

Goodfellaz

"Tha Product"

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[Chorus: U-Neek and Nine]
Now I got the product to keep ya ass open
I got the product to keep ya ass SMOKIN
I got the product two for ten
Buy a dime, unwind, let the ruckus begin

[U-Neek]
A Red Doctor Spock, make your blood drip-drop
I'm down for hip-hop, stunts blunts and makin big knots
All I need to proceed with words
is the chronic smoke from a little bit that herb
And that's my word, I slam it, now you "Scream" like
Janet
and Michael, the Bounce Squad psycho
Built like Tyco, Tonka, I gots to conquer
More chocolate than Willy Wonka, how you want it?

[Nine]
I'm all about microphones and money, hip-hop and
stayin HIGH
Everything else is a alibi
Robbin for Z, Zig-Zag-Zig, I'm the nig behind the trig'
Bustin down the crap my niggaz love to clap (buck!)
In the back put yo' knots in yo' socks
Paid like Goldilocks, throwin rocks on yo' blocks
X marks the spot, loud as a gunshot
To be or not to be, I stay free like a maxi
Bloody to the third degree, HERE YE HERE YE

[U-Neek]
(?) now it's (?) that you don't know my steelo (?)
Discretion is advised, red eye from the buddha
My sharpshooter hit the prosecutor now I'm through
done
Swords be like juice with the trey-deuce stashin
My style's on trial cause I'm into MC, bashin
In a sick fashion, I go overboard
Evidence - bloody microphone cords

[Chorus] - Nine and U-Neek reverse

[Nine]

I crack a Heine' and flip; my lyrics ain't butter they
Miracle Whip
I'm on some other shit
I spit, lyrics like a flamethrower, rollin in a Range Rover
Smackin Casanovas, with my nine-leaf clover
You're over and done, stick a fork in 'em
I'm the ninth deadly venom, stick 'em and hem 'em
Make 'em blue like denim - niggaz screamin, "Mercy"
like Percy
I mean Perry, Mason I cut 'em up like Jason
You got no idea who you facin!

[U-Neek]

Now I'm pushin ninety-five down 95 in a '95
850, Timberlands shitty
New York City, biddie clockin paint
Part time rockin tank - I'm in the mix!
My female dress down quick and slick
This rap shit is cool but I still flip a brick
Tote a pound out of town on the Greyhound
Back to the Boogie Down, then rock a rhyme with Nine

[Nine]

I got my eye on the pocket and I'm gonna sink it
I'm feelin lucky like I'm hittin Salt and Jada Pinkett
I'm erasin your name, off the list of lyricists
While U-Neek blows you up like assists
You can't get with this, not even a little bit
Black man and black woman, sun and moon, no bullshit
She hits you like DIS, I hit you like DAT
She hits you with a razor I hit you with a BAT
Now you flat on yo' back, wack as ever
Talkin that same ol', "Hold up - wait a minute"
nonsense
The Heineken you meets is the Guinness, it's all good
I'm Robin Hood - steal from the rich and KEEP IT
We got the best product in town, PEEP IT..

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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