

9th Prince f/ Islord "Lyrical Disaster"

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['V for Vendetta' sample] Whatcha gonna do? We've swept this place You've got nothing, nothing but your bloody knives And your fancy karate gimmicks, we have guns No, what you have are bullets And the hope that when your guns are empty, I'm no longer standing Because if I am, you'll all be dead before you've reloaded That's impossible! Kill him [Intro: 9th Prince] Yeah, yeah, yeah, you know what it is, yo [9th Prince] Aiyo, staring at the blank piece of paper Thinking how can I express my anger First of all, any jail time, is hard labor If I blow, my baby moms probably catch the vapors I stand tall as a skyscraper Head in the cloud like Air Force lasers, on Riker's Island Niggas playing tag with razors, police gunning I run it like the Portland Trail Blazers, but this ain't full court It's more like verbal bloodsport, dope fiends coming up short A few lines in my notebook, I write like I snort But I don't get high, on my own supply Transport us when they transport, Killarm' gun report Vocabulary falling out my mouth piece, my wisdom is deep Like Malcolm X when he speaks, four door bulletproof jeep So when I creep through these dark streets I leave niggas flat like slow leaks [Chorus: Islord] Check that lyrical disaster, 9th Prince will mash ya With that four-four automatic, niggas don't want static, yeah, yeah Yeah, what what what, yeah you don't want no static, nigga Check that lyrical disaster, 9th Prince will blast ya With that four-four automatic, niggas don't want static, yeah, yeah Yeah, what what what, yeah you don't want no static, nigga [9th Prince] Aiyo, I speak from old school days of gangstas with gold teeth Jewel thieves, corporate thugs Killas who put hands on former colleagues Run up in your crib, put these hollow heads in your seeds Iced out stop watch, I'm bringing 'em back Time is moving fast, It's eleventh song, waving a mack I sleep hazardous, with the AK-47 underneath my mattress Me and my Killarm', we gang bang models and actresses The black James Bond living lavish My vision is clear, like daytime skylines Cock it back, I watch the rhyme blast like a nine My bars is bullets, pulverize your spine Caught up in the midst of crime, I had to do time Back

to the situation, with the God U Nation Bust my gun on
the devil's plantation I'm a one time felon, put four in
your melon Leave your head swelling, now the hood
call you Big Head Melvin Criticize my life, I have niggas
kidnap your babies, while I'm raping your wife, aight?
[Chorus] [9th Prince] This is a global warming, my
rhyme rain acid rain whenever I'm brainstorming
Niggas be calling me the Transformer, because I be
transforming To the planet of stars, pretty bitches and
fly cars Freeing people from behind bars I was sent by
Allah, don't get it twisted, your face will get scarred
You will remember me, the rest of your life I dig deep
into your soul, like being cut by a sharp knife All I do is
meditate, all my life I had to set a nigga straight, no
debate Feel the hate, 9th Prince the God, so keep your
faith Shopping rocks on plates, supply the tri-state New
York demonstrate on how I illustrate Stacking up G's
the size of wedding cakes [Chorus]

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