

# Nine, Tha Cypha

(Nine)

I enter, the center of the cypha  
Blunts and lighter, the ruff rhyme writer Nine  
Skills up the koolu, I do you like voodoo  
Pins in the mojo, oh no!  
Eyes are red, I'm high again  
You wan' try again, die again my friend, one less than ten  
Eight plus one me, N-I-N-E  
Name up in lights G, I'm hype G, all night G  
Can't no man step in my cypha  
(Heard up, word up!) Pay the piper  
Who rocks the party? Nine rocks the party  
Make you move your body, in trunks like John Gotti  
I got the strength of ten MC's on steroids  
Rappers are paranoid, my cypha ain't a safe place to be G  
I cruise avenues, stomp blue suede shoes  
I can't lose, mashin crews to pay my dues

□The Cypha

□&quot;Get frisked, just in order to get in..&quot;

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One sucker, two sucker, three suckers, fo' suckers  
Bring mo' suckers, punk muh'fuckers  
Talkin bout you can't feel my style, I can't feel you either  
but I bet yo' ass feel this meat cleaver  
(Swing swing swing, chop chop!) You gonna drop  
I can't wait to see you fall off, in the pig slop  
Pop, went the gat, drop, went the fat  
slob that tried to diss, NAH nigga can touch this  
Cheese-eatin, tapdancin Sambo - don't push your luck  
Brand new nigga and I will go Rambo (POW)  
Tryin to break my cypha is suicide  
+Passin Me By+ like I'm the Pharcyde  
Give respect, recognize, give props where props are due  
before me and my crew come and murder you  
This ain't no game, it's about eatin, payin rent  
and (tings like dat) you nah wan' test me black

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Game recognize game all the time  
Who's your man, with the wack ass rhyme?  
You must be stupid, I was doin this before you hit  
puberty, you think your style's original - it ain't new to me  
Save it, for David, easy back it up  
I got O.J. Simpson's knife right at your gut  
I do you like your name was Nicole  
When I roll headspins niggaz drop like Ronald Goldman  
My cypha's complete without you your wack crew

your wack beats, Nine moves feets  
Act like you know homo -- I get around  
Nine comes back like a pro  
Ich, ni, son, shi, MC's, can't touch me  
No matter how much weight you push you're still lighter  
when you enter my cypha

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