

## 9Th Prince

### "We Write the Songs"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] Yeah, what's up? Live from muthafucking L.A. Uh-huh, the streets is mine, oh, word, it's like that? Word up, all you fake ass gangsta niggas, yeah Put a fucking grenade in your fucking mouth Yeah, aight, yeah, Leggez in, 9th Prince [Chorus 2X: 9th Prince] We write the songs that make the whole world sing We write the songs that make you pop them thangs We write the songs, we write the songs [9th Prince] Yo, it's all about white tees, fly kicks and jeans By any means, forever we scheme and get that cream Rap is like crack, like Fat Cat, we keep feeding the fiends Who's the hypest MC? 9th Prince or Jay-Z Never seem to amaze me, my raps getting more plays than glaze the streets 9th Prince the general, ya'll more like rookies Sweet like LL Cool J cookies I'm the amazing, the only rap man, that ever ran with Harley Davidson You got these bitch niggas, wannabe rich niggas Gold diggers and itchy triggers Out to make a billion out of seven figures Yo, ya'll niggas is sweet like candy This is for my nigga Sandy 9th Prince is found one deep, creep through these dark streets With a nine and bible, stashed in the passenger seat [Chorus 2X] [9th Prince] Aiyoo, we gladiators, stampede the streets Egyptian techniques, my father named me Kato Must of drunk, buggin' out off some flicks by Bruce Lee Verbal holocaust, niggas be calling me Hitler The black Texas Chainsaw Massacrew Madison Square, party crasher Lamping at the Summerfield suits, in too deep Watch me creep, with automatic weapons Lift your feet off the concrete, the New York City terrorist Planting bombs like Saddam Grenade white gold charm, holding my dick, talking to police With firearm in my palm, but I'm still calm [Chorus 2X]

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