

9th Prince f/ Islord

"Height of the Recession"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] You'll see, watch how it come together That nigga 9th Prince is back? Oh, word? [9th Prince] As I open up Marcus, chumps become targets Shooting at the sergeant, I'm uptown, laughing at these clowns Surround sounds pounds the grounds We in front of a deli, little Shawn playing skully Short Rico, just copped three kilos, and a light skin Benito Then I saw Is, he was walking with a wiz Yo, son, I got a come-up, a heist, so we can both get nice Rock pimps in Jamaica, live in paradise But first we need guns and masks, to complete the task [Islord] No doubt, son, just come with me upstairs So we can get them glocks out the closet Live the scene, to do what we gonna do Get them niggas and they muthafucking crew, so here's what we do We lay on 'em, play on 'em, then sneak through the back on 'em Like a ghost on 'em Oh shit, 9th Prince, I ain't expect this shit A bitch and a seed in the kitchen So what the fuck, you wanna still go through with this, shit? Come on, nigga, let me know [9th Prince] Aiyo, fuck it, let's move, that's when I heard a voice Que pasa, boy, ay Rico, give up the goods or die hard in the hood Benito started reaching for his Suge Knight, desert eagle With the infered light, Is had a half stick of dynamite Nobody move, nobody die tonight All we want is the drugs and money, Playboy bunnies and honey Rico try to play stupid, we don't know what you talking about That's when I put the four-fifth, to his bitch face And said, yo Rico, give me what I want Or I splatter her fucking brains, all over the place Then shot Benito in the chest, thought he was dead Bitch ass nigga had on a muthafucking vest Fell to the floor [Islord] Now see, muthafucka, what you made me do, made shit hot Lay you on the spot, now I got a body on my glock Stupid muthafucka trying to play hero, run your stash You don't know I blast that ass for that cash, kid, I'm starving Yeah I do robbing, if the shit is right Just like the shit up in here, tonight, with 9th Prince Ramsack this place, so we can get the fuck up outta here And head to them Islands [9th Prince] Rico finally gave in, walked him to the closet That's when I spotted it, laying in the Gucci bag Slap, treated Rico like a fag

Snatched up the three bricks, then it was time to split
We ran out the crib, jetted up Broadway [Outro: 9th
Prince (Islord)] Come on, son, yo, we out, yo, yo, we got
that, son Came off my nigga (yeah, son, yeah, son)
(You know how, yeah, son, yeah, we gon', yeah We just
gonna eat with this shit, anyway Next man eat off the
next man, shit That's how it should be,
youknowwhatimean For real, you can't even fault us for
that, knowhatimean For real, man, we gotta eat by any
means necessary, son For real, 9th, knowhatimean, for
all my niggas, knowhatimsaying For real, get down like
that, that's how we get down)

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