

9Th Prince

"Raised Cain"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] I raise cain, yeah, it's like that [9th Prince] Aiyo, Slumdog Billionaire, only God I fear Grey hairs in my beard After the Laughter, comes Tearz, long dick spear Three course of course, but you can still see the size of my rear Louis Vutton don, I cause explosions like protons and electrons Destroy any MC like Papoose and Saigon Oh my God, 9th Prince is so hard Not because, I was locked up behind bars Or I, hung with the bloods in Auburn yard It's because, I've been through hell and came home with no scars Kidnapped the rap game, where I'm from niggas kill over money and fame Platinum chains, bitches, and cocaine 0-9 to 0-10, I raise 'cain [Chorus 4X: Bruce Springsteen "Adam Raised a Cain" sample] Adam raised a cain [9th Prince] Aiyo, custom made autos, custom made clothing Custom made motorcyles Incarcerated disciples, released from prison Master the street, shotout to Broadway planes And Hollywood squares on New Year's Eve Rappers better duck and hide When I glide in the SL 500 Twin forty fives on my side Bulletproof ride, a weak nigga pride can turn into a homicide That's a jewel, I learned from the old school Money, clothes and hoes, a number one rule I got the eyes of a calm killer, behind Bagarmi shades I push through in a snow storm, in a bulletproof Escalade Bring to war, enough ammo, to go in a rampage Fresh out the steel cage Locked up with them Brooklyn niggas, caught in the rage, I raise cain [Chorus 4X] [9th Prince] Aiyo, metaphors, make whores lay on the floor Slow down bitch, I'mma give it to you raw Knock knock, who the fuck's at the door? It's me Sawed-Off, last name Shotgun You caught that? Bang, bang, now catch that one I'm the Supreme, walk with a lean, that's real mean And rise from the streets like Sting It was all a dream, catch New York is back All others can retire, and just relapse I'mma count my stacks, send shots through your fitted hat It's like that black, carrying Shaolin on my back Niggas thought I fell off the map But the truth is, I was locked up in the trap With killas and hustlers, spot rushers Drug users, drug pushers, yeah we all contributors Muthafucka, I raise cain

[Chorus 4X] [Interlude: 9th Prince] Yeah, you know
what it is, man Sit the fuck down, stop being clowns You
know what I mean, we go round for round Pound for
pound, sound for sound, you know 9th Prince, I raise
cain, muthafucka I'mma outta here, yeah, see you next
year, or this year Another atmosphere, one [Chorus
4X]

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