

9th Prince f/ Killah Priest "Cyanide Poetry"

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[Intro: 9th Prince] Yeah, yo, yo, yo [9th Prince]
Welcome to concrete jungle Where weak niggas
stumble, but the player don't fumble Staten Island
niggas like to rumble Up in Keisha's party, from A Tribe
Called Quest RZA introduced me as his guest I met Nia
Long, kissed her on her hand Then chill, fell back in my
B-Boy stance Niggas that's artificial, get smacked in
the face with pistols I explode like missiles Racing at
the speed of light, it gets critical Niggas turning
genocidal, God himself makes his arrival With a
bulletproof bible, the lost children of Israel, you know
about survival Catching bullets with my teeth, walk
across mud and with bronze feet The black Iron Sheik, I
bring raw heat to the streets Ya'll weak niggas
incomplete The 9th Prince, muthafucka, ain't nothing
sweet [Chorus 2X: 9th Prince] Aiyo, I'm tired of ya'll
wack rappers, acting like you gun clappers I'm like
Moses, I'm like Jesus I'm like Farrakhan, fighting
against Genghis Khan With a sword and shield on my
arm Word is bond, word is bond, word is bond Word is
bond, it's on [Killah Priest] Yo 9th, they don't know
about war, lyrical combat Our tongues were swords,
rhyming warfare, on and off air For the parks, lobbies
and stores, all they know about is folklore My lyrical
ghost hand will reach out and choke all of ya'll MC's is
body, even your man can get broke off Names on
murals inside my brain stained walls I reign imperial,
rappers circle the drain of hip hop floors If I wasn't
taking your heart out, I would somewhat write And try
to put bars in clouds My skull holds twenty three brains
So a piece of me ask questions, while another piece of
me explains Fourteen pieces speak on God plane While
the other fourteen leaves MC's flame Red rain, black
blood, tracks of mud Leads to the hideout, my dry
mouth From all my killings, MC villain The superhero,
Mr. Evil, bullets through pillows Red feathers stuck in
carpets, slain artists Black Market, train the hardest
They don't know about the celestial body with seven
hearts Each of them different colors Black for rappers I
smothered Gold for the raps my tongue throw And
rainbows, for all the spit my flame goes Your brain

slows, my saliva is lava, my mouth is a volcano One
bullet, I aim blow, Killah Priest, the angel Anglosaxin,
when I'm rapping [Chorus 4X]

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