

9Th Prince "Originators"

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[Intro: 9th Prince]

Yo, what up?

This right here, is an explosion

For all the radio stations

Across United Nations

United States

Word up, turn this up right here

Eh-yo..

It's the Prince

[9th Prince]

Eh-yo, Originators became Gladiators

God-body regulators with street educators

I was born from the womb, I'm energy handlin

Peep the creator of The Terminator

9th Prince rhyme slayer

Stapleton Housing Projects, razors

Machine gun blazers

Ask your neighbors

Jamiacan rum, no chaser

Number one contender

We can bust guns after dinner

Last Man Standin, he's the winner

Ghetto Prime Minister

Desert Storm sk-masked Avengers

We move like ninjas, in the winter

Born skin Adonis

Slugs to the stomach, blood gush like vomit

Madman's bionic, check the rugged climate

Bright like lightnin, Terrorist Islamic

A ghetto superhero like Marvel Comics

Vertical limits, fresh notebooks

I write anthems for crooks

Image, cross the line of scrimmage

I shoot you in ya temple

And leave ya face shattered with dimples

Killarm' could never be so simple

Cross My Heart and won't die 'til ya ass is crippled

In a wheelchair

Kneecap raps, flashbacks of Digital Warfare {*echoes*

[Interlude: 9th Prince]

Word up, I wanna say what up

To those who copped our first and second album
Y'all real troupers out there
Yo.. aight?

[9th Prince]

Eh-yo my alliance run through club cheetahs
Rusty Heaterz that bust like lyrical heat seekers
Through the speakers, non-believers are deceivers
Do the media, lyrics try to teach ya
A walk through Harlem like Black Ceaser
Razor blade stashed inside a sole of my sneaker
Ill graphics, far from a savage
The streets is wicked like Halloween havoc
Little children with automatics
Imagine baby's drive-bys in a carriage
Rap busters like Peter Pan
Or built like Sandman on a desert land
I'm from Shaolin, my sword is a mic stand
Used to swoll ya glands, 9th Prince'll take command
Of the stage, my heart pumps rage
Like a jungle lion trapped inside a cage
I free the slaves through the +Airwaves+
A Hot 97 airplay
All my real soldiers, raise ya AK's and hand grenades

[Outro: 9th Prince]

Word the fuck up
The 9th Prism
The new millenium
Peace and blessins to all the 5 Boroughs
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten
Word up, Queens, you know?
Long Island, up state, Connecticut
The whole tri-state, New Jerz'
Peace and blessins to Killarm'
We armed and dangerous
For real, the new millenium
Get ready, one love
Two guns, three lives

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