

Infected

"Nickel Nine Is"

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Uh-uh, uh, uh, Yea homeboy
Who gangstas? Whattup Smut Peddlers
We gangstas, yeah
Niggaz don't know me, call me He
That's all you know, is these verses and his name
Nigga, nigga, nigga..

[Chorus]
Nickel Nine is.. Me not them
This is.. Him not they
Royce and Reef, Double-R
Beef is close, but trouble's far
Nickel nine is what the rhyme is
I put my time in nigga, nickel nine is
Uh uh, me not them
This is, him not they, he is..

[Royce the 5-9]
The reason why the funds is dizzy
Money continuously spinnin, round and around like a
frisbee
My lungs is sticky from.. The second hand smoke
from out of the guns, they busy eh eh eh eh.. Come get
me
He is, quick on the draw -- Same nine that I used
when you thought I copped it and popped it at the same
time
Shit, carry tools, you gotta
The streets is overpopulated with niggas who cheat,
like Andrew Guilota
Royce and Reef, Double-R when the gutter is beats,
meat with the treble bars, nothin but heat
Niggaz I'm in and outta this booth, like Clark Kent for
the youth
Flying with the NARC-proof tent for the TRUTH
Niggas be trippin a lot, so I keep the longest clip in the
lot
Hit you while you loadin the clip in the glock like
BLOAW!
No life, no rep - the only games I play is you, he says
like Mos Def

Nigga..

[Chorus]

[Royce the 5-9]

Over-protected, keep the coldest connections
When it goes in affect the only thing froze is the
necklace
That's it, keep the gat by me, I'm not rowdy
So none of you's can see me like Jack Ponti
None of you niggaz bad as me
I got a +Mobb+ and we +Deep+ like Hav' and P, so get
a job
My shoes is 9 and a half sizes too big
For every thug nigga listenin and not in the here
You better know that He is, a motherfuckin throwback
Rap shit nowadays is so wack, I wish I could go back
It's undone, so I spend money like
It's more where it came, even more where it didn't
come from
The time it took to write this, I could be sellin twice this
And whipe shit, like my vemonmous drive is priceless
My goons they'll put you away
And if it's heat, then it's no beef homey I'll cook you
today

[Chorus]

[Royce the 5-9]

I got niggas like "That's Eminem's man ain't it"
Like that's my name, like I changed it when my man
became famous
By the way, you ain't beefin with Slim, you beefin with
us
So stay out the magazines, keep it shhh hush, okay?
Rappers is hilarious dog
Never to big for that box, cuz the area's small
And you'll fit, six feet deep is where you'll sit
Bring it true, I'll turn sixteen deep into a trip to the sky...

Yeah, you don't wanna hover
Ya mommy wouldn't like it, whattup Proof
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yea

[Chorus]

[Royce talking]

Nickel nine is what the rhyme is
I put my time motherfucker nickel nine is
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yea
Yea, yea, yea, yeah

Ward Street, my nigga X-Gov', Fred Little
{*fades out*}

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