

Nine

"Everyman 4 Himself"

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Born alone die alone guess whos on the microphone
project nigga

Deep voice put your boots on
Come take a walk down the alley with the gat
Enter my cypher where everythings black
The rap makes me act the beast I attack
From every angle I bring pain sharp as the blade
On excalibur quiet as a silencer I challenge ya
Meet me at sundown or after school bring your tools
Ain't no fuckin rules don't snooze on loose
Still on the hip 30 shots to put you in your place
Dont chase dreams chase paper
You on your own
Never fuck around with the next mans caper
I hate ya fakers with the passion
I'm crashin your party
Dark mask forever fuckin up everybody
I be the nigga on the corner rollin dice
Drinkin 'til I drop duckin from my cop
Got me on the run like a slave thru the fields
No protection no cover no shields
I feels like a soldier stuck behind enemy lines
In the world of man evil 'cause man ain't kind
Everybodys trife in their own way
Gun play the back
Ready to react 'n clap
The weak don't stand a chance
Dont even clance or look
The wig is where you get your life took
I read the book of survival lible to become homicidal
Get the wealth every man for himself

Chorus: run get the loot grab the ball
Shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll
Gotta put the ball in the hole
Every man for himself first one get the gold (nigga)
Run get the loot grab the ball
Shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll
Gotta put the ball in the mutthafucking hole
Every man for himself first one get the gold

My mentality is somewhere between armageddon and

apocalypse
No matter how hot it gets
You cant trap me
Fuck gulliane and potacki
The death penalty don't scare me
I went from homeless junkie to a drunken-monkey-
makin-money-gettin-funky

I don't know fear I pour beer on the curb puff herb
Drink liquor to get my swerve
Fuck what you heard 'n what you said
The lead will put end to those who pretend to be my
friend
I get loose like leeth everyday a new beef
Dont say peace unless you mean it
Your shit is dirty clean it
Before I decorate yo' face with cuts and scars
What remains gets blown to mars and the stars
We are the ill 'n the physical steady hittin you
After brew I ain't kiddin you I ain't bullshittin' you
Bisquit, see the bisquit before it's spit
2 to the head, 2 to the chest, 1 to the hip, backflip oh
shit!
Can't afford to catch another body hit the mimini with
the .22
And be outti 5000 I'm housin like projects
I mean experiments home of the witch chicks
Buy the lex buy the benx now you got more friends
Sex 'n chicken head henz
My ends run long like don silver
Try to taxin' be floatin' in the river
Donate your liver
Look over your shoulder
Watch your back get the wealth
Everyman for his mutthafuckin' self

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