

Nine, Peel

Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel (2X)

(Nine)

I'm pullin up on the scene in my limousine
Pocket full of green, voice full of mean
Rhymes out the ass plus I'm fast at freestyle
Get a lil wild and profile my ill style
Numba won contender that's me, N-I-N-E
Nine I'm prime-time, paid and livin lovely
Messin heads up who thought I was wack or just a-ight
NAHHHH, I'm one of the best to ever touch a mic
Soon to be shown, soon to be proved
by the album take it home put the needle to the groove
See what I'm sayin - mad originality
Recognize give props and shape the ground til it'll fit me
You won't be around another second
when I'm wreckin deadly mic-checkin armageddeon off I'm lettin
I wet you like microwave pizza in the blender
It's written on my face, numba won contender

☐Peel nigguh, peel!

☐"Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel"

☐Peel nigguh, PEEL!!

☐"Gimme that crown you're wearin or feel blue steel"

(Nine)

Eardrums pop when the voice drops
Deep like the bottom of the pit lyrics I spit like a grit
Shit, I couldn't stop if I wanted to I'm warnin you
I'm dispatchin, I get a little warmer than you
Grey skies are callin you, I'm all in you
up in that ass like a homo, check the promo
Now THAT'S flippin the script, whatchu flippin?
On the 4-oh-z I'm sippin, no time for trippin
There's money to be made in this trade
Gotta blow up like Jack Jack Jack +Jack of Spades+
No question, I'm just like Nas with Smith and Wesson
Except you comin out your skin when I say start undressin
Give me E'RYTHING, from cash to ring to razor blade
that you had up in Sing-Sing
All in all I'm rushin like Alabama
So nigga peel like a banana

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(Nine)

Deeper than I was last time
I get deeper everytime I rhyme
Deeper, deeper, jeepers, creepers
where'd you get them eyes?
Suprise, I'm wise to the game
Fame don't pay bills, skills pay bills
You still wanna test me, try to molest me
Numba won contender, soon to be the best B
Can't +Arrest+ me, not the +Development+ of Tennessee
Mad drunk off the Hennessey, remember me
(What more can I want?) And when it comes to rhymes and guns

(Got em all) It's real like that, pop goes the gat
Pockets mad fat, hoes in the back
Jim hats in the pockets, gun in the waistband
Now who's the man nigga, now who's the man?!

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(Nine)
Bob Lewis makin niggaz peel
Bob Lewis makin niggaz peel
Al Blount makin niggaz peel
Al Blount makin niggaz peel
Fed Productions makin niggaz peel
Fed Productions makin niggaz peel
You know the Nine is makin niggaz peel
You know the Nine is makin niggaz peel
PEEL!