

# Nine

## "Tha Product"

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F/ U-Neek

[Chorus: U-Neek and Nine]

Now I got the product to keep ya ass open  
I got the product to keep ya ass SMOKIN  
I got the product two for ten  
Buy a dime, unwind, let the ruckus begin

[U-Neek]

A Red Doctor Spock, make your blood drip-drop  
I'm down for hip-hop, stunts blunts and makin big knots  
All I need to proceed with words  
Is the chronic smoke from a little bit that herb  
And that's my word, I slam it, now you "Scream" like  
Janet  
And Michael, the Bounce Squad psycho  
Built like Tyco, Tonka, I gots to conquer  
More chocolate than Willy Wonka, how you want it?

[Nine]

I'm all about microphones and money, hip-hop and  
stayin HIGH  
Everything else is a alibi  
Robbin for Z, Zig-Zag-Zig, I'm the nig behind the trig'  
Bustin down the crap my niggaz love to clap (buck!)  
In the back put yo' knots in yo' socks  
Paid like Goldilocks, throwin rocks on yo' blocks  
X marks the spot, loud as a gunshot  
To be or not to be, I stay free like a maxi  
Bloody to the third degree, HERE YE HERE YE

[U-Neek]

(?) now it's (?) that you don't know my steelo (?)  
Discretion is advised, red eye from the buddha  
My sharpshooter hit the prosecutor now I'm through  
done  
Swords be like juice with the trey-deuce stashin  
My style's on trial cause I'm into MC, bashin  
In a sick fashion, I go overboard  
Evidence - bloody microphone cords

[Chorus] - Nine and U-Neek reverse

[Nine]

I crack a Heine' and flip; my lyrics ain't butter they  
Miracle Whip  
I'm on some other shit  
I spit, lyrics like a flamethrower, rollin in a Range Rover  
Smackin Casanovas, with my nine-leaf clover  
You're over and done, stick a fork in 'em  
I'm the ninth deadly venom, stick 'em and hem 'em  
Make 'em blue like denim - niggaz screamin, "Mercy"  
like Percy  
I mean Perry, Mason I cut 'em up like Jason  
You got no idea who you facin!

[U-Neek]

Now I'm pushin ninety-five down 95 in a '95  
850, Timberlands shitty  
New York City, biddie clockin paint  
Part time rockin tank - I'm in the mix!  
My female dress down quick and slick  
This rap shit is cool but I still flip a brick  
Tote a pound out of town on the Greyhound  
Back to the Boogie Down, then rock a rhyme with Nine

[Nine]

I got my eye on the pocket and I'm gonna sink it  
I'm feelin lucky like I'm hittin Salt and Jada Pinkett  
I'm erasin your name, off the list of lyricists  
While U-Neek blows you up like assists  
You can't get with this, not even a little bit  
Black man and black woman, sun and moon, no bullshit  
She hits you like DIS, I hit you like DAT  
She hits you with a razor I hit you with a BAT  
Now you flat on yo' back, wack as ever  
Talkin that same ol', "Hold up - wait a minute"  
nonsense  
The Heineken you meets is the Guinness, it's all good  
I'm Robin Hood - steal from the rich and KEEP IT  
We got the best product in town, PEEP IT..

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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