

9th Prince f/ Shyheim

"Young Godz Pt. 2"

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[Intro: Shyheim] Oh shit, 9th Prince, Granddaddy Flow
Nigga, ain't been on a track with you since the Young
Godz Now we the Young Godz [Shyheim] I burn more
niggas rapping, then CD duplicators Hustler, put that
paper together like staplers There is no competition,
hustlers and musicians Witnessing Bottom Up, is
eating more than a kitchen I don't give niggas fishes, I
make niggas fishermen Businessmen, hitmen, that's
not to be mentioned And my team, we be, moving like
a government And all my allies, keep it on some other
shit Every city I go, I got a gunning bitch Shoot it out
with police, I ain't trying to max bitch This just the way I
live, not on no rap shit From stiches, rip niggas so bad,
they need patches Make 'em feel so small, I can put it
in baggies Like, honey, I done shrunk these little
bastards Scared them with my words, I ain't have to
pull a ratchet Cuz I can make a classic like the Dr. J hook
shot Wait, I can make a classic like the MJ swish shot
Niggas, say that I'm pussy, niggas be like "Yo, what
Shy?" Not the Shy that I know that run around with them
twin glocks Nah, nigga, nah, not Shy [9th Prince] Yo,
I'm on a mission, like a nigga just came home From
prison, never cloud my vision Champagne bottles in the
kitchen, Spanish mami With a Victoria Secret leafprint
No panties or bra, underneath The Granddaddy Flow
keep these bitches in the streets Cook it up, so I can
hook it up Steel marks on my wrists, on them tight ass
handcuffs Swing on the po-po, take his weapon Like
Nicholas Cage, I be Gone in 60 Seconds I'm a monster,
underneath my style, low profile Bitches famous
lifestyle, meditate by the Nile Long live the Prince,
yeah, ya niggas live short like Bow Wow I hit you with
everything, a plate, a chair, the kitchen sink Including
the chandeleir, I need a bitch that can ride with me
Glide with me, through this galaxy, so we can see
prophecy Through monopoly, yeah, cock back the
cannon Blow a hole through the planet Yeah, the four-
fifth, will leave niggas damaged Play for me, to meet
the canvas [Outro: 9th Prince (Shyheim)] What the fuck
ya'll niggas know? What the fuck ya'll niggas know?
Muthafucking Granddaddy Flow My nigga Shy, do or

die, what up nigga? (You already know, nigga) we back
in the booth, son (S.I.N.Y.) You know, these niggas know
what it is already, son (10304) They know how we do
(10301, 10303, yeah, nigga)

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