

## 9Th Prince

### "Target Practice"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] I don't know what the fuck these niggas is thinking The new and improved 9th Prince, fuck these niggas yo The new and improved 9th Prince, it's on, eat a dick, nigga, word up [9th Prince] Aiyo, I blast like a Beretta 9, climb the Billboard charts With a bullet that rip through your heart and spine You see I speak so divine, diamond Guess watch Left the eye on the pyramid blind It's the return of the killas, corporate Hitlers The best rhyme spitter, better than Nas Better than Jigga, no, not the RZA It's the 9th Prince, lyrical silverback gorilla I was locked up in the mountains Everyday I was counting, free at last like Martin Niggas is UFO's, nice little reign Claiming he's a martian, I traveled far An underground star, bulletproof convertible cars I done drove and crashed without a crash bar Hopped out the 745, like I was live The best of Killarm', fuck the talk is all jive [Chorus: 9th Prince] Yo, who you know got flow just like this? Who you know pop champagne like this? Who you know came home from jail like this? Target practice, ya'll all on my hitlist Who you know got flows just like this? Who you know spend money just like this? Who you know rock shows just like this? Target practice, ya'll all on my hitlist? [9th Prince] Niggas is trapped in the darkness What I did to Holocaust was straight heartless The 9th Prince is a beast, Wu-Tang Clan Can never be deceased, fuck Rosa Parks I would of shot a nigga from my seat Niggas say Madman, why you tripping? You the illest Bust my gun with the realest Spit rapid fire, with a terrorist Lay low, deep waters of the abyss Rihanna blew me a kiss, I raise a black fist, drift off into the myst FBI most wanted list, let's clarify all the rumors 9th Prince about to blow like a brain tumor In the heads of the consumers, intruders Instigating contributors, 9th Prince is a sharpshooter Word up, that's how we do, yo The 9th Prince and Killarm', yo [Chorus] [Outro: 9th Prince] Word up, what the fuck, what the fuck ya'll niggas wanna do son? Yeah, we ain't playing, son, it's the 9th Prince, niggas Ya'll muthafuckas get ready, man Word up, it's about to be on like popcorn, nigga Fuck that, pop ya muthafucking piece, man It's real

right now, man, Killarmy, man '09, yo We in the last  
days muthafucka, three thousand and eighty Four  
thousand out this muthafucka, right now, nigga It's the  
9th Prince niggas, fresh out of jail Killarmy, muthafucka  
Shout out to my muthafucking Killarmy comrades Killa  
Sin, come home, son, rest in peace to ODB Ya'll niggas  
don't respect this shit, man I ain't one of these niggas  
that keep my muthafucking mouth shut Yo, tell 'em 9th,  
tell 'em, let them niggas know something right now, yo  
The 9th Prince, Killarmy, yo, we taking over this  
muthafucking game Word up, man, we out of here, yo,  
one muthafucking love, niggas, peace

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