

9Th Prince

"Prince of New York"

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[Intro: sample from "King of New York"] I must've been away too long My feelings are dead, I feel no remorse It's my turn... [9th Prince] Yo, yo y'all niggas is 9 to 5 niggas, I'm a survive nigga I'm live like the shorties on your block with twin glocks Let off like an oo wop, thug life like Tupac Weed and crack, e-pills stashed inside my bulletproof Gucci socks I 'blackout' like Red and Meth When I first came in yea, the whole game slept Ever since I was 17, I been snatchin' niggas' mics with the Five Fingers of Death Yo, the 9th Prince I rock a 9 on my chest My criminology's 'criminal minded' like KRS Y'all need bald head niggas pullin' triggers I put seven bullets in your figure I'm slicker than Sharon Stone in Sliver, what I deliver send shivers Like drowning in cold water runnin' through rivers Y'all niggas in the field know how I build Oh word, you ain't heard? 16 shots to your grill Lay down flat, roll on your face, pick up the pace I'm like a hardcore version of the pretty boy Mase I'm hot like lava, you get smacked in your teeth For tryin' to disrespect the Killarm saga My street army niggas is outsiders We run a train on this white bitch look like Michelle Pfeiffer I roll with a gang of niggas wild like Al Qaida, Al Qaida, yo [Chorus 2X: 9th Prince] I'm the Prince of New York The way that I walk, make the girls hawk I was born on Staten Island so that's the way that I talk Outline your body in chalk, and stab you with a rusty fork [9th Prince] Ey yo the streets is flooded with crack cocaine My brain rain like a hurricane, spit flame, till I'm insane Like a cowboy, hooded up on the iron horse train Bitches maintain, stink hoes know my name Clothes I never change, rearrange the game Now every thug wanna feel my pain Smack 'em in the brain for being the lame Cut 'em up in pieces, then flush 'em down the drain Them dogs is pitbulls, I'm more like a great dane Robbed the hottest chick in the game, for her man's chain Word up, yo [Chorus 2X] [Outro: 9th Prince ("King of New York" sample)] Yea that's how we do it In the year two thousand and four and five Y'all niggas is straight jive, word up Yea, one love to my peoples J-Love, word up, Kay Slay Pete Rock and Marley Marl, and all you

underdog DJ's My man Alexander the Great, eatin'
niggas like steak Killarm, the 9th Prizm get up in 'em,
yea, for real (You think ambushing me in some
nightclub's Gonna stop what makes people take drugs?
This country spends a hundred billion dollars a year on
getting high And it's not because of me, all that time I
was wasting in jail It just got worse, I'm not your
problem, I'm just a businessman.)

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