

Cultured Pearls

"Originators"

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[9th Prince]

Yoaw! Whattup

This right here, is an explosion

For all the radio stations

Across United Nations, United States

Word up, turn this up right here

Aiyyoaw, aiyyoaw

Originators we came, gladiators, God-body regulators
We're street educators

I was born through the womb, of Emagene Hamlin

She's the creator of the Terminator - 9th Prince, rhyme
slayer

Stayed in ten housing projects, razors, machine gun
blazes

at'cha neighbors - Jamaican rum, no chaser

Number one contender, we can busts guns after dinner

Last man standin, he's the winner

Ghetto prime minister, Desert Storm ski-mask
avengers

We move like ninjas in the winter

Brown-skin Adonis, slugs to the stomach, blood gush
like Ramic

Mad man's bionic, check the weather climate

Strike like lightning, terrorists Islamic

A ghetto superhero, like Marvel Comics

Vertical limits, fresh notebooks I write anthems to
crooks image

Cross the lines of scrimmage - I shoot you in your
temple,

and leave your face shattered with dimples

Killa-Arm could never be so simple

Cross my heart, I won't die 'til your ass is crippled

In a wheelchair, knee-cap raps, flashbacks to digital,
warfare...

[talking]

Yoaw, I wanna say whattup

to everybody who copped that first and second album

Word up, y'all real troops out there, yoaw

[9th Prince]

Aiyyoaw, my lions run through club Cheetah, with rusty
heaters
That blast like lyrical heat-seekers through the
speakers
Non-believers are deceivers - through the media
Lyrics try to teach ya, or walk through Harlem like Black
Caesar
Razor blade, stashed inside the sole of my sneaker
Ill graphics, far from a savage
The streets is wicked like Halloween havoc
Little children with automatics
Imagine babies drive-by's in the cabbage
Rappers is like Peter Pan
or built like Sandman on the desert lands
I'm from Shaolin, my sword is a mic stand
You should slow ya glance, 9th Prince is in command
Of the stage, my heart pumps rage
Like a jungle lion, trapped inside a cage
I free slaves, through the airwaves of Hot 97 airplay
All my real soldiers, wave ya AK's and hand grenades

[talking]

Word the fuck up, the 9th Prizm
The new millennium, peace and blessings to all five
boroughs
Brooklyn, Manhattan, Staten, word up
Queens, ya know, Long Island..
Upstate, Connecticut, the whole tri-state..
New Jers'.. peace and blessings to Killa-Arm
We armed and dangerous, for real
The new millennium, get ready..
one love, two loves, three loves...

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