

## 9Th Prince "Generation Next"

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(feat. Islord, Ruthless Bastards, T.M.F.)

[Islord]

Aiyo I want all y'all niggaz out there in this rap shit  
Claimin' y'all rappers  
Y'all niggaz ain't no fuckin' MC's  
Knowwhatl'msayin', son?  
Cuz once you step into the chamber  
Cuz we dealin' with the 7th Chamber..

Aiyo

Witness this homicide lyrical specialist  
Once I slide on the set like Mt. Everest  
Avalanches, causin' total mayhem  
In this rap industry, towards any non-descript rapper  
Who has the strongest heart, and dares to challenge  
the God?  
Dart for dart, that's the wrong move  
Like one cat with a red shirt, stumblin' in a problem  
Ten cats with blue shirts, each one of 'em  
Lugered out with clips filled to the brim with hollow  
points  
Cuz I'm on some, fuck all y'all R&B artist-es  
Thinkin' y'all MC's, y'all best to Run 4 Cover  
And throw ya bulletproof helmets on ya head  
Enough said..

[Infrared]

I spit warfare, real shit niggaz like to hear  
Infrared from Ruthless, nigga, crack them beers  
Twist the 'dro, put the clip in the fo'  
Cock it back, put one in the head, these niggaz don't  
know?  
Then let 'em know how we comin'  
Deep, we keep shook niggaz runnin'  
You cowards is afraid of my power, ain't holdin' nuttin'  
Lemme show you somethin', 'bout this rap shit  
First of all if you ain't spittin' acid, you goin' backwards  
These Bastards attack shit, fabulous, fatherless  
Marvelous, Shaolin niggaz from stompin' wood  
Killarm', T.M.F. connect with Ruthless  
Challenge new generation, nigga, we the best

We out for this cheddar cheese  
You better freeze if we enemies  
If ya life's on the line you better squeeze  
Yo I'm tellin' these wannabeez, about the ho's  
Come out ya shoes, we ain't got nuttin' to lose

[Trife]

Aiyo I floss like a red Porsche beamin' in the sunset  
You made a dumb bet fuckin' with these young vets  
Who bumped heads with the hardest and build with the  
smartest  
Five artists, you can't do nuttin' to part us  
Niggaz is garbage that either get bagged up  
Cuz their style's ragged up lookin' like sad pups  
You'll be jacked up, weakened with your eyes half shut  
'Til you had enough cuz fuckin' with us is bad luck  
The temptation of pussy be hard to pass up  
So before I slide in I test the cat and strap up  
Is there a question? You gotta ask us  
Don't be afraid, but on my behalf you're gettin' played  
And where you was at, you shoulda stayed

Now you search for aid, no one to save you  
And all your so-called men betrayed you  
They wantin' to talk and work deals under the table  
Passin' 'em CREAM, gold watches and large cables  
They snaked you, like the serpent  
Turn the lights off and close the curtain  
Sellin' their soul to a merchant  
I got niggaz, scared to, meet me in person  
Searchin', like the Internet, I got 'em surf'in'

[Chorus: Tommy Whispers]

Now Born, Port Richmond, Killah Hill  
Stapleton, West Brighton, Jungle Nillz  
In Shaolin we keep it real  
Shit is gettin' deep, reach for steel  
We goin' all out, do what you feel

[Truck]

I stick and move, move and stick with niggaz  
If it's real I click with niggaz  
Layin' all the fifth with niggaz, sick of niggaz  
Simple lickin' and squeeze faster than with triggas  
Double dare any niggaz, cross me and my city slickers  
Petty pocket pickers rockin' niggaz  
Quick to throw a rock at the bitches  
Tryin' to cockblock my riches on a hot block with  
snitches  
Still gettin' dough, still gettin' hated on the low  
Still doin' sticks with Sideshow, eyes low from hydro

Drive slow, beasts on our tail, rain, sleet or hail  
Catch me on these cold streets stabbin' for bail  
Niggaz is lackin' the real so I brought the hostility  
Better off killin' me then sendin' me back 'fore I fail

[9th Prince]

Aiyo thugs and rubber clips with hollow joints  
Sharp lead that fled through your pressure points  
Celebrity Death Match, we out like an axe  
Bein' swung by a serial killer maniac  
Poetry brainiac, project hoodrats  
They enjoyin' hearin' my album  
Black dust will get you blast  
Then throw on a skimask and rob street's asylum  
9th Prince, y'all niggaz can't solve him  
These 9 Fingers of Death'll be the answer to your  
problems  
My roof is like an infrared, I'm hostile  
No Smiles, dogs cry when they're on trial  
Rhymes travel 23 million square miles  
Mad razor blades, throwin' switchblades that'll cut you  
a fade  
Lyrical maze, MC's lost for days  
Within the 9th Chamber, another Wu banga  
For all my Killah Hill side stranglaz

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: Tommy Whispers]

Tommy Whispers, nigga  
Bastards! Word is bond, come on!  
Revenge of the 9 Fingers  
The Chamber continues  
Word up  
Everything is Everything  
Garvey the Kid  
This Shaolin shit is forever!  
Forever..

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