

# 100 Degrees

9th Prince

Yo, yeah, yeah  
I don't even talk to y'all niggas  
Not on the streets  
I wanna big up my cousin O.D.B. though  
Word up, Baby Jesus locked down  
You know?  
That's it, man  
That's all I gotta say to y'all niggas  
You know?  
Then watch me spit  
Lyrical warfare, word up

Aiyo I'm wise like a blind man playin' piano  
Jellyin' across the Verazanno bustin' at Sopranos  
White boys with attitudes like Rocky Marciano  
Got a fire arm like Janet Reno  
We serve John Wayne in El Dorado  
Go to war like Al Pacino  
Or Robert De Niro Casino  
The ghetto is pitch dark  
For the street's of messenger, the story like Joan of Arc  
First spark with Stapleton park  
Gladiators and D&D, before that was the Paris Crew Squad  
I just to stand up on the benches  
State of mind, third eye dimension lynchin'  
Killarm' comrades like henchmen  
Street doctor leave you paralyzed in St. Vincent  
End the session with the weapon  
Madman reach for the sky and snatch the Moon out the Heaven  
Attack you with the Mac-11  
Shots let off that'll rip thru ya flesh  
Pull bullets the shape of sevens, keep steppin'  
Lethal rejection, high scene rock mine, BONG!  
Heavyweight blows to ya midsection, Madman is comin'  
You best to head the opposite direction

Aiyo Madman drag 'em thru the dark streets of reality  
Matrix combat, projects go to war from Shaolin to Iraq  
When fake niggas bust their heat, real soldiers bust back (bust back)

Aiyo I spit razors at haters  
I'm a walkin' skyscraper like Wolf Blazer  
We blase lasers at invaders, that's infantry behavior  
1-2-0 precinct slang faders  
Weak niggas get robbed in pissy elevators  
Rappers bite like alligators  
We bust CD's inside Navigators  
I ain't pretty, life is risky  
Like my act against Species  
Migrate, United States, the cities, Madman prophecies  
I had to duck four shots comin' out of 260 lobby  
Islord picked me up in a stolen Mazurati  
With two hotties with two sawed off shotti's  
Beretta know karate  
Fuck around in half lead half metal  
On to beat a body, soon to be a millionaire like Bill Cosby  
Dom P. accept the collect calls from John Gotti

We ain't gangstas we shankstas that'll shank ya  
Bitch ass niggas get hung with coat hangers

We keep bustin', ain't no trustin', nobody  
On these dark streets.. word up  
Yo O.D.B., big cuz, Baby Jesus  
Killarm', we gon' come break ya ass out, nigga  
Word up, we keep preppin' this shit  
9th Prince y'all, Madman y'all  
Throw ya grenades up  
Word