

## Mode II

PRhyme

Yeah, fall in line  
To fall back, Big L's technique, Pun's grammar  
Before the roof went in the trunk, the ragtops  
Sat back behind the head, just like a gun hammer  
My sickness, should remind you of Christmas, cause  
I'm always coming down with something, like a young Santa  
Understand, there will be no rematch  
The kinda ass whooping, you'll only have to open up one can of  
(Nickel Nine the God) Huh?  
You ain't rolling forward, you're rolling wrong  
Reaching out to gangstas, to be gangsta, you holding on  
I grab a hold of this.44 long, and let it go  
More than a 4 year old, singing the Frozen song  
I put this Tec to your eclectic temple  
And wreck your with, then carve in your tombstone:  
"Heavenly Father, he wasn't ready to collide with a force  
To be reckoned with." Do you boys know who you messing with?  
I'm with messing-with-niggas-destiny shit, I'm from the Midwest, I stopped d  
rinking so I can start policing  
The block, now I just cop smoke, like pig breath  
Pac's soul would come out, if I died a big death  
Shoe connoisseur, who's finer, your bitch?  
Or my bitch? It don't matter, cause you with my ex  
The name of my ex inked on you, to me homie  
Extinct, like a dinosaur, you can probably find me spooning  
With a dime looking like Lucy Liu, or something to my broom  
Looking like, a huge China drawer, I'm a motherfucking  
Walking hazard, find me in the bodying department  
When y'all rhyming, if y'all own release remind me  
Of Prodigy partner, y'all can have it, I man up  
Lthe can up, killed the killer, who ran up scared  
When I was eight, my daddy yelled down the basement steps:  
"You only gotta listen to me, and the man upstairs!"

Cause I'm in motherfucking beast mode  
Beast mode, homie I'm in beast mode  
(Know who I am) Beast mode

Yeah, yeah, fuck a black, brown, yellow or white it's about unity  
While the media tryna twist my words, for the opportunity to ruin me  
Fuck 'em all, bitch, I'm still doing me  
It's you and me on the record I'll detect it like an infected nervous system  
I never miss, I murder my mission as the rendition I listen while my chain g  
listen  
I'ma get it like the world is endin'  
Dependent on if it's impending  
Defendin' my mind in the way I rhyme so I'm sendin' in  
The best of the best, no never the less I never digress I just keep it movin  
g  
Finger fuck who ain't on improving  
We finally grooving, on the way, no way to remove them  
We constantly improving, yeah, through rejuvenation  
I said juveniles run the nation, come now, fuck your occupation  
A revelation I'm facing, more secretive than a mason  
It look like we neck and neck but I'm far from adjacent  
I come so far from that basement  
They look at me and know I'm in beast mode

I'm in beast mode  
Then it's game time, beast mode  
I'm a beast, I'm in beast mode  
Know who I am Beast mode  
I'm, I'm in the zone for realer

You roll down on me they gonna call craps  
We don't call cops we just rolls so they call paps  
Y'all in my office, similes all facts  
Yes I fought wars, my enemies all wack  
Check your chalkboard  
Critics said things shit they ain't even killing they arsenals  
Me and the God flow  
Guard the team like Damian Lillard the stiller  
And poke your chest out like Cardinals  
Y'all rhyme schemes are escargot, mine's a Newport  
Marlboro, Chicago next shops to Chirag  
Pirates turning niggas' skill into the dog bone  
Y'all go fetch and this is all from me being barked on  
And now your dog gone  
And I'm a daw-gone vet  
So you might wanna resort to more peaceful matters  
My bitch flirt with an entertainer, he can have her  
I was taught that when there's beef to just keep quiet  
And peep his pattern  
If he strikes shepherd, the sheep will scatter  
Extendos, hanging out the windows  
Of them Benzos, assumptions you have them in your window  
Hip-hop is just an outlet for y'all to follow  
The fakes, not over the hill just know the high road to take  
No cheeks to turn and all I know is I ain't all out of hallows  
The symbolism of me inside a diablo  
Playing Mariah, burning this money fast  
Until I'm all out of high notes  
Nigga my weight up  
So much that I no longer challenge haters  
From no on I'm a call out a high-low

Nickel-Nine the God

Then it's game time cause I'm in motherfucking beast mode  
Beast mode, homie I'm in beast mode  
Know who I am beast mode

Yeah, it's the return of the mad rapper, dead president kidnapper  
Motivated, underrated, most hated  
Talk shit behind my back but in person congratulated  
Damn this is my vision written without a revision  
Like I am lost in a matrix I'm everything but complacent  
Like my dream is adjacent but I can't make a move  
Fifteen writing rhymes inspired by Illmatic  
But I'm still at it, every record I record leave the record shattered  
Cause I be in the lab for a month  
Searching for inner peace through meditation like a monk  
I'm over their head and yet they still sleeping like a bottom bunk  
Why these thirsty bitches throw me pussy like I got them drunk  
I master the flow these up and comers have only spilt  
I got back from Ireland so you know the show I kilt  
I never truly admire the empire I built  
Cause when you're comfortable power shifts and positions tilt  
At business meetings I go through lyrics within my mind  
Cause the ultimate therapy is whenever I rhyme

First time shaking their hand for the fifth time  
Being introduced to people that used to pay me no mind  
Used to count my money now I weigh it by the crate  
Far from an up-and-comer, my competition's the greats and  
I don't give my wifey the rubber, like raw sex  
I give her the plastic cause I'm the one that cut the checks now  
Yeah, my flow expand like frozen water  
I fathered these motherfuckers just like a daughter  
And if they want beef then I gotta little slaughter  
My bars are hotter than the steel cages after the solder  
It's nada, everything you plan on doing we already thought of  
Talking years before you fuckers because we work harder  
See I've been at it from the start  
Married to the game 'till death do us part

I'm in beast mode  
Then it's game time, beast mode  
I'm a beast I'm in beast mode  
Know who I am, beast mode  
I'm, I'm in the zone for realer

I'm the highest, exalted  
Rappers are doing a lot of talking  
You're tired of me living then you'll probably die of exhaustion  
The fliest looking like I've got a living stylus  
Later for sales, you know who got the illest album  
Loaded a chopper with slugs, call that the K Michelle  
Then I dump that bitch, now that's the Idris Alba  
Bitch niggas get with a nigga bitch  
Just to call a nigga a bitch nigga to a nigga bitch  
Ain't gotta be in no cemetery to dig a ditch  
Don't need bananas and Ben and Jerry's to get a split  
Wig, you know I'm big slipping through new equip  
Stop gassing you know we couldn't care less if you a chick  
The tech popping like a question get it right  
Triggers mic, put a niggas wife in the air like Ludacris  
(Nickel-Nine the God) I'm a beast  
Fall in line or fall back  
I'm plugged into the shooters  
What I say isn't forced with a connect  
So this ain't all rap  
We coned the perimeter in all black  
Like the back of Forest Whitaker's neck  
Niggas get all naps  
You woulda, coulda, shoulda ass niggas  
Couldn't fuck a bitch with pills and jello pudding gas nigga  
If you ever ever hear about me taking shit  
Best believe there's toilets in the safe  
And I'm on it eating spaghetti bolognaise  
And if you in my lane  
I hope you know you rolling with grenades  
I'm the coldest, you the hoest  
I'll let you switch places with me if Drea agrees  
Then she gonna come through and delete my wholeness with a face

Then it's game time, beast mode  
I'm a beast, I'm in beast mode  
Know who I am, beast mode  
I'm, I'm in the zone for realer  
Then it's game time, beast mode  
I'm a beast, beast mode  
Know who I am, beast mode

5, 5'9, 5, 5'9

5'9, 5, 5'9, 5, 5, 5'9

5, 5'9, beast mode

PRhyme!