Whutcha Want?

Nine

I gets banned if I do gets banned if I don't
So sometimes I will and sometimes I won't
Puff mad stick crack a forty down the back
Sit fat and relax and plan my attack
Not the one to test I posess mad finesse
My buddha was blessed one bird in the nest
Chills with my peeps steady bouncing in jeeps
On the New York streets hittin urban concrete
I'm the man untestable, with the extraterrestrial flow
Fo'-fifty-fix celo, pop the top off the forty ounce bottle
I'm not the one to follow, I'm not the role model
Hollow tips in my clips money grip and my Glock
Only spits when I react to the bullshit
So give me room to breathe and get up off DEEZ
And save the confessions for JEESuz
Plus I don't need to hear no sorrow
Eff it, the sun will still come out tomorrow
Long as I'm breathing, needing, even like Steven
Achieving, gettin some cheese and
Representin lovely, Boogie Down Bronx major
With the project flavor, I made ya, daze ya
My behavior is mad ill if you front
You know what I want(Whutcha want Nine?) Fat beats for my rides
(So whutcha want Nine?) Mad clips for my nines
(So whutcha want Nine?) A ill posse
And my name up in lights, N-I-N-EI'ma let you know how I feel on the real
I pack steel it's like a jungle makes me wonder where my eel is
Hits the bricks skips the dog shit complete in my cipher
Temper like Rowdy Rowdy Piper, hyper like a viper
I'ma strike if I got it goin for the jugular
Stretch you like a copper
Stoppah, stoppah, but you can't stop me
Just clock me, just watch me blow up the spot G
Came a long way from, back in the day
We did it for no pay, just rhymin hit the hay and
Sleep, wake up, write another rhyme
Hit the park after dark drop the beat one time
That's when shit was real, no phonies no baloney
Just the homemade mics and wheels of steel

Backup from the roof, amp plugged in the street light
Everything right, jam over a street fight
Back to the lab I grab my pen and pad
Raw lyrics make a fleuredoscad
Had no dinero, enough get fo' chicken wings and rice
A forty ounce a nickel bag to get nice
And now I might make a million, and still son
It makes the heart pump, you know what I want(Whutcha want Nine?) Fat beats for my rides
(So whutcha want Nine?) Mad clips for my nines
(So whutcha want Nine?) A ill posse
And my name up in lights, N-I-N-EBe like Elmer J. Fudd with the mansion and the yacht
Brand new Glock non-stop hip-hop
Remote control boombox lampin on my dresser
The God ain't no lesser as the pressure comes to test ya
Hundred pound weight around the neck, daily
Nuff treasons nuff reasons like Philip Bailey
Can't get enough of that funky stuff
Rhymin astronomical, original, shit is phenomenal
Heat up the ghetto put the pedal to the metal
Speed like Racer treat you like a wack rhyme and erase ya
Right off the pape I roll a big fat spliff
Four-fifth on the hip, Heineken in the grip shit I'm ready
Get the keys for the jeep, let's bounce
Cruise avenues, get some brews and sing the blues with the
Funkmaster Flex cassette in the deck
I'm in effect I move my neck while Son gets wreck
Oh what a feeling, I'm on the wheels of steel and
I snatch up some skins for some sexual healing
Erything's kosher copasctetic, groovy hip-hop moves me
Soothes me, I'm letting off like an uzi
But first steps a doozy and bruise me
Now I'm choosy before I start to freak it like a floozy
I wanna get big get paid true stunt
You know what I want(Whutcha want Nine?) Fat beats for my rides
(So whutcha want Nine?) Mad clips for my nines
(So whutcha want Nine?) A ill posse
And my name up in lights, N-I-N-E

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