

# Any Emcee

## Nine

Any emcee that disagree with me, wave your arms  
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Back to chat like Super Cat with my format black  
Attack a track like Ali with no gloves  
Pussy shoved to rise above nonsense, lyrics are ableTurntable spins, 'round and 'round we go  
Goin' for delf, you know, dolo with a ill flow yo  
Whutcha want Nine? Told you, fat beats like this  
A pocket full of grip, mic in my fist, no bullshitI'm all that and then some, hon blow up like a shotgun  
Any MC that disagree is done, you best run  
I creep and I crawl and I yes and I y'all  
And I refuse to fall, so all in allThe God works hard, I practice my verbal gymnastics  
To get your girl on my mattress  
I love to hit it hard from the back  
I'm the man with the plan, you can't disagree with thatAny emcee that disagree with me, wave your arms  
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No longer an emcee, he is now PC  
I'm real and real emcee's know that  
Only fake emcee's disagree, that's why they wackI do 'em somethin' terrible, I'm incredible  
Like the edible egg, arm, leg, leg, arm, head  
Who's the dread that said boom da da?  
It's flavor it don't matter, swing batta, swing battaKnock 'em out the park, after dark I spark L's  
Write rhymes to exercise my brain cells, count the cash in my stash  
Cash money, money, money, I need  
I got a seed to feed and like most a touch of greedGettin' paid completes the cypher  
Bein' broke is like havin' no blunts, just a lighter  
It's about the dead prez in the 9's  
And I am the Nine, gettin' mine, no crimeAny emcee, any emcee  
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Any emcee that disagree with me, wave your arms I came a long way like Virginia Slims  
From beat down Timbs to co-op cribs and Jeeps with rims  
From fo' chicken wings and rice to lobster with champagne  
No ice now everything is lovely, alright Nuttin' can stop me now, I'm on the prowl  
You can play the Indian but there's no how  
I'm the one and only incredible original Nine  
Like the sun will shine, I will always rhyme Like Pam Grier is fine, I gets mine  
Like two nickels is a dime, primetime like a new crime  
The church bells will chime when I stand at the pulpit  
And like Erick give a Sermon, mad money, I'm earnin' Remember, the saint ain't as great as the sinner  
Like C. Boogie Brown, I was born on the 19th day of September  
Nine, the numba one contender Any emcee that disagree with me, wave your arms  
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