

Nine "Any Emcee"

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Any emcee that disagree with me, wave your arms
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Rat-a-tat-tat, it's the nappy black cat with no hat
Back to chat like Super Cat with my format black
Attack a track like Ali with no gloves
Pussy shoved to rise above nonsense, lyrics are able

Turntable spins, 'round and 'round we go
Goin' for delf, you know, dolo with a ill flow yo
Whutcha want Nine? Told you, fat beats like this
A pocket full of grip, mic in my fist, no bullshit

I'm all that and then some, hon blow up like a shotgun
Any MC that disagree is done, you best run
I creep and I crawl and I yes and I y'all
And I refuse to fall, so all in all

The God works hard, I practice my verbal gymnastics
To get your girl on my mattress
I love to hit it hard from the back
I'm the man with the plan, you can't disagree with that

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The last emcee to disagree is now history
No longer an emcee, he is now PC

I'm real and real emcee's know that
Only fake emcee's disagree, that's why they wack

I do 'em somethin' terrible, I'm incredible
Like the edible egg, arm, leg, leg, arm, head
Who's the dread that said boom da da?
It's flavor it don't matter, swing batta, swing batta

Knock 'em out the park, after dark I spark L's
Write rhymes to exercise my brain cells, count the cash
in my stash
Cash money, money, money, I need
I got a seed to feed and like most a touch of greed

Gettin' paid completes the cypher
Bein' broke is like havin' no blunts, just a lighter
It's about the dead prez in the 9's
And I am the Nine, gettin' mine, no crime

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I came a long way like Virginia Slims
From beat down Timbs to co-op cribs and Jeeps with
rims
From fo' chicken wings and rice to lobster with
champagne
No ice now everything is lovely, alright

Nuttin' can stop me now, I'm on the prowl
You can play the Indian but there's no how
I'm the one and only incredible original Nine
Like the sun will shine, I will always rhyme

Like Pam Grier is fine, I gets mine
Like two nickels is a dime, primetime like a new crime
The church bells will chime when I stand at the pulpit
And like Erick give a Sermon, mad money, I'm earnin'

Remember, the saint ain't as great as the sinner
Like C. Boogie Brown, I was born on the 19th day of
September
Nine, the numba one contender

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