous, now it's De La
When I'm broke I'm free high, 24-7 stay lye
The world seems bed to me
A murderer the X is meant to be
Yo hit up with the tounge that's lent to me
When you violate, you pay the penalties
Hard like penatentaries, bringing pain for penatentaries
Vocals stresses, bullets rip through vests
Valentine's Day I stab chicks in chests
My mental molests
Darc Mass blesses the world
Stomping, cause you a little overconfident

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[Nine]

You thought you was the man, bad news kid
I never heard of you, or the bullshit you claim you did
You're phoney, full of baloney, like Oscay Meyer
The weiner, your style is artificial like Purina
Cat chow, meow, I'm on the prowl like Thurston Howl
And been on the island with mad cash, official cow
I got rhymes like you got bullshit
So you know my repotoire is thick with intice spits
Lyrically I'm so amazing like Luther
I hit the stage and get ugly like Medusa
And no place for delf, I ain't slamming
If it's with the real hip-hop, then it's props that I'm demanding, understanding
My potential, hollowtip lyrics
I'm shooting, aiming at your motherf**king mental
I'll leave you in a state of confusion, brain dead and stuck up

In other words all f**ked up

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