

Nine "Ta Rasss"

Visit "[Ta Rasss](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[nine]

Ta rasss, who you think you playin with?
It's the nine and I'm on some old word to jah type shit
Flavor, spits from the larynx, check cd's
Cassettes, brings checks up in my rest
Mirror, mirror - sit 'pon wall!
Who comes down with true wicked - yes y'all!
Membranes, them haffa ? from egg
Still I'm full of lead, i-ah leave nuff man dead
I possess finesse, wear vest 'pon chest
Pack glock in waist for, whoeva won test
Six million ways to die - chose one!
Razor blade, cyanide, and de one shotgun
Just to name a few, i-ah mash up your crew
Here it comes, microphone check, one two!
We can get wicked whether night or day
Nine, nine, come out and play!

Chorus: repeat 2x

Ta rasss! all I need is power-u
The mic, crazy cash, a twist, and a brew
Ta rasss! all I need is power-u
The mic, crazy cash, a twist, and a brew

[nine]

I get high like fuckin helicopters
And when I get home I peel off my silk boxers
Wash my nuts, scratch my ass, what the fuck is up?
Check the cash in the stash
Mc's are fleas, to nine
I make cheese like thieves, nigga please!
Open sesame, don't test me
I'll shove my balls in your mouth, you look like dizzy
gillespie
For those who wave they arm, i'ma hack it off
With the weed whacker, and then back smack ya,
carjack ya
Run you down with a tractor!
You a actor, tryin to play my part with no fuckin heart
You the tin man... nigga!
Go see the wizard of oz or kick the can

Damn, now I am the man the only man
With a sound that pounds like gunshots in weed spots
The only thing she gettin is big.. cock..
When I push and I push in that wet.. spot..
How she like it? how she like it? she like it a lot
Cause I'm thick and I hit that g.. spot..

Chorus

[nine]
I got cash, crazy cash, I stash hash
In the crack of my ass, then I dash, quick fast
I blast, mc's don't last, I move fast
Like cigarette ash, they drop, on the grass, through the
glass
I see, asses I must pass, then I crash and cut
Like grandmaster flash at early mass!
The monster mash bump uglies like car crash
I'm like, everlast, _jump around_ when I *bust* that ass
Laugh last, laugh best, who you won test?
I'll make a mess on your girlfriend's dress
Then bless the buddha, put away the sixteen shot
shooter
Cause I ain't new ta, who da?
Hell is gonna question the _redrum_ master himself
Yeah, I blow ta rasss off the top shelf

Ta rasss.. all respect goes out
To krs-one, primo, ralph mcdaniels, sluggish ranks
Redman, method man, ill al skratz
Tha alkalholiks - j-ro, my nigga!
And that's how i'ma leave you on this note right here
If you frontin, on the n-i-n-e
I bring ta rasss.. mad noise, and let you recognize!
It's my turn now! (ta rasss)
Ta rasss!

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