

Cold Wind

9th Prince

(feat. T.M.F.)

"9th Prince, you want to kill us all?"
"Show me where you to find the Princess and I'll spare you all"
"Thank you, 9th Prince"
"Hahaha, y'all must be dumb!"
"Take that!"

Aiyo yo yo
Stamina of complete motivation leads a nation of killer's replacements
Glocks, AK's, hand grenades
Stashed inside a fox hole but Kingdom's basement
Henchmen of pro lynchmen, rhyme rankest lyrical lynchmen
In Now Born, raisin' Children of the Corn
We march as we hear the horns of Red Dawn
I'm prepared, sharpen my machete 'til it's sharp like a thorn
Lyrical spawn, fuck a graveyard, I prepare you in ya lawn
There's a Law & Order in the world of manslaughter
Camera recorder, got me on tape
With the microphone screamin' "Rape!"
Radio stations across United Nations
Black, Chinese, Indians, plus Caucasians
Pick up the album, Revenge of the Iron Fingers invasions
Lyrical bloodshed, first copy picked up by the feds
They wanna investigate the metal plate in my head
I'm cold invincible like an igloo
Brainwaves bein' the shade of atomic missiles
Then transport thru ya physical explode thru ya mental
Then beat fiends instrumentals, got the streets flood
9th Prince, tune into FM and AM cuz I'm Cold Blooded

"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince"
"The fuckin' Prince, let's hear him"
"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince"
"We were just ambushed, I fear we might be dead"
"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince"

Stapleton crime towers
I hear you gotta be clean like takin' nine showers
Divine powers, ultimate man
Hour glass runnin', dumbin' with a sword in my hand
Drunken monk stance, run for ya Clan
Switch form and open up like doorman
Cold pore rain danglin', sounds of change
Ice bain frostbite, you costless
Cremated and get ya corpse lit
Sent out to orbit, spaceship
Tommy Whis' lace shit like eight kicks
Stirrin' flavor to this cake mix, we take shit
From ya neck to ya bracelet, get a facelift
This ain't no safe strip
So be strollin' on their raps, holdin' bombs
Kamikaze strapped on to their arms
We move when the wind calms, slowly
No one can control me or hold me
Tony told me lay low and we can all play dough
I'm throwin' blades like Kano

Shove this, one up ya anal
Now, tell me who be liver than Whispers
I chop all five of ya fingers
I'm cold like the winter
Ya feel the breeze, nigga?

"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince"
"The 9th Prince uses his sword like an axe for hyper action"
"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince"

Yo Crime Life yo yo
I hold my gun down like Chow-Yun Fat, when in combat
Light the bitch niggaz off the map, like Comet
Righteous islamic gettin' nasty like trauma
Spit out like a weak stomach, who want it?
Poisonous virus, we soon cometh
Cold Blooded in the vain, post up under the heavy rain
Soup-up with the signal ahead before the Chevy came
Fucked up what they did to my fam, I'm feelin' every pain
Yo it's hard on these streets, them after my weed
Be my medicine, acknowledge the game like a veteran
Mixin' elements, writin' testaments
Seven down for my next kin, establishment
Extravagent, mind over matter masterin'
Dark-hearted African skatin' on ice like Kerrigan and still battlin'
Bring it to you with the strength of 18 Buddhas
T.M.F. arch-style rush ya students

"Come against the consequence of the 9th Prince" (7x)