

Like Like

9th Prince

Yeah, like... yeah
So 740 like... yeah, yeah
It's like, it's like

I'm a set it off like, then kill it like
Like just the way you like and make you feel it, like
Got fire from the gats peel, like
It's 740 like, Steuby Steuby like
The killing field like, my mentality is f**ked up like
Like I don't give a f**k, like
Like, I don't even like you, like
Like, you the snake type
Give me 50 feet like, I got 25 niggas like
That's 50 toasters like, that's so much heat, like
Enough to burn beef like
To a crisp like, the words that I speak like
The steps that I take, and the moves that I make
And the jewels that I spit like, are so precise like
Marksmen type, don't f**k around and get
Wesley Sniped, or get your hair cut by the blade like
To the white meat, like, to the grissle, like
It's ShoGun, Mr. Pistol, like
Deadly the dart, like, on the mic, like
D.D.C. like, Alibastor St. Troy
The first with your bitch ass, like
Southside muthaf**ka, what up though, like
That's how I'm signing the f**k out though, like, like
For real, like

Blowing smoke like Popeye out his pipe
Everything I write's out of sight, and start a mic fight, like
Hype off the white-white, my shit so dark
You might need a night light, like
I don't like these imitators, Killarmy
The militant innovators, like, right?

I'm a legend in this rap game, all lanes
Be aware of the unexplained
The Granddaddy Flow, bitches understand the name
Dragon breath niggas spitting flames that burn like propane
Now chill, let the God build, be still
Guns conceal, this year, yo, we gotta make a mil' like a dollar bill
Like a dollar bill and build like Crazy Legs breakdancing like windmi
lls
I'm like mad skill, lay bell, now on the run like treadmills
Me and P.R., is like Batman & Robin
We like Shan and Al Sharpton
We like swords that stay sharpened