

KRS One F/ Puff Daddy

"Famaldahyde"

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Merry fucking Christmas, don't diss this lyracist on
pissed
Get a fist to your esophogus
Hook you like fish, throw you in a dish
Blow you up like a cyst, drop you in the abyss
Blast you like Kris (What's this?)
Another wannabe and never gonna be, you ain't N-I-N-E
That's me, original lyrical spiritual omen
The one and only incredible MC
When you drop a D on the two three I be
Smoking life like L's, raising hell
Ringing bells like principals, planning invincible syllables
Lyrical, yes I am, spit shit like a grit, foul like ham
Damn, who the man, you the man, I'm the man
With 50 grand in his motherfucking hand
Live like Onyx, butter like Redman, the blue bonnet
Puff chronic, with strictly platonic friends
In a Benz, chickenhead hens ready to bend
Cause I got a 100,000 tens
Who packs the choice, who puffs the lye?
Who fucks it up? Who makes your girlfriend cry "ahhh"
N-I-N-E, M-E to a crew, what you gonna do?

"I am truthful to the following: N-word, MD
When I speak, I say only that which is true indeed."

Silly-ass niggas don't hit me (beyatch)
When I came out the pussy, I brought the whole
stomach with me
N-I-N-E the live smoker
Wrap it around your neck like a diamond gold choker
Like Yoda, with force of course the poison Christ
Nigga violent, see the brown paper bag, he silent
I'm wild like Boba Fett, I'm semi-automatic
Cruise around with El Diablo, crazy hispanic
Wu-Tang, Tang, I'm the one that slept all night with
your honeybun
Pull my gun when necessary, situation hairy
I'll flip the redrum, you bloody mary
When I was born, came feet first
It ain't hard to tell, born to make the pussies hurt

Pussy make the world go round
In circles, I'm walking on niggas like Herschel

How many MC's must get shot?
Nine will open you up like a new weed spot
Hip-hop runs through me like blood, your name is still
mud
I'm still paid like Elmer J Fudd
With the mansion, yaught, new glock, the remote
control boom box
The pocket that blew up like rockets
All sucker MC's I'm daring 'em
Nine will hang your clothes up while you're still wearing
them
N-I-N-E I wreck shit
That's E-N-I-N just in case you're dyslexic, did you
check it?
Stupid ass, you ain't fly
Half-man, half-woman, what's your name, Jasmine
Guy?
I got mad chrome
Fuck standing next to you, niggas won't talk to you on
the phone
No life so act trife, I'm hype I'm hype
I'll beat your ass like Lionel Richie's wife at night
I rip stages in many different cities
Don't step up, I squeeze triggers like titties
Who's naughty, who's nice? With the device
I'm so cheap with loot, I use my fucking bullet twice
I fill you with infection, there's no protection
Of the injection into your C-section
Plead nigga, plead nigga, plead nigga
Before you die, PASS THAT WEED NIGGA!

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