

Cultured Pearls

"Day One *"

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* the album version is edited

[Intro: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist)]

(Eh-yo 9th, you sent that CREAM for me son?)

No doubt, it's on its way (Starvin in here man)

Yeah, I know, son, hold ya head God

(Act like they're tryin to get me, up in the bathroom)

[P.R. Terrorist]

Yo

I'm my momma's only boy, I'm self-employed

Make my CREAM on the streets, gotta carry heat

Stickin up *niggaz*, just for a bite to eat

Now I'm back on the rock where these thugs eat meat

and they tryin to act righteous but they got T.B.

Catch me in the day room on the big T.V.

Channel B.E.T., be the G-O-D

Now I gotta cut faces cuz they hatin me

[9th Prince]

Eh yo.. this is solitary

I heard Big Ben be takin *nigga's* commisary

Ya not worry, keep ya mind on ya money, ya money on
ya mind

Watch the blood *niggaz* tryin to take ya shine

You wanna wine and dine while you suffer with swine

Mankind is blind, I hold mines, some twin nines

There's a thin line

that's why our jail *niggaz* combine like landmines
and these be the signs of the times

[Chorus: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist)]

(You my man, you my dunn, you my son since day one)

My comrade my soldier, I'm the gun you the holster

(I'm the trigga you the finger, I'm the hand you the
banger)

Most of all you my *nigga* (Day one)

We the day and the night, the punch and the spike

You the butcher I'm the knife, biggest story of our life

(You're the foot I'm the boot, the soldier I salute

and that's the truth, day one)

[9th Prince]

Eh yo.. my mind flashed back to '86
First time playin with our *dicks*, who had the most
hair and *shit*
Tricks to bad chicks, fat *ass*, Jose sister with big
tits
Project kids, we legit, heavy set, Big Mo gave me the
fat lip
Ran to my big brother Kane, "Yo, teach me how to flip
these kids"
Split ya wig in six
I didn't cry, I just held my head high
Yes I was shy, but still kinda fly
Tellin mad lies, shed a tear when my baby pit died
Mathematics kept me on the rise
Moms and Pops fightin, beats had me writin
Ready to kill without a license
First time fallin in love, I was hikin
12 Years later, we still together

[P.R. Terrorist]

Forever..
We was kids back then, you was my only friend
Playin cowboys and indians with coathangers
Now the only thing I tuck in my coat, a chrome banger
Nigga run that *shit*! I'm dealin with anger
And my childhood didn't look too good
Always misunderstood in my neighborhood
Fightin pits in the courtyard, stealin kids gold cards
Buildin club houses, smokin Philly cigars
Run into the red store for a chico stick
When it was cold outside my little nose'd drip
Playin football in the snow, my little crush was on the
sidelines
Winkin her eye, and tryin to buy time
Why did I ever, resort to crime?
Because everything I wanted was so hard to find
I'm confused and I'm losin my mind cuz the illusion
But from day one I told myself we not losin
Now I'm older, in the BM with 9th cruisin
Knowledge, peace is the actions of all confusion

[Interlude: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist)]

(We done did it son) We finally made it

[Chorus: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist)]

Yo I'm the god you the bible, I'm the champ you the title
(You's my sword for survival
You the problem I'm the solver, you bank I'm the
robber)

Thats word to my father
You the Benz I'm the Beamer, you the scheme I'm the
schemer
(You a dream I'm a dreamer
You my man you my dun, you my son since day one
Since day one, day one)

[Outro: 9th Prince (P.R. Terrorist)]
Word up, word up son (Day one)
Yea, no doubt, we been down, God
YaknowI mean? We gon' walk these dogs, kid
You know? C'mon son
(Make it better for our seeds)
We done had biz and state bids
YaknowI mean, son?
(Word up, you know the time, son?)
Word up (Terrorist) Killarm'
(Killarm', 2G) One love, two loves

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