# Da Fundamentalz

## Nine

[nine]
I waste mc's like time
Who wanna know the incredible original nine
Burnin mc's at degrees of five-hundred farenheit
Drop em back to celsius, lord help me it's insane
Pop like tops on 40 o-z's
Make cheese, while you sweat me for the proceeds
I survived cause I strived
Then I cock back my fist and punch out ya insides
Who's left, cause nine got rights
I squeeze tecs like spandex mad tight (right right)
One on one, don't you make me buck you with my gun, baby
I'm tired of playing all these games
It seems like i-yah can't get time out anymore
My name is nine and your name is mud
When I come down, i-yah haffa come down raw
Just say, ohh, ohh, listen to the nine my style is fat
Just say, no, no, sucker mc's know they rhymes are wack
Just say, oh take your best shot, lemme see whatcha got
Ain't got a lot, run from red dot, spot like cop
Oh lord, I got the drop, shot the blood claat
Non-stop, pop pop pop pop goes the gat
Still fat, still black
I still rap, and yo' ass is still wack
Who's that nigga with the booyaka?
It's the one and only nine and I'm doin ya
Weeded daily, always pack a half ounce g
Put springs in your boots and still can't outbounce me
(check one check two check tree)
Check as many as you want, but come check me, n-i-n-eChorus: nine (repeat 2x)Oh God I got da fundamentalz
Nine'll grab the mic and rip up a instrumental
Oh God I got da fundamentalz
Nine'll grab the mic and rip up a instrumental[nine]
Rock, the body body, rock the body body
Nine wants a hottie that treats me like I'm daddy daddy
The format I use, steps on blue suede shoes
I guzzle brews then mic check one two
I shake and bake the world, rearrange
Like the chemical jheri curl, drink til I earl

*throws up* excuse me, where was i? stay fly
Never ran, never will, do or die
Chocolate thai got me lifted
No mistake, hit like a earthquake, son I'm gifted
N-i-n-e, came up in lights
I rock mics, down with street fights and chalice pipes
Niggaz know my steelo I'm 40 below
Deep flow, act like you fuckin know
Infrared beams, baggy jeans, mic screens
Caffeine and nicotine makes me fiend I'm mean like joe greene
Down with a team, on point like the damn laser beam
It ain't no fuckin dream
I pull styles out my ass like doodoo (shit)
Nine makes mc's quick quick flick the bic to the izz
Light, pull smoke, blow it in your area
With jaws, like a pitbull terrier
I attack instrumentals with fundamentalz
Off the head, no pen, no paper, no pencils
With the device I'm nice, if the price is right
I tear the motherfucker up all night
Bomb diddy bomb ba dang a dang
I got slang like wu-tang not many can hangChorus[nine]
For those who are unaware
This is another fed production warning
To all wack, sucker ass, punk ass crews
And all you industry niggaz who was sleeping
Now's your wake-up call, punk..Bob lewis, nine, tony stoute, al blount
The crew, is in effect
You cannot stop this
Protect your fuckin neck

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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