

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?