

KRS One F/ Puff Daddy "Peel"

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"Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" (2X)

[Nine]

I'm pullin up on the scene in my limousine Pocket full of green, voice full of mean Rhymes out the ass plus I'm fast at freestyle Get a lil wild and profile my ill style Numba won contender that's me, N-I-N-E Nine I'm prime-time, paid and livin lovely Messin heads up who thought I was wack or just a-ight NAHHHH. I'm one of the best to ever touch a mic Soon to be shown, soon to be proved by the album take it home put the needle to the groove See what I'm sayin - mad originality Recognize give props and shape the ground til it'll fit me You won't be around another second when I'm wreckin deadly mic-checkin armageddeon off I'm lettin I wet you like microwave pizza in the blender It's written on my face, numba won contender Peel nigguh, peel! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, PEEL!! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" [Nine] Eardrums pop when the voice drops

Eardrums pop when the voice drops Deep like the bottom of the pit lyrics I spit like a grit Shit, I couldn't stop if I wanted to I'm warnin you I'm dispatchin, I get a little warmer than you Grey skies are callin you, I'm all in you up in that ass like a homo, check the promo Now THAT'S flippin the script, whatchu flippin? On the 4-oh-z I'm sippin, no time for trippin There's money to be made in this trade Gotta blow up like Jack Jack Jack +Jack of Spades+ No question, I'm just like Nas with Smith and Wesson Except you comin out your skin when I say start undressin Give me E'RYTHING, from cash to ring to razor blade that you had up in Sing-Sing All in all I'm rushin like Alabama So nigga peel like a banana

Peel nigguh, peel! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, PEEL!! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, PEEL!!! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, peel "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel"

[Nine]

Deeper than I was last time I get deeper everytime I rhyme Deeper, deeper, jeepers, creepers where'd you get them eyes? Suprise, I'm wise to the game Fame don't pay bills, skills pay bills You still wanna test me, try to molest me Numba won contender, soon to be the best B Can't +Arrest+ me, not the +Development+ of Tennessee Mad drunk off the Hennessey, remember me (What more can I want?) And when it comes to rhymes and guns (Got em all) It's real like that, pop goes the gat Pockets mad fat, hoes in the back Jim hats in the pockets, gun in the waistband Now who's the man nigga, now who's the man?!

Peel nigguh, peel!

"Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, PEEL!! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, peel "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel" Peel nigguh, PEEL! "Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel"

[Nine]

Bob Lewis makin niggaz peel Bob Lewis makin niggaz peel Al Blount makin niggaz peel Al Blount makin niggaz peel Fed Productions makin niggaz peel Fed Productions makin niggaz peel You know the Nine is makin niggaz peel

You know the Nine is makin niggaz peel PEEL!

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