

9th Prince f/ Beretta 9, Boy Jones "Double 09"

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[Intro: Beretta 9] Killa, Killa, Killa, yeah, Kinetic 9,
Killarm' 9th Prince, yeah, Double 09, yo, check it, yo
[Beretta 9] For this game, I had a flare, since a young
adosclent Rocking military gear, to this day, I be
dressing Ain't equipped without the boots, canteen and
my weapon And my favorite color green, cuz the
dough, I keep it stepping You know what just what I
mean, slugs flying out your second Hit like a marine,
recognize it be your admiral I'm not talking bout Five
Percent, like bombs, I be dropping And I'm very high,
right and my squad ain't no stopping 'em Like nigga,
what you think, put your tank on your boulevard Then
we achieve by war, body tapped near the cooler scar
The quiet then on tour, Killarm' they said they came But
prepare for the verse, cuz this one is just a decoy B-
Boy, I will seek and destroy Doing just what I love, it be
bringing me joy Like, like, nigga B-Boy Doing just what I
love, it be bringing me joy [Chorus 2X: 9th Prince] 9th
Prince and Beretta 9, we both carry nines Check the
signs of the times, it's '09 We got the shine, and living
fine like wine Young James Bond, change Double 07 to
Double 09 [Boy Jones] Who's my Godfather? Where's
my Godfather? Tell Al Pacino, to ask about his
Godfather? Oh yeah, I'm a Godfather, inhale, exhale
No lyrics, system is him, buddy, I smell Swimming
through your neighborhood, I'm the great whale Boy
Jones sell his lyrics in Amsterdam I thought they bought
marijuana in Amsterdam I'm so hot, they buy my music
in Amsterdam You have to maintain, to obtain It's hard
to guard ya life, swerving in the damn rain Weed, and
listening to me is like second hand smoke I, I put
cancer in your throat Boy Jones is a evolutionist Pray
with my city, told her terrorize the terrorist Make you
disappear like a-a-a-a-a illusionist No reason to
apoligize, your words ain't worth shit Negotiation for
your life, better be worth it, Boy Jones [9th Prince] Yo,
return of a Wu Renegade, I hold the Afro Samurai
blade Trapped in the dark halls in arcades, I'm cold as
Ice Age Million dollar bets in casinos, love chicks that's
Filipino Draw like a Beatle, bang bells like Reno A nigga
with a righteous chill like Al Pacino The Terminator,

terminating, there's no escaping What I'm raping,
causing earthquakes and Shaking up the nations, and
populations Melodies I hear, with a sharp ear, return of
the Golden Spear Gladiators with muscles, caught in
the scuffle Bare hand knuckles rough like Ruffles
Better keep a muffle, I don't chuckle Shut an apple is
my hustle, for hip hop, I got a jones like a Russell
[Chorus 2X]

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