

KRS One F/ Puff Daddy

"Ova Confident"

Visit "[Ova Confident](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat
4x)

Run for the hills, but there's no escape
>From a CD, my wax, my fat cassette tape
I'm great, like Alexander, or nearly gets real
When I hold a piece of steel and tell you how I feel
All over, toes are tapping, Bronx, Brooklyn, Island of
Staten
Manhattan, Queens, South Central, Compton, Watts
Miami, Atlanta, I blow up mad spots
My name is Nine, recognize, remember you're too
tender
To get slick with the number one contender
I flow like diareahha when I'm dropping shit
Mama mia, ain't no cure for the pure lyrical gonnorhea
Overconfidence is popping
I'm like the hourglass, turn me over and I still keep
dropping
That old Nine flavor continues to pay the rent
After you hear me you won't be so overconfident

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat
4x)

I hate to bust your bubble, but every single rapper's in
trouble
I'm crazier than ever
I'm hungrier like a shark in the ocean full of legs after
dark
I'm a tear shit apart, pull more strings than a harp
I'm cocky, like that, you know the time
Check the little hand, the big hand, tell me what you
see
Nine o'clock on the f-ing dot
Pop goes the gat and if you ever knew me you'd
remember that
Old school, new school, ain't nobody safe
New York to LA, I'm all over the place

Crazy gear like a clutch, I'm the most
When I touch the microphone your overconfidence is
ghost
It's "Outta Here" like the \$5000 loveseat
Egos crush when I'm rhyming to the beat
You attempt to fade me and hit me with a dent
So I'm stepping to you money cause I think you're
overconfident

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat
4x)

You thought you was the man, bad news kid
I never heard of you, or the bullshit you claim you did
You're phoney, full of baloney, like Oscay Meyer
The weiner, your style is artificial like Purina
Cat chow, meow, I'm on the prowl like Thurston Howl
And been on the island with mad cash, official cow
I got rhymes like you got bullshit
So you know my repotoire is thick with intice spits
Lyrically I'm so amazing like Luther
I hit the stage and get ugly like Medusa
And no place for delf, I ain't slamming
If it's with the real hip-hop, then it's props that I'm
demanding, understanding
My potential, hollowtip lyrics
I'm shooting, aiming at your motherfucking mental
I'll leave you in a state of confusion, brain dead and
stuck up
In other words all fucked up

"Who you gonna rip without that confidence?
I really believe you're weak and overconfident" (Repeat
4x)

Visit [KRS One F/ Puff Daddy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.