

## 9 Days

### "Illicit Activity"

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[ Eightball ]

Eightball the Fat Mack came to freak a track with RSO  
It's the illest realest nigga here to freak a funky flow  
(Go in nigga) kick the do' in, the show begins  
In the middle of the room when the boom infiltrates  
In safes and all, stingin niggas mentally with the  
melody  
Committin hip-hop felonies  
MC's fall in the dust when I bust like a canon  
Pick em off at random, hand em  
Animosity from the Mound by the pound or the kilo  
I gotta drop it, Rhyme pick it up

[ Tony Rhyme ]

Yo, outta the cut comes that murderous MC straight  
from Boston  
Double-crossin niggas is how I'm livin  
I be that brother that gets you open  
No jokin, I blow more smoke than a burnin buildin  
Dependin on how I'm feelin I go for self  
And I'ma pop your shit if I have to  
On the strenght of herb I straight up blast ya  
And take your pockets after  
Cause I'ma smoke this shit till I die  
As long as I stay high I gots no worries  
So I keeps my vision blurried  
>From herb smoke, the minute I toke  
I'm known to go for broke  
I be the Microphone Wrecka  
(Come) step into my sector

[ Eightball ]

The smoke has penetrated, now I'm illustratin with the  
groove, see  
I can move a crowd, and it takes a crowd to move me  
Heavyweight, full-grown ballin walnut-packer  
Fat-knacker, cheddar-stacker  
Tickin like electricity on hay  
With the O.J.  
In the D.P. flippin Lexi  
Tennessee Rockin Shit On with Boston-ass niggas

Clicked it, respected, receivin love from mad niggas  
Billboard signs couldn't define the lines I combine  
One time for my folks 8000

[ Tony Rhome ]

Check it

My second side of me got beside itself  
And decided wealth is what he had to get  
And he got me trippin on some bullshit  
He's lookin to stick this nigga  
For two birds, and I've earned it  
Got two Tecs under the bed  
I'm puttin two inside his head  
And I'm outta there, on my feet again  
We are never to meet again  
Till I'm payin for my sins  
Now I'm rockin boardbed rims, '96 Benz  
Head's bobbin as herb fills my shit up  
Never caught doin pick-up's  
I'ma fuck around and move my shit to Tennessee  
And hook up with Eightball on some illicit activity

We got

Illicit

Too many muthafuckin

Activity

[ Ray Benzino ]

Surrounded by niggas that show no mercy on a day-to-day  
In studio sessions with loaded guns, it be no other way  
(Protected by dogs) they call themselves the real Doom  
Dirty speakers omen while the smell of blunts fill the whole room  
My niggas in the vocal booth been on my team a long time  
Me and Tony rip when they rhyme  
Don't try to come bangin with them niggas Eightball and Ray  
You fuck around and you'll be hangin in the hallway

[ MJG ]

How many flavors can I kick within a compilation  
It's best you come with some real shit, cause the flavor's taken  
I'm breakin your ass up so damn nasty you can taste the real  
The surgeon general got me strapped down with a safety seal  
So don't you try to do the shit I do, or try to follow  
The ride I took, because the ride I took was hard to

swallow

I had to do what I had to do, and I do what I have to  
The shit that came with bein a man before I could be a  
rapper

[ E-Devious ]

Yeah, it's the Mack Devil grippin steel  
Then we build, cause I'm about to describe in chillin  
detail  
If they start it yo, my fury is methodical  
You read the story, not my name in the article  
He unloaded, re-loaded (exploded)  
Macho bravado, young punk shit is quoted  
(Fuck em) and the only suspect's a Mac-11  
So get this big middle finger pointed toward heaven

[ MJG ]

When you step to MJG then (catch shit on my lip)  
And ask yourself (I wonder why) because of the  
funkiness that I flip  
A mental strain to your brain, cause you can't see  
through me  
It'll take your team whole years of concerts before you  
can even do that  
Shit I be doin, trick, so back up off this pimp section  
I got so much real shit to spit, my mouth got  
indigestion  
I'm leavin you guessin bout my future lyrical rhymin  
twisters  
And here's an is-not, MGJ gon' never fuck yo sisters  
(goddamn, I miss her)

[ Ray Benzino ]

Yo, Mr. Benzino back up in this muthafucka once again  
Representin these till my very end  
That player MJG be flappin in this fuckin house  
My crazy partner, co-defendant from the pumpin south  
They puffin hay, I rides a lexus down in Tennessee  
Suburban sittin low, in Texas sippin Hennessy  
And when it's time for me to get my cash, I'm goin for  
the kill  
And I meet my niggas down in Nashville

[ E-Devious ]

Cause they keeps on inquiren about the criminal  
Puttin it out there, but keepin it subliminal  
It's minimal, my plan's too seminal  
Plus I gets high off that gun smoke chemical  
What's the remidal? i mean the remedy?  
Ball and MJG, RSO legacy  
It's Illicit Activity

Non-descript MC's get held up in captivity

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