

9th Prince f/ Beretta 9, Dom Pachino "We Supreme"

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[Chorus: Dom Pachino] You know the team, we bust them thangs And when we come through wit them tanks, we blow off steam The team supreme, we shine and gleam So victorious and we always do our thing [Beretta 9] Yo, back up on this bitch, like ain't that a bitch Look at B9 flossing like I struck it rich And it's no stopping me, how low can you skip? This, CD power hour, and this our shit And, even if you bought it, yo, we made the shit We gonna blow like the grenade displayed on our shit It's, Killarm' for life, we just invading shit So we proving that we nice, even though all six Ain't spit off clip, you will still get hit By a six piece of head bar, followed by a kick To your rib, dick, I be Kinetic, you heard it here first Yo, on this record, I wreck shit Bong, fuck a song is on some next shit The reason why we took so long, we had to go perfect shit Bong, now seek the exit, and even though you gone We atleast get through a second, of the single flow [Chorus] [9th Prince] Aiyo, the Granddaddy Flow is still militant Killarm' we killin' it, who wanna feel it? I let the rhyme spit Fresh out of jail, now I'm back in the mix Niggas thought me and P.R. will never get back together Now we back like furs and leathers Fresh Guess watch, Gucci socks Beyonce on my jock, rap flow clap niggas in Crimestock He's my brother-in-law, never disrespect, pa Get your ass on the floor Strip to ya Victoria Secret drawers Yeah, so I can explore, militant galore The type of shit that make bitches adore Verbal assassin, lyrical dragon I write wit passion, niggas stay flashing Got to hit the check cashing, hit the clubs Now I'm back on the map, I'm still macking [Chorus] [Dom Pachino] Back is the pistol popping, the knowledge dropping Green like the camouflaging, the living large fam Even though my nigga seen the slammer, we back With some bad mama jmmas, with the hammers Is it the beats or percussion, the heat or discussion The Germans or the Russians, the blacks or the Latins My nigga's back, you niggas know what's happening Is it the scripts or the tablets, the dicks or the maggots The pigs or the rabbits, the bears in the forest The lyrics or the chorus, I bum rush like Boris

Zhukov And wipe your blood on my new cloth I'm at it, I
leave you dead like flowers in the attic I know I rhyme
best with my crew, it's a habit Grab it, embrace it, and
taste it like The Matrix I know we hardcore, I was raised
in the Army, and we never gon' fall [Chorus]

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