Pentium Ix

Mode Nine

[Modenine]:
Yeah man
It's Modenine
You know what?
The whole game is crowded and then I need my space
I'm a grown man, dawg
I ain't into battling no more
I don't jump on stage and battle
Just gimme elbow room
Shit
My train of thought, run you over when you're on my track
Meaning I'm serving you on and off the court with what I spat
And I dare you, not to put the beef back on the meat rack
You're weak, black
Roasting acting like you're raw
You's an I'll be imposter, 'cause you's not sure
While I'm on point like I'm sitting on the scoreboard
Swinging war swords, slashing up all you wack guys
Rap wise, I wear you out like running up a hill
Fatigue is not the issue, you'll get tired by four wheels
I have no elastic limit, I won't yield
I got the game sealed, controlling it, my foot is on the peddle
Beefing show promoters who always try to meddle
Like floating particles in pure water, we wonâ€™t settle
The lead'll pierce flesh, I execute the mind hit
Rewind it, heads do that whenever I spit
Without their fingers in my toilet, they're feeling my shit
I emerge from the midst of lyricists with the urge
To start a movement, so all you real heads converge
So we can purge the Industry, like we fed em laxative
Cash flow; only real rappers will see stacks of it
Relax a bit
I know ya feeling edgy 'cause you rhyme bite
You got the lemon and the torch, I got the limelight
Read the sign right, before you battle M.O.D
'Cause when I'm done I'mma sign right on your P.O.P
Iâ€™m on T.O.P., bite me and suffer indigestion
You are not objective like multiple choice questions
You bias like you're patronizing hoes

Iâ€™m killing foes, leave them fucked up like free shows
Like Illbliss and 'em, I'm a thoroughbred breed
And there's a need for you to take your leave
Like the neighborhood dope man selling wet weed
Stay like Jodeci and stand the risk of getting Jet Li-ed
I donâ€™t knock I barge in, so call me major interference
I come to make emcees mum like one of my parents
My appearance at a show got my foes [darting?]
'Cause they make me laugh hard like thirty minutes of Martin
I'm making more headlines than cornrows and partings
While you be puffing shit gas like greedy people farting
Most times when I'm done with it, you're scared of starting
I put my heart in the game, blood plus my soul
Like a surgical transplant
My lyrics and my flow get me more hugs than skillful soccer players scoring goals
I'm hungry like Snoop in the deep cover of Death Row
So I eat rappers like they're made of egg rolls
Keep it real types always have to learn to let go
I keep it real for me not 'cause one young punk said so
My manifestos first line says, "I rock!"
I'm the Head of State here to leave you in a state of shock

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