

## 9th Prince f/ Shyheim, William Cooper "Sour Diesel"

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[ 'Next Friday' sample] Say another muthafuckin' word, and this shit is over And I ain't playing, nigga Now, you ain't got no gun But where the weed at? [Intro: 9th Prince] This is what it is right? Word, yeah This is what it's about, this is how it's going down? [9th Prince] Aiyo, I'm raw like Kane, blood stain the game Revenge of the 9th Prince, selling like cocaine Nobody knows my pain, strain on the brain Last nigga fronted, they found him slain In the gutter, niggas is slipping like butter That's when I heard a utter, shut-shut the muthafucka I can't help it, the flow is so dangerous Ya'll the most lameless, living shameless Check out my guest watch, the diamonds on the bezel make the best watch Pray that you will know the time just like a clock I want Jay-Z and Lil' Wayne's spot I was always taught, hip hop was an art, so play it smart [Chorus 2X: Shyheim] Sour diesel niggas get high everyday Niggas in the projects, every day, every way Said, sour diesel niggas get high everyday Project niggas, every day, every way [Shyheim] You want a chick like mines, a whip like mines A four-fifth with a kit, that look like mines That look like mines, he want a piece of the pie You want to go to Cinderella's and throw ones in the sky But you can't be I, big S-H-Y Got crazy niggas on payroll, like S.S.I. Think he really want drama, for the rest of your life It ain't easy, being greasy, my neezy, believe me I got felonies, nigga, got Big L in me nigga So the cells in me, nigga, people taking my picture The young God fisher, Bottom Up Militia Getting richer and richer, and I'm a Staten Island nigga Should just be you, cuz you can't be Bottom Up C.E.O., L.E.O. VP Bottom Up C.E.O., L.E.O. VP I'm Bottom Up C.E.O., L.E.O. VP [Chorus 2X] [William Cooper] Ya'll must be blowing that sour, or sniffing that powder You see the Black Market logo, my flow is the foulest Spit in the face of cowards, drink Henny from a chalice My strength that just, shake the walls of the palace And I'm cut from the heavenly cloth, rose bearers Drop petals at my feet when I walk You know I carry that cross, kiss the ring and the boss For snitch that wanna talk, yeah that things go off You start to feel no remorse for the lies that's lost Now you sing

a sawed-off, that'll rip your limbs off  
The homicide on the scene, yeah you line it in chalk  
Buried in Ku Klux, while they still holding the pitchfork  
Aiyo, live with the Prince of New York, the Pale Horse  
And now he lit with his torch, burn diesel and never cough  
Now I'm sitting in court, for aggravated assault  
Bitches asses, left the hospital on life support, come on [Chorus 2X]

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