

Artist: nine

Title: Everyman 4 Himself

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Born alone die alone guess whos on the microphone \*Project Nigga\*  
Deep voice put your boots on  
Come take a walk down the alley with the gat  
enter my cypher where everythings black  
the rap makes me act the beast I attack  
from every angle I bring pain sharp as the blade  
on Excalibur quiet as a silencer I challenge ya  
Meet me at sundown or after school bring your tools  
ain't no fuckin rules dont snooze on loose  
still on the hip 30 shots to put you in your place  
dont chase dreams chase paper  
you on your own  
never fuck around with the next mans caper  
I hate ya fakers with the passion  
I'm crashin your party  
Dark Mask forever fuckin up everybody  
I be the nigga on the corner rollin dice  
drinkin 'til I drop duckin from my cop  
got me on the run like a slave thru the fields  
no protection no cover no shields  
I feels like a soldier stuck behind enemy lines  
in the world of man evil 'cause man ain't kind  
everybodys trife in their own way  
gun play the back  
ready to react 'n clap  
the weak dont stand a chance  
dont even clance or look  
the wig is where you get your life took  
I read the book of survival lible to become homicidal  
get the wealth every man for himself

chorus: run get the loot grab the ball  
shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll  
gotta put the ball in the hole  
every man for himself first one get the gold (nigga)  
run get the loot grab the ball  
shoot sink the last cop get increased the bankroll  
gotta put the ball in the mutthafucking hole  
every man for himself first one get the gold

My mentality is somewhere between armageddon and apocalypse  
no matter how hot it gets  
You cant trap me  
fuck Gulliane and Potacki  
the death penalty dont scare me  
I went from homeless junkie to a drunken-monkey-makin-money-gettin-funky

I dont know fear I pour beer on the curb Puff herb  
drink liquor to get my swerve  
fuck what you heard 'n what you said  
the lead will put end to those who pretend to be my friend  
I get loose like leeth everyday a new beef  
dont say peace unless you mean it  
your shit is dirty clean it  
before I decorate yo' face with cuts and scars  
what remains gets blown to Mars and the Stars  
we are the ill 'n the physical steady hittin you  
after brew I aint kiddin you I aint bullshittin' you  
bisquit, see the bisquit before it's spit  
2 to the head, 2 to the chest, 1 to the hip, backflip Oh Shit!  
can't afford to catch another body hit the Mimini with the .22  
and be outti 5000 I'm housin like Projects  
I mean experiments home of the witch chicks  
buy the lex buy the benx now you got more friends  
sex 'n chicken head henz  
My ends run long like Don Silver  
try to taxin' be floatin' in the river  
donate your liver  
look over your shoulder  
watch your back get the wealth  
everyman for his mutthafuckin' self