

## Jimmy Cozier

### "100 Degrees"

Visit "[100 Degrees](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: 9th Prince]

Yo, yeah, yeah

I don't even talk to y'all niggas

Not on the streets

I wanna big up my cousin O.D.B. though

Word up, Baby Jesus locked down

You know?

That's it, man

That's all I gotta say to y'all niggas

You know?

Then watch me spit

Lyrical warfare, word up

[9th Prince]

Aiyo I'm wise like a blind man playin' piano

Jellyin' across the Verazanno bustin' at Sopranos

White boys with attitudes like Rocky Marciano

Got a fire arm like Janet Reno

We serve John Wayne in El Dorado

Go to war like Al Pacino

Or Robert De Niro Casino

The ghetto is pitch dark

For the street's of messenger, the story like Joan of Arc

First spark with Stapleton park

Gladiators and D&D, before that was the Paris Crew

Squad

I just to stand up on the benches

State of mind, third eye dimension lynchin'

Killarm' comrades like henchmen

Street doctor leave you paralyzed in St. Vincent

End the session with the weapon

Madman reach for the sky and snatch the Moon out the

Heaven

Attack you with the Mac-11

Shots let off that'll rip thru ya flesh

Pull bullets the shape of sevens, keep steppin'

Lethal rejection, high scene rock mine, BONG!

Heavyweight blows to ya midsection, Madman is

comin'

You best to head the opposite direction

[Chorus x2: 9th Prince]

Aiyo Madman drag 'em thru the dark streets of reality  
Matrix combat, projects go to war from Shaolin to Iraq  
When fake niggas bust their heat, real soldiers bust  
back (bust back)

[9th Prince]

Aiyo I spit razors at haters  
I'm a walkin' skyscraper like Wolf Blazer  
We blase lasers at invaders, that's infantry behavior  
1-2-0 precinct slang faders  
Weak niggas get robbed in pissy elevators  
Rappers bite like alligators  
We bust CD's inside Navigators  
I ain't pretty, life is risky  
Like my act against Species  
Migrate, United States, the cities, Madman prophecies  
I had to duck four shots comin' out of 260 lobby  
Islord picked me up in a stolen Mazurati  
With two hotties with two sawed off shotti's  
Beretta know karate  
Fuck around in half lead half metal  
On to beat a body, soon to be a millionaire like Bill  
Cosby  
Dom P. accept the collect calls from John Gotti  
We ain't gangstas we shankstas that'll shank ya  
Bitch ass niggas get hung with coat hangers

[Chorus x2]

[Outro: 9th Prince]

We keep bustin', ain't no trustin', nobody  
On these dark streets.. word up  
Yo O.D.B., big cuz, Baby Jesus  
Killarm', we gon' come break ya ass out, nigga  
Word up, we keep preppin' this shit  
9th Prince y'all, Madman y'all  
Throw ya grenades up  
Word

Visit [Jimmy Cozier](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.