

9th Prince f/ Tommy Whispers "Ain't Promised Tomorrow"

Visit "[Ain't Promised Tomorrow](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: 9th Prince] Everybody gotta get they shine on, you know? Yeah, my nigga Gooch, fuck ya'll bitch ass niggas want On the productions, T.M.I., what up No Smiles? Aiyo.. scream on all ya'll muthafuckas, Smiles what up nigga? 9th Prism, uh-huh, scream on 'em [Chorus 2X: 9th Prince] Life is a gamble, we scramble for dollars Real niggas holla, my snub nose'll pop ya collar I burn hotter than lava, Granddaddy Flow saga You ain't promised tomorrow [9th Prince] Aiyo, target practice, street hazardous Sleep with the AK underneath the mattress I'm not a shorty rhyming, I'm more like designing Bullets blow ya spine in, fine wines and blue diamonds Grenade in white, gold shining, murder he wrote Once my lyrics slit his throat, notes float against the coast Niggas turn spook like the holy ghost I ain't hopping on no bandwagon, The Last Dragon Granddaddy Flow assassin, bury them all From the latest to the greatest Dancing on the stair, aiyo, they got me on they hatelist Contagious with mad faces, yo, life is like a deck of cards And I'm playing for all aces [Chorus 2X] [9th Prince] Aiyo, my mind is killing machine that flows like a guillotine To the extreme, shines like an infered beam Cuz I'm Lord of the Rings, bulletproof blue jeans Valor jackets, tephlon money green looking mean In case you wanna get hype, young Bloods and Crips Want they stripes, give 'em a reason, put a bullet in ya windpipe My gun hold, sixteen strikes, that'll keep the crowd motivating all night Til the break of light, 4th Disciple, keep the clubs right, I'm cooler than cool Iller than ill, born to be, realer than real Everything I say you feel, like hot lead from blue steel Niggas lose strategy, your majesty, the warrior's tragedy Lyrical casualties [Chorus 2X] [Tommy Whispers] Turn any spot into the block, sipping the rock Twisting the bop, one leg on the wall, watching for cops Invaders, brick wall, elevators major men Persuaded in a one night stand, according to plans My joint don't jam, oil a nozzle Goggle a bottle, half an inch, here, take a swallow Sneak in the Apollo with the gift of gab, no ride Gotta hitch a cab, on the blid-ock, pitching a slab This pisces, mixed in an ocean

with red crabs In the gym practice the left jab, you
pussy ass Your gun don't blast, muthafucka, we pull
fast ones Make fast ones, Stapleton grandson, the
older crowd Taught me to teach the new breed, sip
brew, twist weed Twirl twigs, Tommy Two-Times Twist
twinkle sticks, wiggle wiggle, I got gift Like Kris Kringle,
top dollar, nigga, fucking holla

Visit [9th Prince f/ Tommy Whispers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.