KRS One F/ Puff Daddy "Tha Cypha"

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[Nine]

I enter, the center of the cypha Blunts and lighter, the ruff rhyme writer Nine Skills up the koolu, I do you like voodoo Pins in the mojo, oh no! Eyes are red, I'm high again You wan' try again, die again my friend, one less than ten Eight plus one me, N-I-N-E Name up in lights G, I'm hype G, all night G Can't no man step in my cypha (Heard up, word up!) Pay the piper Who rocks the party? Nine rocks the party Make you move your body, in trunks like John Gotti I got the strength of ten MC's on steroids Rappers are paranoid, my cypha ain't a safe place to be G I cruise avenues, stomp blue suede shoes

The Cypha

"Get frisked, just in order to get in.."

I can't lose, mashin crews to pay my dues

The Cypha

"Get frisked, just in order to get in.."

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The Cypha

"Get frisked, just in order to get in.."

[Nine]

One sucker, two sucker, three suckers, fo' suckers Bring mo' suckers, punk muh'fuckers Talkin bout you can't feel my style, I can't feel you either

but I bet yo' ass feel this meat cleaver
(Swing swing swing, chop chop!) You gonna drop
I can't wait to see you fall off, in the pig slop
Pop, went the gat, drop, went the fat
slob that tried to diss, NAH nigga can touch this
Cheese-eatin, tapdancin Sambo - don't push your luck
Brand new nigga and I will go Rambo (POW)

Tryin to break my cypha is suicide
+Passin Me By+ like I'm the Pharcyde
Give respect, recognize, give props where props are
due
before me and my crew come and murder you
This ain't no game, it's about eatin, payin rent
and (tings like dat) you nah wan' test me black

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[Nine]

Game recognize game all the time Who's your man, with the wack ass rhyme? You must be stupid, I was doin this before you hit puberty, you think your style's original - it ain't new to me

Save it, for David, easy back it up I got O.J. Simpson's knife right at your gut I do you like your name was Nicole When I roll headspins niggaz drop like Ronald Goldman

My cypha's complete without you your wack crew your wack beats, Nine moves feets
Act like you know homo -- I get around
Nine comes back like a pro
Ich, ni, son, shi, MC's, can't touch me
No matter how much weight you push you're still lighter when you enter my cypha

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