We Supreme

9th Prince

You know the team, we bust them thangs
And when we come through with them tanks, we blow off steam
The team supreme, we shine and gleam
So victorious and we always do our thing

Yo, back up on this bitch, like ain't that a bitch
Look at B9 flossing like I struck it rich
And it's no stopping me, how low can you skip?
This, CD power hour, and this our shit
And, even if you bought it, yo, we made the shit
We gonna blow like the grenade displayed on our shit
It's, Killarm' for life, we just invading shit
So we proving that we nice, even though all six
Ain't spit off clip, you will still get hit
By a six piece of head bar, followed by a kick
To your rib, dick, I be Kinetic, you heard it here first
Yo, on this record, I wreck shit
Bong, f**k a song is on some next shit
The reason why we took so long, we had to go perfect shit
Bong, now seek the exit, and even though you gone
We atleast get through a second, of the single flow

Aiyo, the Granddaddy Flow is still militant
Killarm' we killin' it, who wanna feel it? I let the rhyme spit
Fresh out of jail, now I'm back in the mix
Niggas thought me and P.R. will never get back together
Now we back like furs and leathers
Fresh Guess watch, Gucci socks
Beyonce on my jock, rap flow clap niggas in Crimestock
He's my brother-in-law, never disrespect, pa
Get your ass on the floor
Strip to ya Victoria Secret drawers
Yeah, so I can explore, militant galore
The type of shit that make bitches adore
Verbal assassin, lyrical dragon
I write with passion, niggas stay flashing
Got to hit the check cashing, hit the clubs
Now I'm back on the map, I'm still macking

Back is the pistol popping, the knowledge dropping
Green like the camouflaging, the living large fam
Even though my nigga seen the slammer, we back
With some bad mama jammas, with the hammers
Is it the beats or percussion, the heat or discussion
The Germans or the Russians, the blacks or the Latins
My nigga's back, you niggas know what's happening
Is it the scripts or the tablets, the dicks or the maggots
The pigs or the rabbits, the bears in the forest
The lyrics or the chorus, I bum rush like Boris Zhukov
And wipe your blood on my new cloth
I'm at it, I leave you dead like flowers in the attic
I know I rhyme best with my crew, it's a habit
Grab it, embrace it, and taste it like The Matrix
I know we hardcore, I was raised in the Army, and we never gon' fall

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