

# Nine, Who U Won Test

Intro/Chorus: repeat 4X

Who you won test, me have a champion style

Verse One:

Meet the mic controller, the Philly roller, the wicked one  
Sun rude bwoy come rhymes off top the head  
Said what I said and did what I did  
Never catch another bid, create rubbers and slid  
I'm out of there, ghost evaporate vanish  
Callate la voca if need be I'm Spanish  
No habla ingles, police ask questions  
I don't know nuttin, ain't nuttin happening, stop stressing  
I'm headed down the alleyway  
With the Smith on my hip, shank in my hand, who's the man  
You won test, who me?  
I think you better back up and chill, G  
Don't make me mad boy, don't even try  
Eyah got skills, eyah smoke mad thai  
You steppin to a brother who been through it all  
My freestyle is wild you nah won test my yes y'all  
You think you got flavor to match?  
You can get a smack for that, black

Chorus

Verse Two:

Nobody can do it  
You runnin out of gas Sun, leakin much fluid  
I'm hungry like Jack two inches away from a Big Mac  
then BUCK BUCK BUCK  
Take that witcha on the way down, so you don't feel the ground  
when you hit, and your head splits, fuck all that bullshit  
It's hectic, respect it, the dialect, I come  
original, the intellect, refuses to tongue twist  
So don't tell me naythan  
Me have a champion style, hardcore with a taste of Jamaican  
You steppin to the wrong one the Nine is the seed of Jesus  
I get loose on ninety proof  
Fatter than a bubble goose, unpredictable  
you never know what I'm going to say after I say  
what I say when I say what I say when I play, next?!?  
There it is, who you won test

Interlude:

The deceased resented the fact, and told him off in no uncertain terms  
He still kept coming, he identified himself, and then drew his revolver

Chorus

Verse Three:

Cream of the crop nonstop hip-hop  
Funky stuff rough enough to, break up the handcuffs  
Scuff a cream puff like an old pair of boots  
When the Nine millimeter shoots the gift I was born with  
Who's that, with the booby trap, poisoning rap  
with the wack bullcrap, we can't have that  
Shut him down, I'm underground  
and if my sound hits the airwaves of pop, it'll still be hip-hop  
No samples from Barry Manilow

Strictly Timbo, you know, the whole 40 below  
That's how I'm rollin in the Nines  
Nine-Five, Nine-Six, Nine-Seven to get mines

Outro:

Yeah I'm sending this out to all you bigmouth  
knucklehead suckers that was talkin all that garbage  
I am the man, who you won test, punk?