9th Prince f/ Paradox, Tommy Whispers, Trife Da God "Street Pharmacists"

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[sample] You guys better be careful If I ever see you here again You're all gonna die just like that! There's only evil in here! [Intro: Trife Da God (9th Prince)] Gucci Don, Tommy Whispers (yeah) Trife Diesel (once again) T.M.F., Theodore Unit 9th Prince, Killarm' My nigga 'Dox [9th Prince] Aiyo my comrades and thugs in Gangsta Paradise Terrence two times'll slice ya throat twice The one man army, rhyme with harmony Love, peace and happiness, still blast the nastiest Verbal conversation, deep meditation On this plantation, hood life, same situation Niggas be holdin' guns, plottin' assassinations Mind radiation, we all on vacations Stand strong like United Nations Prince of El Dorado, blow like New York City lotto Bulletproof bravado Shaheed and the fist, I was protected by the laser disc We drink Valentine's while y'all sip on Cris' Who you tryin' to impress? Madman's the best Get it in ya head or carve it in ya chest [movie sample] I saw you do that and I'ma fuckin' kill you! [Paradox] Yo I stay movin' with brutes who got screws loose Your crew's full of fruits, you's probably used duesh I leave you abused, bruised with a loose tooth I move smooth, never leave clues for blue suits You're a pedophile, dukes, that's truth, I have proof I saw y'all long blues clues with new youth Who's you? You must be suited in booze, who's who? Ya battle who? I only lose if I choose to My crew's rude, we'll run through with zoo zoots Bash phonebooths, shoot duece through loose suits My attitude's crude, I do have prove you I could care less about ya cryin' and boo-hoos You, roll with troups who wear too-toos You don't rhyme in ciphers you rhyme in fruit loops My sharp tools cut through ya FUBU boots and leave ya foot chopped like just like that roof, duke [Tommy Whispers] Ah man you gots to be smokin', you know I keeps the crowd open I don't know why you suitin' yaself up like Hulk Hogan Ya hear me clearly, nearly the best to touch the mic Freestyle and get ya hype, perform or even write It's like math dukes, verse two, chapter eleven Make AK-47's, spittin', hittin' the reverand {*gunfire*} Now everybody in the charge get up, and start jettin' Insightin' riots, this verse is a deadly weapon I've been

held behind bars too long That's why every time I rhyme niggas be like "Yo, ya bars are too long" I'm tellin' you Don, you don't want none of this harm Robbery philiosophy, Shaolin monstrosity Polly with common thieves, balance the blunt with embalmin' and hydro leaves Ay dios mies, papi got flows like runny noses All my foes know this, I'm so ferocious Ya whole style is so atrocious Tommy be overdosin', blink, ya link on You probably won't even know where ya gold is Stapleton's the coldest Fuck the 'partment of corrections We New York's boldest Tell President Bush "Suck my dick, nigga hold this" [Trife Da God] Nigga is you afraid to live and you scared to die? Afraid to spread ya wings and you scared to fly I for T.M.F., I'm prepared to lie Take a bullet, get sentenced to death, sit in the chair and fry We hold steel, leave you dead in the streets like road kill Stretched out near the railroad tracks in Toad Hill Haywire, my mouth is a torch, I spray fire Shoot up ya video and direct it like Dave Myers A nigga like me, son, I can't be broke I'm like weed without a Dutch cuz I can't be smoked The street pharmacist, peal niggas like oranges Rip ya cartilage, excess guns with extra cartridges (Tommy: Trife is a threat to all you upcomin' artist-es Young and marvelous, plus handsome like my father is Invade ya state, mad stuck with the gate of Ace Shut down ya operation and steal ya database This rhymes, they not just lines from the PaperMate This is real life, actual shit that be takin' place Yo par you better play it safe, Walkin' Through the Darkness Cuz you'll be layin' in the ocean, standin' like a starfish

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