

Cultured Pearls

"Nonchalantly"

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[9th Prince]

Eh-yo, eh-yo..

9th Prince, attack like Greg Valentine

With a sledgehammer, figure 4 bodyslammer

Decrease ya stamina, verbal heart damager

I'm half man, half monster like Bruce Banner

Camouflage Scorpion vendetta with a black Beretta,
serial killer

Federal Expressman, FedEx, send deathbed letter,
sticky cheddar

Verbal terrorist, I'm livin in a street life of rage

Machine gun sprayed and wet up the whole stage

Iron junk, metal razor blades I cough

Camouflaged for law, I'm raw like the Eagle Claw

My tunes of glory, war stories took place inside a
laboratory

Whispers in the dark, I think I hear fallen soldiers callin
me

Rap battle cats trapped in combat

We hijackin planes, it's Islord, strap me with the gat to
your back

Camouflage guerillas performin drive-bys up on ya
gangstas

Strapped the Cadillacs, my lyrical assault murder
weapon

'Il blow ya ribs out ya mid-secion

Chinese connection with the Wu-Tang perfection

[Beretta 9]

Chamber 9's perfection, constitute we movin in son

Shark style, peep the fin, pushin through right

Strip arm' Heismen, I thought we wise men

Don't make us act a fool, keep a calm, cool collective

A nice perspective, it only takes for one cat to
disrespect his

Or ruin a show, oh what y'all ain't know

that everything's real like blue steel

bein pulled out at a sold out concert?

The crowd went berzerk, here come the Jakes, red alert

They got trampled on, a cop lost one arm

Killarm' still live on stage on "Red Dawn"

Eh-yo, where "The Obstacle"? Anything's possible
"Allah Sees Everything", kid, check the obstacle
Beretta did his verse in the crowd, this kid's
remarkable
9th punched a cat in the face, call the hospital
911 style, ShoGun cracked a smile
Or push this cat innocent, through in the towel
It's like life's insane, Dom P pop champagne
And Is' came out of the crowd with 20 chains

[Islord]

Nonchalantly, I roll up on the rap scene bluntly
Still hittin fiends off monthly
Cuz this rap shit ain't feedin me
My physical is lookin real good but my insides is cryin
Fiendin to catch like fifty analog niggas off point
And tear pockets, so stay still, tell ya crew
Don't move cuz I got like fifty-five keepin it live
Tight niggas trapped with rockets, pointed at ya eye
sockets
Throwin ninety-nine joints at ya grill, you can't block it

[P.R. Terrorist]

Rebelious 1 who never like to carry small guns
I like 'em big, bulky and shit, designed for ya wig
And any pig that try and confront me and my cig'
That bomb is rigged, ready to explode, get blow to
Madrid
You and ya fam, you and ya mans and all of your kids
Because I'm nuts, spill on my guts like dry heavin
A fly even, cat that never split his pie even
Get caught in my life of fire and die weezin
And the man who seen it go down for no apparent
reason
Just breathin and believin that it's pockets that I be
grazin
He's deceived and relieved with dollar sign eyes
gleamin
War ringin, diva bitch in my bed, she's soul singin
With my mic, suckin it right, my son's outside slingin
Beige snowballs, snot drip from his nose, eatin the
Halls
I got a show, later tonight, I met into the mall
I'll grab you somethin, if you see Fantasia tell her she
frontin
Cuz I had her way in my lab and didn't fuck nothin
Life's somethin, somedays I be feelin like sniper's up in
Writin somethin that'll change the whole world, the
lightnin comin
with this black ink all over these white sheets
Run like a track meet with a fleet

of killas and shit, don't even compete {*pause*}
Yo..
In a herd of white wool, label the black sheep
Tap dancin on fire, the kid with bronze feet
Terrorist snatchin the track, leavin the gold teeth
All you playas, killas, dogs, thugs - make it brief
{*echoes*}

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